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THE NEW YORKER

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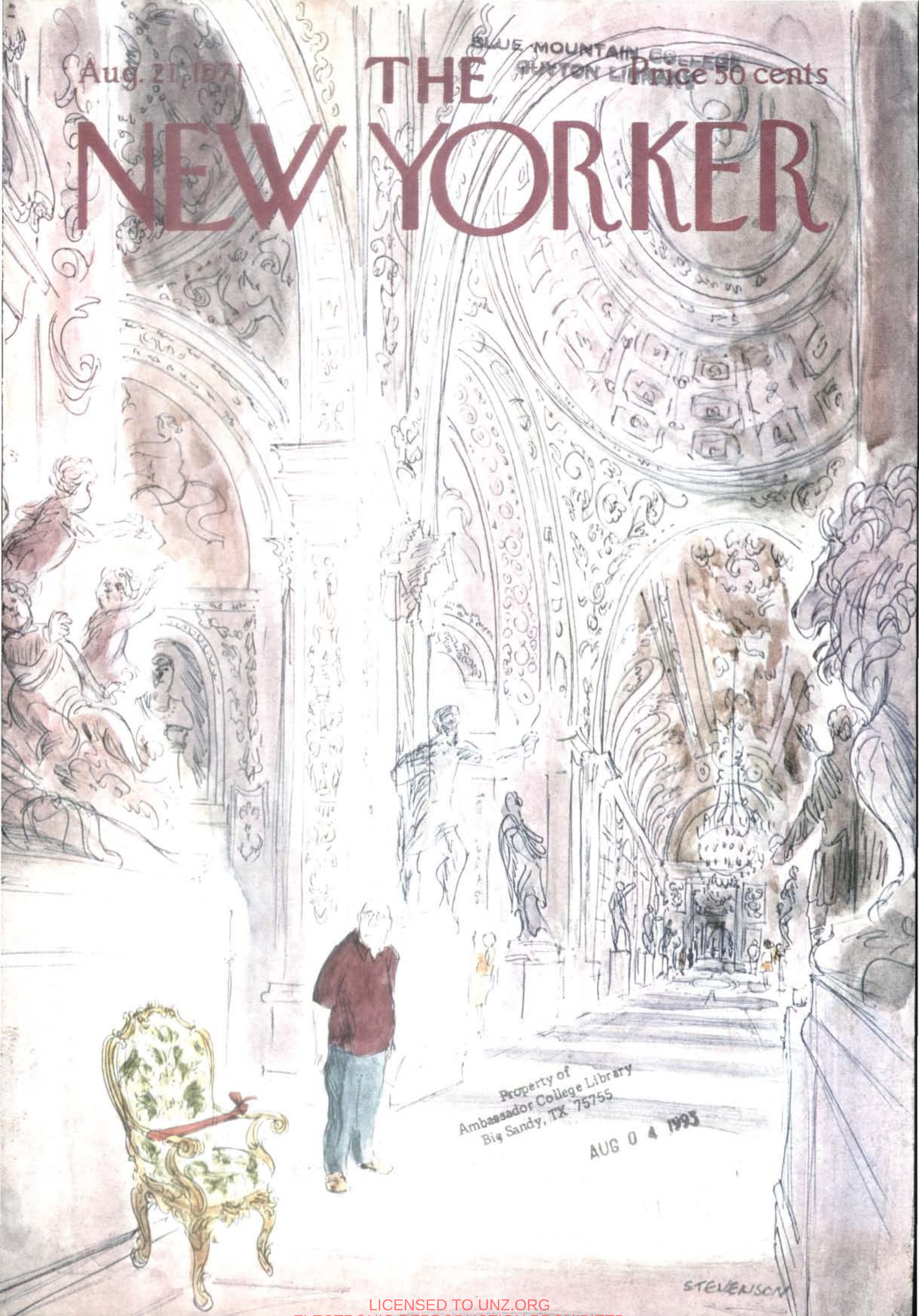

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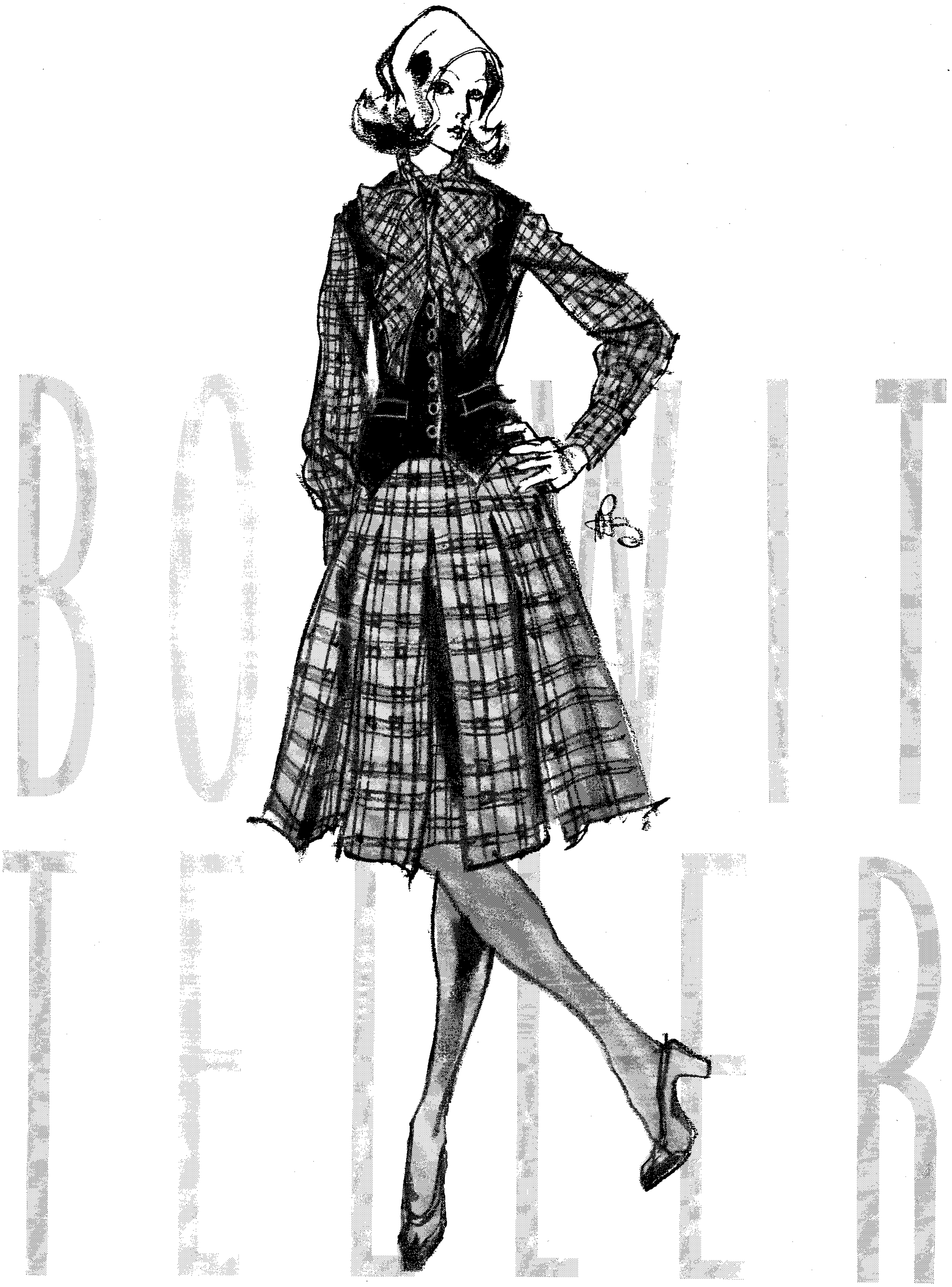

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Gloria Edwards, Arthur French, Minnie Gentry, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Festival of Black Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Aug. 20-22: Afro-American Total Theatre. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 23: Brownsville Laboratory Theatre. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 27-29: Afro-American Studio for Acting and Speech. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Mondays and Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Mondays are free. Closes Monday, Sept. 13.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lenny—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—John Beal, Carol Teitel, Donald Gantry, and Dan Hamilton are now the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Waiting for Godot—Tom Ewell in Beckett's comedy. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Pamella Bellwood in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.). . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. Dom DeLuise as a middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Cathryn Damon, Carol Richards, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Donal Donnelly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A radiant revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Penny Singleton (filling in for Ruby Keeler for two weeks), Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with gorgeous sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** Anne Baxter, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly,

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 19
"ACHIEVEMENT" . . . . *Roger Angell* 24
"SOUNDINGS: BLOCK ISLAND" (POEM) . . . . *Ben Belitt* 29
"A TOUCH OF NATURE" . . . . *Julie Hayden* 30
"A WEEK'S JOURNAL" (PART I) . . . . *William F. Buckley, Jr.* 36
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 60
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 64
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 71
ANNALS OF MEDICINE (HEPATITIS) . . . . *Berton Roueché* 72
"NIGHT RAIN ON ROSES" (POEM) . . . . *Ted Walker* 86
BOOKS . . . . *Brendan Gill* 88
BRIEFLY NOTED 91

COVER: *James Stevenson*

DRAWINGS: *Alan Dunn, George Price, Lee Lorenz, Robert Weber, Claude Smith, Chon Day, Barney Tobey, James Stevenson, Mischa Richter, William Hamilton, Robert Day, Al Ross, George Booth, Everett Opie, Richard McCallister, William Steig, Donald Reilly, Dana Fradon*

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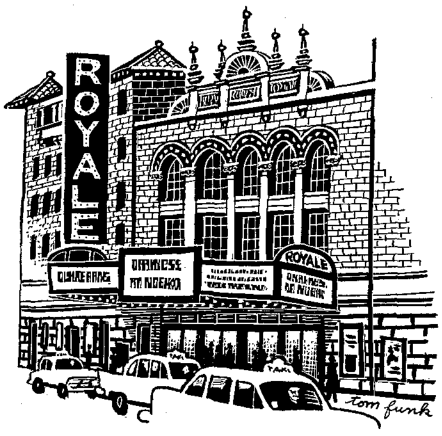
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Jane Russell, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** —Is the brother with you Malachi? —Down in Westmeath. With the Bannons. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Still there? I got a card from Bannon. Says he found a sweet young thing down there. Photo girl he calls her. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —Snapshot, eh? Brief exposure. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Her knowledge of her father and Elizabeth inclined her to think that the sacrifice of one pair of horses would be hardly less painful than of both. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** And so on, through the whole list of Lady Russell's too gentle reductions. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **PURLIE:** Cleavon Little and Patti Jo are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** One man's family. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **TOUCH:** A little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **TWO BY TWO:** Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Sept. 11.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule of a special two-week summer season—Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 2: "Jewels."... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3," "In the Night," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8: "Donizetti Variations" and "The Goldberg Variations."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 8: "Bugaku," "Firebird," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 1: "The Goldberg Variations" and "PAMTGG."... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 8: "Symphony in C," "In the Night," "Donizetti Variations," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 2: "Bugaku," "Donizetti Variations," "Tarantella," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 8: "Symphony in C" and "The Goldberg Variations."... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 8: "Serenade," "In the Night," "Donizetti Variations," and "PAMTGG."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 2: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "PAMTGG."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Aug. 29.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A utilitarian room where physical discomfort is often compensated for by fresh talent. Rock singer Ruth Copeland and a rock group called Supa will be here through Monday, Aug. 23. On Wednesday, Aug. 25, Leo Kottke, who writes and sings with force, will arrive, together with a group known as Persuasions. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for visiting performers.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Wednesday, Aug. 18, Walter Davis, Jr., will be at the keyboard. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 19-22, the Attila Zoller trio will perform. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 26-29, Bobby Timmons will head a trio. Music from nine-thirty to three.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Bobby Timmons' smooth and precise piano is accompanied by a bass player. Guitarist Charlie Brown, pianist Tom McFall, and bassist Bill Takas will take over on Monday, Aug. 23. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

CELLAR, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new, polished restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Bassist Earl May leads a quartet in some inventive if standard jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays. Drummer John Lewis is in charge of a trio Sundays and Mondays. Music from ten to four.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Sammy Price, a graduate of jazz when it ruled the nation, is sticking to first principals, in which boogie-woogie is often dominant, from eight to one, except on Sundays, when he cedes the piano to Cyril Haynes for a seven-to-midnight set. Dining.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea, and cider. Starting Wednesday, Aug. 25, a promising new jazz-based outfit named Weather Report, whose personnel includes Joe Zawinul, Wayne Shorter, and Miroslav Vitous, will appear. Hampton Grease Band will be on the same bill. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are irregular, with visiting entertainers onstage.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Through Sunday, Aug. 22, Chuck Wayne and Joe Williams will be doing jazz on twin instruments. On Wednesday, Aug. 25, Bill Matthews will come in to change the mood, playing Villa-Lobos and so forth. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. Soul food.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—The Oliver Jackson quartet, with Dill Jones on piano, Budd Johnson on tenor sax, and Bill Pemberton on bass, is the current occupant of this relaxed club. On Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band has the stage to itself. Light Italian dishes are served.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and bassist Dr. Lyn Christie are collaborating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays through Thursdays. Nine until closing.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 20-22, Mickey Thompson, Inc., Vous Êtes Swing will be on the stand. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. The room will shut down after Sunday, Aug. 22, for a brief holiday. N.B.: Not for beginners.

RAFIKI, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. The Quartet Noire plays Sundays through Tuesdays from nine-thirty until two.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—"Having a wonderful time in New York City. Wish you folks were in this picture! Catch Alice wearing that straw boater! And that's a garter on my sleeve! We may never come home (ha-ha!)." Two banjos and a piano. Peanuts in shells. Closed Sundays.

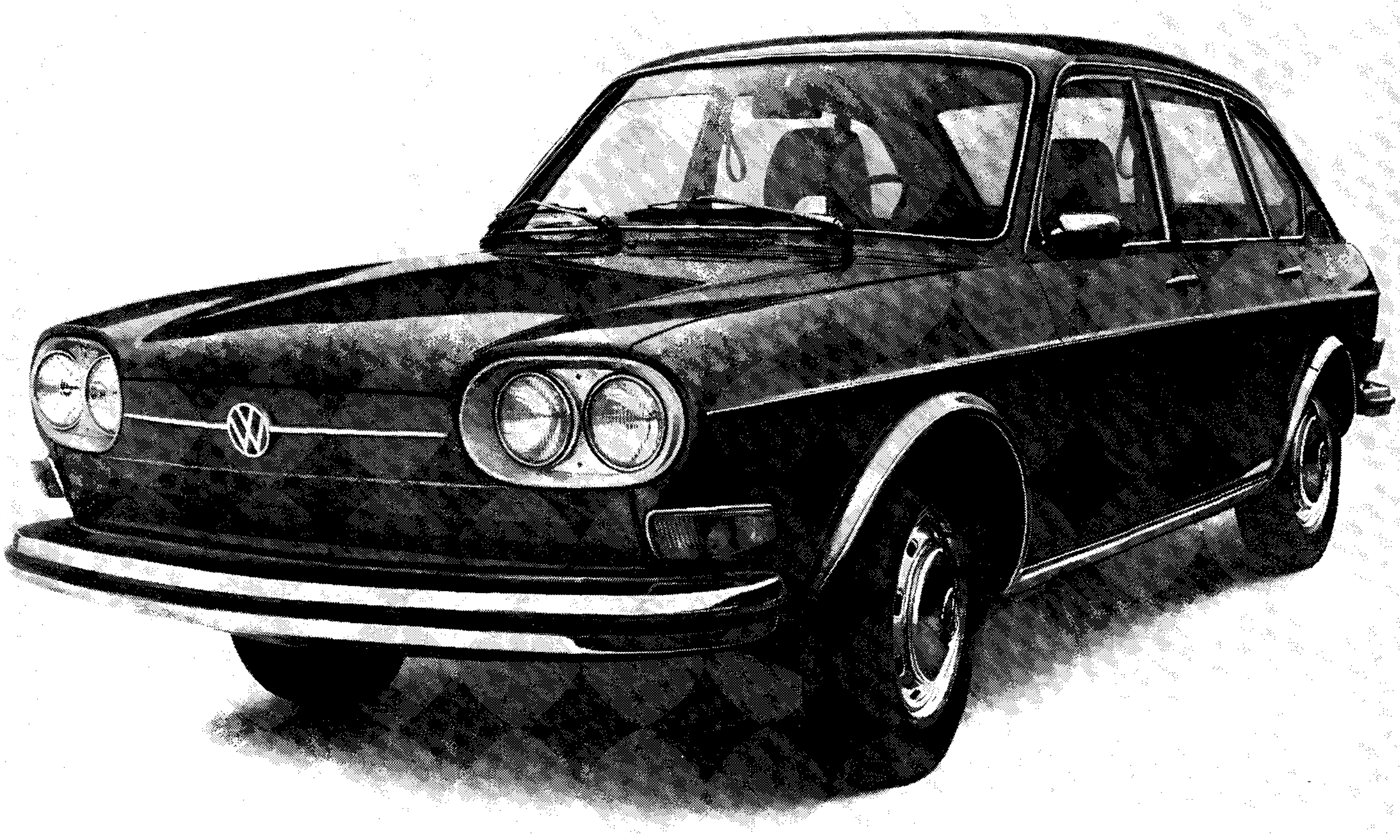
SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—McCoy Tyner's fast-moving quintet will be going at it through Sunday, Aug. 22. On Tuesday, Aug. 24, reed man Pharoah Sanders will move in with a sextet. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

THIRD PHASE, 545 W. 111th St. (749-9520)—A grotto, judging by its décor, and a Columbia U. hangout, judging by its clientele. A kind of spirit-rock group called Amazing Grace is being led by a hyperactive cat who calls himself the Reverend Ronnie Baker. Music from nine to two. Italian food. Open Thursdays through Sundays.

TRUDE HELLER'S, Sixth Ave. at 9th St. (254-8346)—After years of chucka-chucka-boom, this old landmark is moving jazzward. At the moment, vocalist Irene Reid, backed by the Joe Thomas quartet, is trading sets with a threesome led by pianist Reggie Moore. If the silver-curtained walls are too much for you, just shut your eyes. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Drummer Mel Lewis will be here with his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 22. On Tuesday, Aug. 24, the skillfully refulgent Bill Evans trio will begin a two-week engagement. On Mondays, when the regulars are off, new talent is auditioned. Limited dining.... ¶ Downstairs: Comedians Skillet, Leroy, and Lawanda perform every night but Monday, when a Latin spirit pervades the enormous room.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Percussive phenomena dom-



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inate the room as the Elvin Jones quartet plays. On Tuesday, Aug. 24, bassist Charles Mingus will turn up with a sextet he calls his Jazz Workshop. Mondays are reserved for the mighty seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers whoop-de-do and a banjo band.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Underneath the arches, I will keep a rendezvous with you, etc. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs arched room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The sidewalk sideshow would have warmed the heart of Barnum, and it ought to attract a few dozen sociologists. Inside, however, the tone is set by rattan chairs, striped wallpaper, potted palms, and *cuisine française.* One can dance to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood; glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only roast beef is served. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For a stimulating evening: Go see "Cleopatra" (the 1934 version, with Claudette Colbert, if you can find it). Then come to this ornate restaurant and compare the *mise-en-scène.* People dance to an assortment of records, some fast, some slow. Three times a night, a singer named Prentice Minner entertains. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good old times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España have been around long enough to know that life is not all *sangria* and skittles, but their homespun, woven-in-Barcelona philosophy, expressed in cantata and cavorting, makes it seem that way. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the next-door **flamenco room,** tiny though it is, more of the same, by half a dozen players of the Tablao, the semi-impromptu sort of amusement so characteristic of early-morning life in Madrid—all of it only inches from the spectators. Eight until four every night but Sunday.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—D'Aldo Romano stops singing woo on Wednesday, Aug. 18, so that Tommy Leonetti can start doing a lot of the same the following evening. Inescapably, there are comics on deck, too, talking wildly against time. None are lions in the Joe E. Lewis tradition, but this is still a colosseum, and the last of its kind. It is in service every night of the year. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can, on the other hand, still create the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, is summering in town at the Café, with a smaller crew (just three) on Sundays and Mondays, seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Duke Ellington, man of letters, man of notes both grace and blue, runs (from his pianoforte) one of the great bands of history. Dance music, too, some of it very loud disco and some of it for real by Mr. E. Sundays are dark.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500): Always something new in the old barony, such as—in the St. Regis Room, after nine-thirty—the forthright, pungent self-expression of the tandem guitars plied by George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **Dangerfield's,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **El Avram,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way down upon the Jordan River, in a kibbutz sprinkled with perpetual music and song. Avram Grobard is housemaster, and the oud plucked by George Mgrdichian Thursdays through Sundays gives the local draft of musicians an extra lift. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **Dionysos,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right here. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **Adonis,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **Al Mounia,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—i.e., a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano in one corner from six until whenever. . . . **Chez Vito,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant,* what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closed Sundays. . . . **A Quiet Little Table in the Corner,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . **Mykonos,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque,* and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **Marymary,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): In a way, a closed circuit run by New Yorkers for New Yorkers, who, like all other vanishing groups, stick to their old friends, such as Mary McCarty. She arrives, after her evening stint in "Follies," to reprise the songs and skits she loves the most. There also arrive Billy Roy, on piano for her, and often a passel of her Broadway playmates. The combination makes this one of the few true *boîtes de nuit* in our town. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

Iperbole, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in an equally handsome compartmented grotto, dance music flows from a dulcet threesome, seven-thirty to one-thirty, though not on Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henry IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the piano run by Paul Mann are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Herman Arminski replaces Mr. Mann on Tuesday, Aug. 24. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **Carlton Bar-Restaurant,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley, justifiable pride of Western Australia, is holidaying in this fetching ancestral hall, where, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, he is serving up his own keyboard specialties, the recipes for which remain his secret. The ancestral hall is ready to serve dinner until ten. No music Saturdays or Sundays. . . . **Sherry-Netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . **Café Renaissance,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The appropriate accompaniment is guitar, between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **La Bibliothèque,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **Sign of the Dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well-educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **Plaza,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000):

Nat Kaplan.
Women can be both free and feminine.
The little something dress in black satin, about $130. Nat Kaplan Inc, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

In the Palm Court, there is casual solo piano from eight to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): On the Barclay Terrace when it's time for cocktails, and in the Gold Room when it's time for dinner, a couple of Lester Lanin outriders make music that cheers. Mondays through Thursdays is the scheme. A short vacation for the duo ensues after Thursday, Aug. 26.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St.: Avery, Dobbs, Feininger, Hassam, Gropper, Marin, and other American artists; through Friday, Aug. 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FEIGEN,** 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Mueller, Kaufman, and Castro-Cid, and sculptures by Wilke and Abrahams; through Aug. 31. . . . **FISCHBACH,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by gallery artists, who include Alex Katz, Robert Ryman, Ray Parker, Gene Davis, Doug Ohlson, and Robert Mangold; through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 4.) . . . **GOLDOWSKY,** 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Dan Christensen, Larry Poons, Darby Bannard, and others; through Sept. 15. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings by Rattner, Shahn, and Kuhn (to name a few); through Friday, Aug. 20. . . . **VISUAL ARTS,** 209 E. 23rd St.: Works and "systems" by recent graduates; through Aug. 31. (Closes at 4.) . . . ¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . **GRAHAM,** third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St. . . . **HAMMER,** 51 E. 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **VAN DER STRAETEN,** 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred and thirty paintings done in Florence, mostly in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—including masterpieces by Giotto, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, and Bronzino; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A summer show consisting largely of late-nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters and American paintings and sculptures of the past fifteen years, borrowed from private collections; through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturday, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Over four hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, posters, prints, and photographs assembled from the Museum collection and centered on the theme of social protest, with subjects ranging from urban poverty at the turn of the century to wars and revolutions; through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Thirteen posters by A. M. Cassandre, leading twentieth-century poster designer; through Sept. 15. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 12. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and thirty-two prints by John Sloan (1871-1951) from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Quilts with abstract designs, principally from nineteenth-century Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Nine large pointillist landscapes and skyscapes done in the last ten years of his life by Manfred Schwartz (1909-70); starting Monday, Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty paintings by twentieth-century Americans, from the Museum's collection; through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; through Sept. 12. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Twenty Chinese kites dating from the nineteenth century in various symbolic forms, such as a wine jug, a peach, and a beetle; through Sept. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

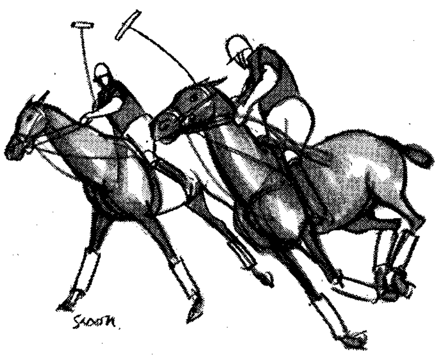
JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of three hundred black-and-white photographs, tracing the history of the State of Israel; through Sept. 6. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

LIBRARY AND MUSEUM OF THE PERFORMING ARTS, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Over a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)



MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, Aug. 18: Richard Dufallo conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano, and Bernard Goldberg, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19: Fou Ts'ong, piano, with the Mozart Festival Quartet, in a program of Mozart concertos. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21: Karl Richter directing the orchestra and acting as organ soloist in an all-Mozart program, with Elly Ameling, soprano; Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Malcolm Smith, bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 23, and Wednesday, Aug. 25: Neville Marriner conducting the orchestra, with Eugene Istomin, piano, and Paul Ingraham, horn. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24: Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber ensemble (including Leslie Parnas, cello, and Michael Tree, viola) and acting as violin soloist. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26: Miss Ameling with the Pro Arte Chamber Singers, directed by John Nelson, and Charles Russo, clarinet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Gerald Tarack, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

STEPHEN CHENG AND THE DRAGON SEEDS—Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. 956-6100. Thursday, Aug. 19, at 7:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.

JOHN BALDRY AND WILD WEEDS—Museum of Modern Art Garden. Thursday, Aug. 26, at 7:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 20, at 7: A piano recital by Alexis Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Berlioz' "The Damnation of Faust," with Lois Marshall, soprano; John Alexander, tenor; Ezio Flagello, bass; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances of the season by the Philadelphia Orchestra—Wednesday, Aug. 18: Andre Kostelanetz conducting, with Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, dancers. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 19: William Smith directing, with Janice Harsanyi, soprano, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20: Thomas Schippers conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21: Julius Rudel conducting, with Norman Treigle, bass-baritone; the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus; and the Berkshire Boy Choir. . . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by Engelbert Humperdinck on Sunday, Aug. 22, and by Leon Russell on Monday, Aug. 23.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25: William Smith directing a performance of Handel's "Messiah," with Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Batyah Godfrey, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Simon Estes, bass; and the Capitol Hill Choral Society. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26: James Lavine conducting, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27: Franz Allers directing and narrating a performance of Lehár's "The Merry Widow" in concert form, with Colette Boky and Joy Clements, sopranos; John Walker and John Reardon, baritones; and the Capitol Hill Choral Society. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28: Eugene Ormandy conducting; no soloists. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 25. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

LENOX ARTS CENTER—The Art Ensemble of Chicago. (Lenox, Mass. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 20-21, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Through Saturday, Aug. 21: Lar Lubovitch and Company and Ritha

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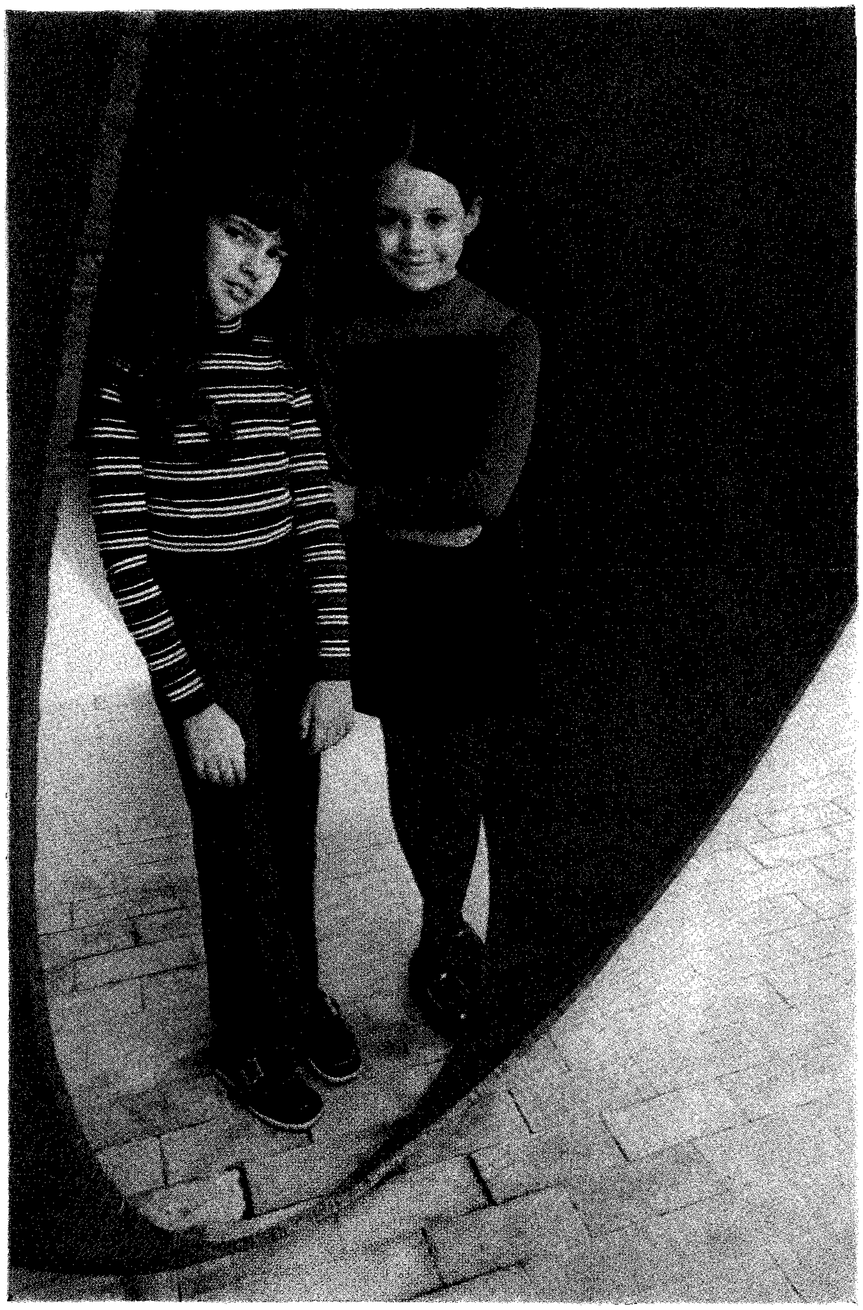

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Devi. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 24-28: The Afro-American Dance Company (with Sonja van Beers and Billy Wilson) and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM**: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 8. . . . **SHEA STADIUM:** Mets vs. San Diego, Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 21, at 7:05; and Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 23-24, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 28, at 2:15.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Jets, in a benefit exhibition game. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2. Special trains will leave Grand Central Station at 10:30 for New Haven, where special buses will shuttle passengers to the Bowl; returning trains will leave New Haven approximately thirty minutes after the game. Train tickets must be purchased prior to the day of the game.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 21; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 25; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 28. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 18. (Buses to the track leave the Consolidated Bus Terminal, 201 W. 41st St., between 9:30 and 11:30, and from the Port Authority Bus Terminal, Eighth Ave. at 41st St., between 9:30 and 10:30.). . . **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 21. The Hobson Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 21.

Tennis—Pennsylvania Open Lawn Tennis Championship. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Through Sunday, Aug. 22.). . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 23-29.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 14. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset, Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 25-29.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "La Strada" (1956), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Gervaise" (1957), in French, directed by René Clément, with Maria Schell and François Périer. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 11:30: "The Last Laugh" (1924), a German film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 3 and 5:30: "He Who Must Die" (1958), in French, directed by Jules Dassin, with Pierre Vaneck and Melina Mercouri. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 1: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6: "Quick Millions" (1931), directed by Rowland Brown, with Spencer Tracy and Sally Eilers. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959). . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 5:30: "Quick Millions" (1931). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "La Dolce Vita" (1960), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Sundays and Cybèle" (1962), in French, directed by Serge Bourguignon, with Hardy Krüger and Patricia Gozzi. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Aug. 19-20: "Law and Disorder" (1958), directed by Charles Crichton, with Michael Redgrave and Robert Morley. . . . ¶ Aug. 21-22: "Born Free" (1966), directed by James Hill, with Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers. . . . ¶ Aug. 26-27: "Eva" (1962), directed by Joseph Losey, with Jeanne Moreau and Stanley Baker. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **CYMBELINE**, with Tom Aldredge, William Devane, Christopher Walken, Sam Waterston, and Jane White. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 29. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **THE SOUND OF MUSIC**, with Constance Towers, John Michael King, and Christopher Hewett. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

New York Philharmonic—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. James DePreist (with Ruggiero Ricci, violin) is conducting the third in a series of programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S NORTH MEADOW**, Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:30. . . . **VAN CORTLANDT PARK**, Bronx, Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:30. . . . **CUNNINGHAM PARK**, Queens, Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**, Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 8:30. . . . **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 8:30. . . . **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside, Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:30.

Wollman Rink—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval, which ends Saturday, Aug. 28. Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 6:30 and 10: John Denver, Dion, Jackie Lomax, Yvonne Elliman, Bonnie Raitt, and Quinaimes Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 20, at 7 and 9:30: Butterfield Blues Band and James Cotton Blues Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 7 and 9:30: Chambers Brothers and Mandrill. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 23, at 7 and 9:30: Seals & Crofts, Earl Scruggs (with Gary and Randy Scruggs), Jerry Corbitt, and Charlie Daniels. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 25, at 7: David Steinberg and Carly Simon. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 7 and 10: Murray the "K" & the Dancing Girls, Five Satins, Screamin' Jay Hawkins, the Coasters, Lillian Briggs, the Angels, and Billy Vera & his Blue-Eyed Soul Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 28, at 7 and 10: Murray the "K" & the Dancing Girls, Little Richard, Sonny Til & the Orioles, the Harptones, Jive Fyve, and Billy Vera & his Blue-Eyed Soul Band. (For information about tickets, call 240-8870.)

Bryant Park—Thursday, Aug. 19, at 12:15: Sy Oliver band. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 12:15: Jimmy McPartland band.

Gaelic Park—Wednesday, Aug. 18, at 7: Jefferson Airplane and J.F. Murphy & Salt. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 26 (postponed from July 30), at 7: The Grateful Dead. (Broadway and 240th St. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

Riverside Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival Symphony Orchestra in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Annie Kavafian, violin. (103rd St. Monday, Aug. 23, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

Bowling Green Park—Bill La Forge band. (Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 12:15.)

Two fakes three

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Anderson Tapes."
Orpheum Repertory Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (982-6410)
Aug. 18: "Faces."
Aug. 19: "Stolen Kisses."
Aug. 20: "This Island Earth."
Aug. 21: "The Wild One."
Aug. 22: "She Done Him Wrong."
Aug. 23: "Major Dundee."
Aug. 24: "The Maltese Falcon."
Aug. 25: "Shadow of a Doubt."
Aug. 26: "My Uncle."
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 21: "The Rise of Louis XIV" and "The Immortal Story."
Aug. 22-24: "Siberian Lady Macbeth" and "Antigone."
From Aug. 25: "Greetings" and "Jovita."
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 24: "The Andromeda Strain."
From Aug. 25: "Bananas."
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Cry Uncle."
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"On Any Sunday."
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Doc."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Aug. 18: "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?"
From Aug. 19: "The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker."
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Peter Rabbit and Tales of Beatrix Potter."
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Devils."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Aug. 24: "Walkabout."
From Aug. 25: "Medicine Ball Caravan."
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Touch."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"McCabe & Mrs. Miller."
R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Johnny Got His Gun."
Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 19: "Le Mans."
From Aug. 20: "Christa."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Carnal Knowledge."
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Hired Hand."
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Go-Between."
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Romance of a Horsethief."
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Shaft."
Eastside Movie Bazaar, 334 E. 74th. (861-2288; starting at 6 on weekdays, at 4 on weekends.)
Through Aug. 19: "Two for the Road."
Aug. 20: "The Quiller Memorandum."
Aug. 21: "Viva Zapata!"
Aug. 22: "West Side Story."
Aug. 23: "Joanna."
Aug. 24: "This Sporting Life."
Aug. 25: "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."
Aug. 26: "Pretty Poison."
Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 24: "Blue Water, White Death."
From Aug. 25: To be announced.
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through Aug. 24: "Fools' Parade."
From Aug. 25: "Pinocchio."
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Summer of '42."
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Le Mans."
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Love Machine."
Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Omega Man."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Doc."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Aug. 18: "Marat/Sade" and "The Killing."
From Aug. 19: To be announced.
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 24: "Blue Water, White Death" and "Let It Be."
From Aug. 25: "Pinocchio" and "King of the Grizzlies."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Aug. 24: "Willard."
From Aug. 25: "The Clowns."
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 23: "The Nun."
From Aug. 24: "Thermidor."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Aug. 19: "Summer of '42."
From Aug. 20: "Christa."
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Aug. 19: "L'Avventura" and "Umberto D."
Aug. 20-23: "The Gold Rush" and "Room Service."
Aug. 24: "The Sound of Trumpets" and "The Fiancés."
Aug. 25-26: "Black Orpheus" and "Gate of Hell."
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 24: "The Andromeda Strain."
From Aug. 25: "A Gunfight."
Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
Through Aug. 21: "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" and "Zatoichi and the Scoundrels."
From Aug. 22: "Harakiri" and "Goyokin."
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 24: "Fantasia."
From Aug. 25: "Pinocchio."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Red Tent."
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Anderson Tapes."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Summer of '42."
Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Adrift."
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Death in Venice."
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Make a Face."
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through Aug. 21: "The Clowns."
From Aug. 22: "Hoa Binh."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Deep End."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Hellstrom Chronicle."
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Aug. 24: "The Last Run."
From Aug. 25: "Bananas."
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 24: "Fools' Parade" and "Marooned."
From Aug. 25: "Klute."
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 24: "Claire's Knee" and "Summertree."
From Aug. 25: "Big Jake" and "Rider on the Rain."
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 18: "Caught" and "Contempt."
Aug. 19: "Contempt" and "The Organizer."
Aug. 20: "The Organizer" and "The Diary of a Chambermaid."
Aug. 21: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" and "Léda."
Aug. 22: "Léda" and "Shakespeare Wallah."
Aug. 23: "Shakespeare Wallah" and "Judex."
Aug. 24: "Judex" and "The Householder."
Aug. 25: "The Householder" and "The Lady with the Dog."
Aug. 26: "Alphaville" and "Horror of Dracula."
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 24: "The Andromeda Strain."
From Aug. 25: "Performance" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 18: "To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed" and "Seduced and Abandoned."
Aug. 19: "The Night They Raided Minsky's" and "How I Won the War."
Aug. 20: "Weekend" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour."
Aug. 21: "That Hamilton Woman!" and "Catherine the Great."
Aug. 22: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming" and "A Thousand Clowns."
Aug. 23: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" and "A Taste of Honey."
Aug. 24: "The Lower Depths" and "Trial of Joan of Arc."
Aug. 25: "The Birthday Party" and "Nothing but the Best."
Aug. 26: "Live for Life" and "The Two of Us."
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Summer of '42" and "Zabriskie Point."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Adrift—Mannered film by Ján Kadár, a gifted Czech in exile from his gift. People look cosmically solemn, time goes in circles, and an unmistakably American girl rises from the waves to haunt an unmistakably Czech fisherman in unmistakably Czech circumstances. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction with mixed results. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 26.)

The Anderson Tapes—A coarsely made comic melodrama about an attempt to rob all the tenants of a New York apartment house. Sean Connery is in charge; most of the rest of the cast plays in a broad and unusually sloppy style. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Art and Ziegfeld.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Gramercy, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony; through Aug. 24.)

Antigone (1961)—There are some masterly sequences in George Tzavellas's neglected version of the Sophocles drama, as well as a strong, fine performance by Irene Papas and a great Creon by Manos Katrakis. In modern Greek. (Cinema Village; Aug. 22-24.)

L'Avventura (1959)—Antonioni's masterpiece, and one of the most influential of all modern films. A study of a successful businessman who compromises on everything and is too shallow even to be truly lonely. In Italian. (Elgin; through Aug. 19.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Gramercy and Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 25.)

Big Jake—A Western with John Wayne and Richard Boone, directed by George Sherman. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 25.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold

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Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen and arbitrary. (Thalia; Aug. 25.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. Worth going. In Portuguese. (Elgin; Aug. 25-26.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Juliet 1 and Waverly; through Aug. 24.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 25.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Cinema I.)

Catherine the Great (1934)—Grandly staged 1934 punk, historically a whopper but reliable as entertainment. With Elisabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Flora Robson, and Gerald du Maurier. (Thalia; Aug. 21.)

Caught (1949)—By Max Ophuls, with Robert Ryan as a billionaire called Smith Ohlrig, who lies around a great deal on an analyst's couch and finally dies of a straightforward heart attack. Barbara Bel Geddes is too obviously intelligent to play the dumb Leonora Eames, but Ryan is fine, and so is velvety James Mason. The film is full of Ophuls' characteristic dollying and tracking, and may be the most interestingly complex of all the pictures of his Hollywood period. From a screenplay by Arthur Laurents. (New Yorker; Aug. 18.)

Christa—With Birthe Tove, directed by Jack O'Connell. (Ciné Malibu and Greenwich; starting Aug. 20.)

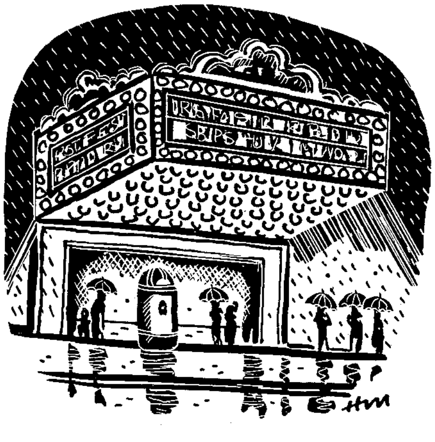
Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 24.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaries eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art; through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Aug. 25.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 18-19.)

Cry Uncle—With Allen Garfield, directed by John Avildsen. (Kips Bay.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the beauty of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Little Carnegie.)



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22	23	24	25	26		

Deep End—With Jane Asher and John Moulder Brown, directed by Jerzy Skolimowski. (Paris.)

The Devils—In Ken Russell's film about a contagion of sexual hysteria in a French convent in 1632, the screen continually seems to be in a sort of spasm. Vanessa Redgrave plays a deformed nun in love with a wisely secular priest (Oliver Reed). Burning at the stake, leg-breaking, goings-over by apothecary, and much concentration on a witch-exorcising instrument that looks like a very ornate bicycle pump and that gets used on Vanessa Redgrave. Ken Russell doesn't report hysteria, he markets it; the quiet vein of his early B.B.C. documentaries eludes him at the moment. (Fine Arts.)

The Diary of a Chambermaid (1964)—Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 20-21.)

Doc—Frank Perry directs a screenplay by Pete Hamill, with Stacy Keach as Doc Holliday, Harris Yulin as a Wyatt Earp who looks like Baudelaire, and Faye Dunaway as Doc's whore (she can't exactly seem blowsy, nor can an expensive film bring itself to make her look as grubby as the script wants of her). The film tries to be about everything: the drive of American history, the American need for heroes (as shown in Westerners who are clearly meant to represent politicians), the fraudulence and hope of the frontier spirit. Well acted, but sometimes afflicted by an organ-loft cast of mind. (34th St. East and 86th St. East.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 18.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Guild; through Aug. 24.)

The Fiancés (1963)—A wonderfully sweet-natured film about a long-distance engagement between poor young people in Italy, made by Ermanno Olmi, who directed a masterpiece with the same tone, "Il Posto." Piercingly detailed, funny, dead true. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 24.)

Fools' Parade—With James Stewart and George Kennedy, directed by Andrew McLaglen. (Juliet 2 and Regency; through Aug. 24.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Elgin; Aug. 25-26.)

The Go-Between—Harold Pinter wrote the twinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece from an L. P. Hartley novel about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house-party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. Perfidious Albion basks in the sun and courteously destroys lives; the film partakes in the prevailing, pretty cruelty. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (Elgin; Aug. 20-23.)

Goyokin—A Japanese film. (Bijou Cinema; starting Aug. 22.)

Greetings (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented new performers. Directed by Brian De Palma. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 25.)

A Gunfight—Kirk Douglas vs. Johnny Cash. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Aug. 25.)

Harakiri (1963)—As grisly as the title hints, but a classically beautiful film. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting Aug. 22.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

The Hired Hand—Peter Fonda's first piece of direction, set in an Old West that is already changing. He and Warren Oates play great friends who turn up at the house of Fonda's ten-years-older wife (Verna Bloom) after he has left her on her own to run a farm and a life for six years. She gives him a guarded welcome, with a feminine skepticism that is truly caught. (Beekman.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais's controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 20.)

Hoa Binh—Raoul Coutard's view of Vietnam as seen by an eleven-year-old boy. (Lincoln Art; starting Aug. 22.)

Horror of Dracula (1958)—One of the better Hammer horrors. Peter Cushing looks as oddly ascetic as ever, like a very distinguished headwaiter off his food. (New Yorker; Aug. 26.)

The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language spoken is English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (New Yorker; Aug. 24-25.)

How I Won the War (1967)—Richard Lester's big try that failed—an anti-war black comedy, from a script by Charles Wood, and with ideas and techniques from the Theatres of Cruelty and the Absurd. Similar to "Catch-22." With Michael Crawford and John Lennon. (Thalia; Aug. 19.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 21.)

Joanna (1968)—Joanna (Genevieve Waite) gets pregnant by a beautiful black, and though he goes to prison for ten years, she decides to have the baby. Moronic. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 23.)

Johnny Got His Gun—Dalton Trumbo's own picture of his 1938 anti-war novel. The young hero has lost legs, arms, and face. The effort of the film is admirable, but the result makes you reel—from the mawkishness as much as from the medical details. Jason Robards is the father in the pastoral flashbacks. Intellect is so missing that the work comes out as more of an anti-amputation film than an anti-war film. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

Jovita (1967)—A Polish romance with a freezing twist, made by Janusz Morgenstern. In Polish. (Cinema Village; starting Aug. 25.)

Judex (1963)—An *hommage* by Franju to the great Feuillade silent of 1916. (Franju would have preferred to remake "Fantômas," directed by Feuillade in 1914, and he crankily dedicates "Judex" to the Feuillade of that year: cinemathèque in-stuff.) What was a natural and wonderfully gifted expression of the technical limits of cinema in 1916 seems affected in pastiche. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 23-24.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick made this film when he was twenty-seven. (His early career was with *Look* as a photographer.) He used Lucien Ballard to photograph the story, which includes Sterling Hayden. A very skillful suspense film, full of nervy style and the sidelong wit about character that expanded in Kubrick's later work. Fine to see, and fun. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 18.)

King of the Grizzlies—A Disney quasi-documentary. (Waverly; starting Aug. 25.)

Klute—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance yet, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Regency; starting Aug. 25.)

The Lady with the Dog (1960)—A marvellous Soviet picture by Josef Heifits that perfectly transcribes Chekhov's story about a lingering, impossible affair between a middle-aged bank official and a shy young woman with a dog. They meet in Yalta. Both have unhappy marriages elsewhere. Over the years, they go on meeting. The gestures toward action are small and very moving. In Russian. (New Yorker; Aug. 25.)

The Last Run—With George C. Scott and Tony Musante, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Cinema Studio; through Aug. 24.)

Léda (1959)—This ingenious thriller by Claude Chabrol, made directly after "The Cousins," is known as "A Double Tour" in France; it has sometimes been called "Web of Passion" in this country. Shot by Henri Decaë and featuring peacocks and fields of scarlet poppies, as well as a murderer who conducts Berlioz, it is perhaps the most richly detailed and overripe of Chabrol's films. With Belmondo, Madeleine Robinson, Bernadette Lafont, Jeanne Valerie, and as Léda—Antonella Lualdi. In French. (New Yorker; Aug. 21-22.)

Le Mans—With Steve McQueen, directed by Lee H. Katzin. A rip-roarer, and that's it. (U. A. East. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; through Aug. 19.)

Let It Be (1970)—The Beatles at rehearsal—older and plumper and as fine company as ever—seen together on film for what's said to be the last time. It is a bad movie but a touching one; it turns out to be about change. "Get Back to Where You Once Belonged" goes one song, sounding self-addressed. Directed by Michael Lindsay-Hogg. (Waverly; through Aug. 24.)

Live for Life (1967)—Directed by Claude Lelouch, with Yves Montand as a television reporter who is about to ruin his marriage by having an affair with Candice Bergen but finally goes back to Annie Girardot. Quite good pulp, though not up to "A Man and a Woman" as the enjoyably soppy goes. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 26.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—Tony Richardson's movie about a runner who throws a race as an expression of his rejection of society. From Alan Sillitoe's story. Tom Courtenay is the runner. (Thalia; Aug. 23.)

The Love Machine—From Jacqueline Susann's novel, with Dyan Cannon, Robert Ryan, Jackie Cooper, and John Phillip Law. Enough said. (Orpheum.)

The Lower Depths (1936)—Jean Renoir's version of the Maxim Gorky play features those two magnetic poles of French acting—Louis Jouvet as the gambling baron who sinks to living in a flophouse, and Jean Gabin as the thief trying to climb up to a different life. Their scenes together are among the treasures of the French film tradition. The fine cast includes Le Vigan and Vladimir Sokoloff. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 24.)

Major Dundee (1965)—Sam Peckinpah on location in Mexico, imbuing a conventional Western with moments of true, clear character. Not the best Peckinpah, but worth seeing; he pulls actors like Charlton Heston and Richard Harris up by the bootstraps. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 23.)

Make a Face—Directed by, and with, Karen Sperling. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economic—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 24.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play. Directed by Peter Brook, with the original stage cast. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 18.)

Marooned (1970)—A space epic with a horse-and-buggy script. (Regency; through Aug. 24.)

The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker—With Richard Benjamin and Joanna Shimkus, directed by Lawrence Turman. (Sutton; starting Aug. 19.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Coronet.)

Medicine Ball Caravan—Musicians on tour in America and England, filmed by François Reichenbach. (Plaza; starting Aug. 25.)

My Uncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle, intermittently inventive satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 26.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Thalia; Aug. 19.)

Nothing but the Best (1964)—At the start, a bitchy comedy about a social climber (Alan Bates) and the fallen aristocrat (Denholm Elliott) who trains him in British social graces. When it turns serious and melodramatic, it loses all its charm. Clive Donner directed, from Frederic Raphael's script. (Thalia; Aug. 25.)

The Nun—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Aug. 23.)

The Omega Man—A sci-fi film, with Charlton Heston, directed by Boris Sagal. (Loew's Ciné.)

On Any Sunday—A breezy documentary on motorcycle racing, directed by Bruce Brown. (Murray Hill.)

The Organizer (1963)—Marcello Mastroianni in a fine performance as a slovenly, bespectacled ex-professor who gets involved in the struggle for social justice at the turn of the century. A modest, though over-simplified, film, directed by Mario Monicelli, with a cast that includes Annie Girardot, Folco Lulli, Renato Salvatori, and François Périer. In Italian. (New Yorker; Aug. 19-20.)

Performance (1970)—James Fox as a London gangster from a Mickey Spillane background meets Mick Jagger, a retired pop idol, who lives in a *Yellow Book* world. A humorless, messy mixture of crime and decadence and drug-induced hallucinations, but Jagger has a fantastic few minutes near the end. (Symphony; starting Aug. 25.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

land. Greenest grass, stone walls, lakes like *glass that support flotillas of squirrels on* homemade rafts; a world of picnics where Mr. Jeremy Fisher, a frog dressed in galoshes and the most beautiful brocade waistcoat, does amazing leaps while mice trample joyfully in the jam tarts and two pigs in love have a pas de deux. The film looks like Miss Potter's watercolor drawings. Sir Frederick Ashton did the choreography. A day off, prodigal. (Trans-Lux East.)

Pinocchio (1940)—Walt Disney's classic, which seems always to please kids though it can bother grownups because of the usual Disney punitiveness and thick symbolism. (Juliet 2, Waverly, and Guild; starting Aug. 25.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 26.)

The Quiller Memorandum (1966)—George Segal, Alec Guinness, and Max von Sydow, directed by Michael Anderson, who is superseded by the Harold Pinter script. Pinter has a true feeling for film; the picture blasts to death the blanket theory of the director-as-*auteur*, for so many of the visual ideas are unmistakably Pinter's. Junk stuff, but Pinter's presence distinguishes it. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 20.)

The Red Tent—The old-guard Russian director Mickail Kalatozov, who made the marvellous "The Cranes Are Flying," here sinks into the mud of international co-productions in a dopey adventure story about General Nobile stuck in the Arctic in 1928. Peter Finch, Sean Connery, Claudia Cardinale. The cliff-hanging about the rescue is an agony to small children. (Music Hall.)

Rider on the Rain (1970)—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she murders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Aug. 25.)

The Rise of Louis XIV *(1966)—Rossellini's* beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of a young monarch, from a boy written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee into one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Cinema Village; through Aug. 21.)

Romance of a Horsethief—With Yul Brynner and Eli Wallach, directed by Abraham Polonsky. (Tower East.)

Room Service (1938)—The Marx Brothers in the Broadway farce about the bankrupt theatrical producers holed up in a hotel room with their stranded players, fighting off famine and creditors. Unfortunately, the play fits them like a straitjacket. With Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Frank Albertson, and Donald MacBride grinning his great bulldog grin. Directed (lamely) by William Seiter. (Elgin; Aug. 20-23.)

The Russians Are Coming, The Russians Are Coming (1966)—Alan Arkin as a Russian sailor, and Carl Reiner as a vacationing New York writer in a comedy about a Russian submarine going aground on an island just off Cape Cod. Norman Jewison directed this pleasant entertainment, which was actually shot in Northern California. With Brian Keith and Jonathan Winters. (Thalia; Aug. 22.)

Seduced and Abandoned (1964)—Directed by Pietro Germi, maker of the gloriously funny "Divorce—Italian Style" (which probably owed a good deal to the furiously masculine but furtively henpecked Sicilian melancholy of the character played by Marcello Mastroianni). This later picture doesn't quite take flight, because the director was trying to repeat himself, but the dignified slapstick about Sicilian sex mores is still pretty funny, In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 18.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—A Hitchcock *film noir* pitched in a calm world. Joseph Cotten is a widow murderer, puffing proudly at a cigar while he watches his pursuers, and calling the universe "a foul sty." Hitchcock made this in a period when he was still taking great technical care; of his sort, this film is a good one. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 25.)

Shaft—Gordon Parks directs a detective picture about a black waging a glamourized war against the Mafia. M-G-M-black-hip: a *new school. Mild fun, with rather an uncom*fortable eye gazing over your shoulder into the drawer of the cashbox outside. The dialogue is Sam Spade gone unctuous. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Shakespeare Wallah (1965)—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (New Yorker; Aug. 22-23.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, the great shady-lady of the screen, wiggles and sings "Easy Rider" and seduces virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 22.)

Siberian Lady Macbeth (1962)—High-romantic story of *crimes passionels* by Andrzej Wajda, director of "Ashes and Diamonds," "Kanal," "A Generation." A Yugoslavian film. (Cinema Village; Aug. 22-24.)

The Sound of Trumpets (1961)—From Italy, a mild little comedy about very young love, distinguished by the nervous, alert direction of Ermanno Olmi. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 24.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Symphony; starting Aug. 25.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 19.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Festival, and Midtown. . . . ¶ Greenwich; through Aug. 19.)

Summertree—With Michael Douglas and Jack Warden, directed by Anthony Newley. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 24.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's sad, delightful play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. With Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. Directed by Tony Richardson. (Thalia; Aug. 23.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh, with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, but the movie is rather soggy. Alexander Korda directed, in the lavish style considered appropriate to national heroes. (Thalia; Aug. 21.)

Thermidor—A documentary about twentieth-century wars, narrated by Edith Piaf, Ben Gazzara, Irene Worth, Al Freeman, Jr., and Michael Tolan. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Aug. 24.)

This Island Earth (1955)—Gadget-minded sci-fi with brilliant props and dreadful performances. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 20.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player in this savage scramble, directed by Lindsay Anderson. Rachel Roberts plays the woman who cannot love him. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 24.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy that, despite its crudeness as a film, was a box-office success. Jason Robards is the rebellious TV writer (whose rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV). With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, sort of. (Thalia; Aug. 22.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a wistful Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Thalia; Aug. 18.)

The Touch—A new Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. They live on bits and pieces of

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time, between gentleness and rage. The film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made, exact and very touching. Gould speaks English to Bibi Andersson; the married couple speak Swedish between themselves. The practical solution is aesthetically eloquent: two worlds, one closed, one raw and hesitant. (Baronet.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1962)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records but directed as unemotionally as if Joan were a philosophy student taking an oral examination. Cold and mannered. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 24.)

Two for the Road (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay. Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; through Aug. 19.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artlessly sweet. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 26.)

Umberto D. (1952)—Vittorio De Sica's greatest film. His Umberto D. is an obstinate, aging bourgeois with bourgeois standards for himself, a down-and-out's income, and the backbone of nobility. The film is a work of wonderful compassion and piercing purity that gathers more people to cherish it as the years go by. Scripted by Zavattini. In Italian. (Elgin; through Aug. 19.)

Viva Zapata! (1952)—Marlon Brando, aged twenty-seven, has an acting presence that weights the screen like a fish in a net. He plays a Mexican peasant in this hectic staging by Elia Kazan of John Steinbeck's screenplay. Steinbeck's fake literariness nearly sinks everything. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 21.)

Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicatingly changeable English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Plaza; through Aug. 24.)

Weekend (1968)—Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary poetic satire on modern life—a powerfully charged and deeply flawed film. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 20.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, with the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. Directed by Robert Wise. (Eastside Movie Bazaar; Aug. 22.)

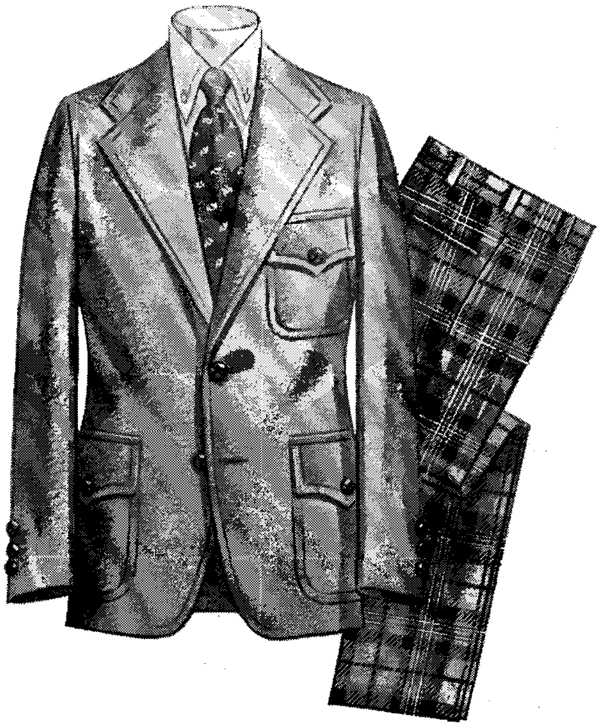
Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—Ulu Grosbard directs this Manhattan fable, written by Herb Gardner, about a pop songwriter played by Dustin Hoffman. The writer is split down the middle; the world says he is a success, he says he is a failure. The scenes that include Barbara Harris or David Burns are tender and funny, but the whole idea leans on a convention of psychoanalytic slapstick that is going to be incomprehensible a couple of decades after the epoch of the couch. (Sutton; Aug. 18.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naiveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his soft-eyed youth, when his talent magnetized audiences—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Orpheum Repertory Cinema; Aug. 21.)

Willard—Elsa Lanchester is the Freudian mum of a scared young man in love with a rat called Queenie. The picture is supposed to be a horror film about a rat plague, but rats to that. (8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 24.)

Zabriskie Point (1970)—Antonioni's enervated view of American youth. A lifeless movie with a zombie romance, but with a very pretty apocalyptic finish. (Midtown.)

Zatoichi—Two films in the series starring Shintaro Katsu as the blind swordsman: "Zatoichi's Cane Sword" and "Zatoichi and the Scoundrels." In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; through Aug. 21.)



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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IT is a pleasure to be able to write, after so many years of tilted weather and cycled crop fortunes, of a home-garden summer that has not been too cool or too hot, too dry or too wet but, to judge by the quality and quantity of its produce, just right. This has been a season in which the humblest vegetable patch in the countryside hereabouts could produce peas that tasted as if they had been grown in France, when carrots came out of the ground early, in uniform size and untwisted shape, as if they had been intended to be props for a still-life painting, and when the crispness in the sink of successive crops of string beans made housewives remember again that they are also called snap beans. Tomatoes on early, hybrid vines provided thick, quick-ripening clusters of moderate-sized fruit; at midseason, inside the deeper foliage of the old standbys, half- to three-quarter-pound green globes began turning yellow and pink and red. Bibb lettuce, which is slowly continuing its conquest of the gardens of the East, folded large, shell-like leaf on leaf and made big heads without bolting. Peppers crowded together in the center of their bush, handsome in size, uniform, glossy. Cucumber vines produced before they wandered far. Each clump of squash rose quickly to create and shade its own tropical interior world, with chasms of light in which the yellow of summer sun and summer crookneck were mixed. Sweet onions swelled out to the circumference of a hamburger. Corn and lima beans grew on the same schedule. There was nothing one could ask for that was not there.

Come On Over

PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK, in Fort Lee, New Jersey, which residents of Riverside Drive have been looking across the Hudson at since the century began, has been sold to the Centex-Winston Corporation, and this season may be the next-to-last. Real estate along the New Jersey cliffs is valuable, and the Centex-Winston Corporation, Chicago builders, is not known for its sentimentality. Under the circumstances, when we heard there was to be a Historical Tour of the park we hied ourself to the departure point—Platform 51 of the Port Authority Bus Terminal. About a hundred other people were there, including Frederick Fried, who was to conduct the tour. Mr. Fried is a fit-looking man in his fifties, and he probably knows more about amusement parks than any other man alive.

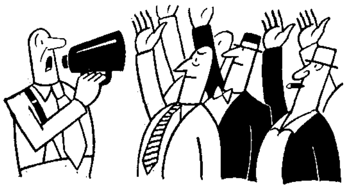
"How did you get interested in this sort of thing?" we asked him on the bus we both took.

"On Boerum Street, in Brooklyn, where I grew up, we lived across the street from a carousel-maker, but we seldom got a chance to ride," he said. "There were eight of us. Eight children times a nickel a ride is forty cents, and that was enough to buy food for a couple of days. So I guess that created a yearning. I'm primarily a painter and a sculptor, and later I became interested in these things as a form of art—fairground or amusement-park rococo. Back in 1958, I came home one day and said to my wife, 'I've just bought a merry-go-round.' I had, too."

"What did you do with it?"

"Well, to make a long story short, it's now in the Smithsonian. Everybody wants a carousel, but nobody realizes what's involved. At any rate, I started doing research on these things, and came up writing a book—'A Pictorial History of the Carousel.' Now I have the original laughing face and one of the horses from Steeplechase Park. I have the plans for Luna Park and the first tollgate sign from Coney Island. I even have the patents for the first roller coaster."

When we arrived at the park, Robert Makla, a lawyer who is one of the founders of both the Friends of Central Park and the Friends of Prospect Park—joint sponsors of the tour—took charge. He was wearing seersucker trousers, red suspenders, white shoes, a white shirt, and a big tie, and he looked more like a barker than a lawyer. "How many of you have never been to Palisades Amusement Park before?" he asked through a bullhorn.



Nearly everybody put up his hand.

"Good. Now, please try to stay together. I warn you—tonight we're colliding with the Little Miss America contest."

Mr. Makla led the group around to the cliff side of the park and handed the bullhorn to Mr. Fried, who climbed up on a rock. Behind him was a magnificent view of Manhattan. "This is the spot where George Washington looked across the river and saw the British take Fort Washington," he said. "A short distance away, Tom Paine wrote his famous words about the times that try men's souls. And on the plains below us, in 1804, Alexander Hamilton fought his fatal duel with Aaron Burr. The actual amusement park was a product of the trolley car. Starting in 1897, the Bergen County Traction Company built it at the end of the line, so that people would use the trolley cars on Sundays. Between 1905 and 1911, there was an influx of movie companies here in Fort Lee. A lot of Grade B and Grade C Westerns were made within a half mile of this spot, and also some of the classics. Nicholas Schenck, the movie producer and owner of the Loew's theatres, took over the park, and in 1934 he sold it to Irving Rosenthal, a theatrical and amusements entrepreneur, and his brother Jack, who was a violinist. They'd started with a sandpail-and-shovel concession at Coney Island when they were ten and twelve years old, and they rolled it into a fortune. Now Irving Rosenthal is in the process of settling his estate, to use his own words."

Inside the park, Mr. Fried again spoke through the bullhorn. "We're standing below a No. 15 Eli wheel," he said, trying to make himself heard over the din of human and mechanical noises. "It's a small version of the original Ferris wheel, built for the Columbian Exposition of 1893, in Chicago. The first wheels were made of wood, and here at Palisades wooden wheels burned down in 1902, 1911, and 1921. A wheel like this can be put up in two hours and taken down in one hour. Actually, the record for taking down a No. 15 wheel is forty-five minutes. The first fully developed roller coaster was built in 1886, by Lamarcus A. Thompson, between New York and Tennessee Avenues, along the boardwalk in Atlantic City. He coined the term 'roller coaster,' and the coaster here is quite similar to his original design."

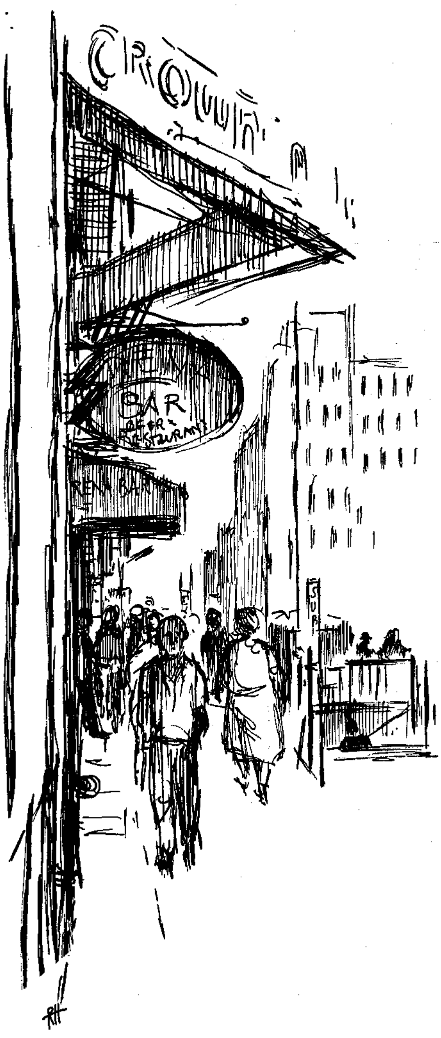
Hard by the merry-go-round, Mr. Fried climbed up on the counter of a stand dispensing Italian meatballs and spoke again, this time on his favorite subject. "The word 'carousel' is French, and it derives from the Italian *garosello*, meaning 'tournament.' It comes from a game played by Arabian and Turkish horsemen in the twelfth century. It was a serious game; it was training for war. In fact, the custom of spearing the brass ring comes from training for jousting. The carousel as we know it today dates from the seventeenth century. The one behind me was made by the Philadelphia Toboggan Company, which is still in business, building roller coasters. It was No. 84 of the eighty-seven they built."

The last stop on the tour was the open-air theatre, next to the Flying Cage and the Green Beret Shooting Gallery. The Little Miss America contest had just ended, and a few little misses were still onstage, having their pictures taken. Mr. Fried said a few words about coin-operated machines (the first one, he said, was invented by Hero of Alexandria, in 130 B.C.), and then turned the bullhorn over to Sol Abrams, the publicity man for Palisades Amusement Park.

"You're very lucky to have Fred Fried as your guide on this tour," Mr. Abrams said. "He's a magnificent research person." He went on to say that the pageant just ended was only one of many such events held there each year. "Besides the Little Miss America contest, for girls aged five to ten, we have the Miss American Teenager contest, which is franchised around the country. Then, we have ethnic promotions—like next week we have the Miss Polish America pageant. We have a hot-pants contest. You name the contest, we have the queen." He added a few more historical notes, including the following: "Gladys Shelley, the well-known songwriter, is in private life Mrs. Irving Rosenthal, and, as a birthday present, she once honored him with the gift of a commercial."

On the bus ride home, we suddenly remembered the commercial with which Mrs. Rosenthal had honored Mr. Rosenthal. We had always found it irritating, actually, but now we sang it to ourself with the first intimations of nostalgia. It has a mindless, catchy little melody, and it goes like this:

Palisades has the rides,
Palisades has the fun.
Come—on—over.
Shows and dancing are free,
So's the parking, so, gee,
Come—on—over.
Palisades, known coast to coast,
Where a dime buys the most,
Palisades Amusement Park
Swings all day and after dark.
Ride the coaster, get cool
In the waves in the pool.
You'll have fun—so come on over.



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OVERHEARD at Le Drugstore, mini to mini: "But you must have been called worse things than *fatuous!*"

Food Beat

THE other day, we called up Raymond A. Sokolov, the new food editor of the *Times*, to invite him out to dinner. Mr. Sokolov was making chewing noises as he answered the phone. He was eating a piece of chocolate. "It's called Zaanland," he said. "It's Dutch, and I'd never heard of it, and it was given to me weeks ago by the American representative of the Cordon Bleu School of Paris, who said he thought it was even better than Maillard, the famous French chocolate, and I have only just had a chance to try it, and it has not hardened or turned white in the meantime, which is one sign of a good chocolate. I certainly like it. Why don't *you* come have dinner with *me*?"

We ate at Los Dos Hermanos, a Cuban restaurant at Amsterdam Avenue and Seventy-seventh Street. Mr. Sokolov was thinking about reviewing it, because he had heard good things about it, and he wanted to check it out. Mr. Sokolov usually reviews two New York restaurants in the *Times* every Friday. He rates them on their food (four stars to none) and also on their service, atmosphere, and décor (four triangles to none). He inherited the stars from his predecessor, Craig Claiborne, but the triangles are an innovation. Mr. Sokolov also interviews a different cook in the *Times* every Thursday, printing some of the cook's recipes, and he does most of the preparation of the food pages in the Sunday magazine section every week. He is thirty years old, and in fourteen weeks at the *Times*, eating, and writing Thursday, Friday, and Sunday pieces, he has lost five pounds. Mr. Sokolov approved of Los Dos Hermanos. He had *arroz con mariscos*, a seafood *paella*, and we had fried pork *habanera* with fried plantains,

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and the two of us shared a pitcher of *sangría*. We liked what we ate, and Mr. Sokolov said he thought two stars and two triangles would be about right.

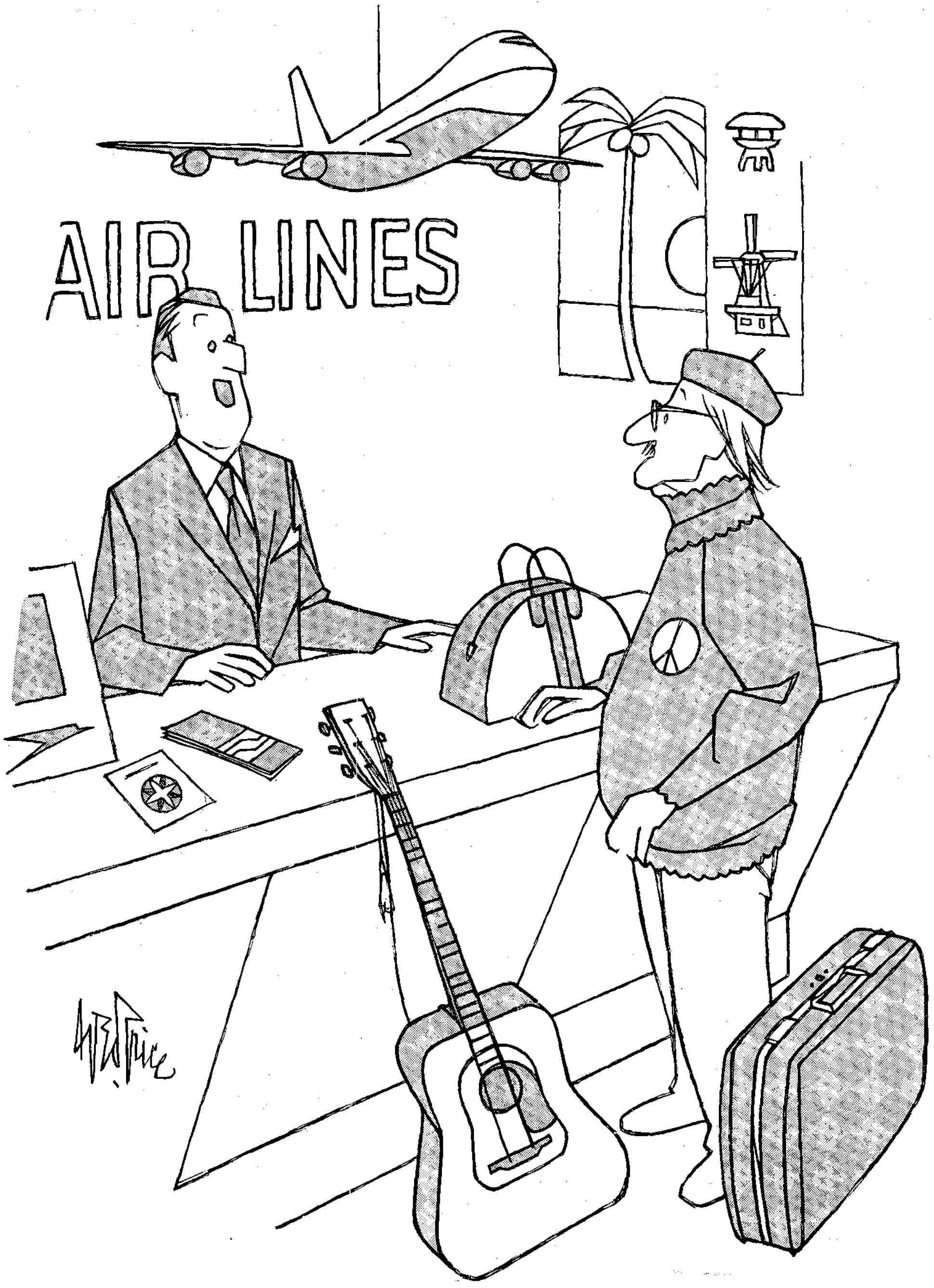
"I come to my job with an odd combination of journalistic experiences," he said. "When I was a foreign correspondent in Paris for *Newsweek*, I had an office on the other side of a door in the office of Waverley Root, who was bureau chief for the Washington *Post*. He and Mary Fisher are the leading gastronomic writers in the world, I would say. I can't say he and I ever became dinner partners, but he was a symbol of good eating. I did a piece on the Auberge de L'Ill, at Illhaeusern, in Alsace, which is the best restaurant in the world, I would say, and I was there the day *Michelin* awarded it a third star. I soaked up a lot. I discovered cooking after college, when I got married and my wife, Margaret, and I found ourselves in a kitchen in Oxford, where I had a Fulbright. We spent a great deal of time doing things like boning chickens and making a terrible mess, and being preposterously ambitious. I think this is the way you begin. Margaret became a very good cook. After a year in a North Oxford kitchen with nothing but English produce and Irma Rombauer's 'The Joy of Cooking,' we had no fears left. Then we moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and lived near Julia Child, who was always easily recognizable as the tallest person on the bus. We didn't meet, but we went to the same butcher. When we came to New York—I don't know, things multiply—I used to cook weekends. It was just something I knew about and did. *Newsweek* was good training. It taught me the trade, enough French to become a professional translator, sent me all over Western Europe, where I did a lot of eating, and, finally, gave me a wonderful boss, Jack Kroll, who is the best-informed person I've ever met. I have no particular allegiance to any particular cuisine, although if you asked me for my favorites I suppose I would agree with everyone else that the French and the Chinese are the most elaborate and the most interesting.

"I'm trying to cover the food story within the confines of a beat journalist. When I became a general-assignment reporter on *Newsweek*, my life became infinitely more interesting. The coverage of food has often been relegated to food experts—people whom, with great respect, we can call technicians. Anthropologists have been saying for years that food is an index of how a society sees the world. It's what Lévi-Strauss is sort of all about. I just did a feature on a Vietnamese cook. There are no Vietnamese restaurants in this country, except possibly in Monterey, near the Defense Department's language school. It's hard to think of a single other country—except perhaps Laos, Cambodia, and Burma—whose food you can't get here. I want to do a piece on commune cooking. One thing defines a commune. It is made up of people who prepare and consume food together. It's so fundamental it's unbelievable. Ours is the only society where a majority of the people cook by choice and not by necessity. Everyone who cooks is constantly making aesthetic decisions and political decisions. Every cook has a private veto over packaged, tasteless food—and that means the Julia Child cooks, commune cooks, and everyone in between. A lot of cooks are beginning to reject the whole industrial system that makes food—and bad food. I have met a lot of wonderful people."

Mr. Sokolov is quite short, he has a shock of gray-black hair, and since early youth he has been unusually distinguished-looking. He graduated from Harvard in 1963 with a *summa* in classics, and he is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He and his wife were both born in Detroit. His first big story at the *Times* was the Great Wedding-Cake Controversy, during which the *Times* demonstrated that successive recipes for Tricia Nixon's wedding cake released by the White House wouldn't work. The story got big coverage all over the country, and one evening the woman's page of the *Times* was actually delayed for an hour so as not to miss one of Mr. Sokolov's stories. During that time, a visitor walked through the quiet composing room and asked one of the typesetters what was going on. "Would you believe a late-breaking recipe?" the typesetter answered.

News

A NINE-YEAR-OLD of our acquaintance returned home from her first session at a suburban day camp to announce that nothing special had taken place except that her group had been divided into Braves and Worriers.



"I'm sorry, sir. To take advantage of our student rates one must be between twelve and twenty-nine."

Three Gatherings

AT the Sanctuary, once a church and more recently a bar, a conventionally dressed woman pointed out a group of fledgling rock stars to us. "They are easy to spot, because they all wear crosses," she said. "The father of one of the group made the crosses—which is interesting, I think."

"What *I* think is interesting is that kids under twelve love the crosses," said a young girl with dark hair. "Did you know that everything demonic is commercial? Did I tell you that Alice Cooper, the well-known transvestite rock star, asked me to help him mass-produce his clothes for teen-agers? Don't you love that?"

It was a party given by a record company.

The party was given for the fledgling rock stars—a group called Black Sabbath. We talked to Patrick Meehan, who manages them. We shouted at Mr. Meehan. Mr. Meehan shouted back. Black Sabbath's greatest hits were being played very loud. People danced in the nave of the old church. The man playing the records stood behind the organ. "They began to move in England eighteen months ago!" Mr. Meehan shouted. "We're doing incredible business! We'll be as popular as Led Zeppelin and Grand Funk! Their new album, 'Master of Reality,' will be out soon! The 'Paranoid' album will be awarded a platinum disc very shortly!"

"What's a platinum disc?" we shouted.

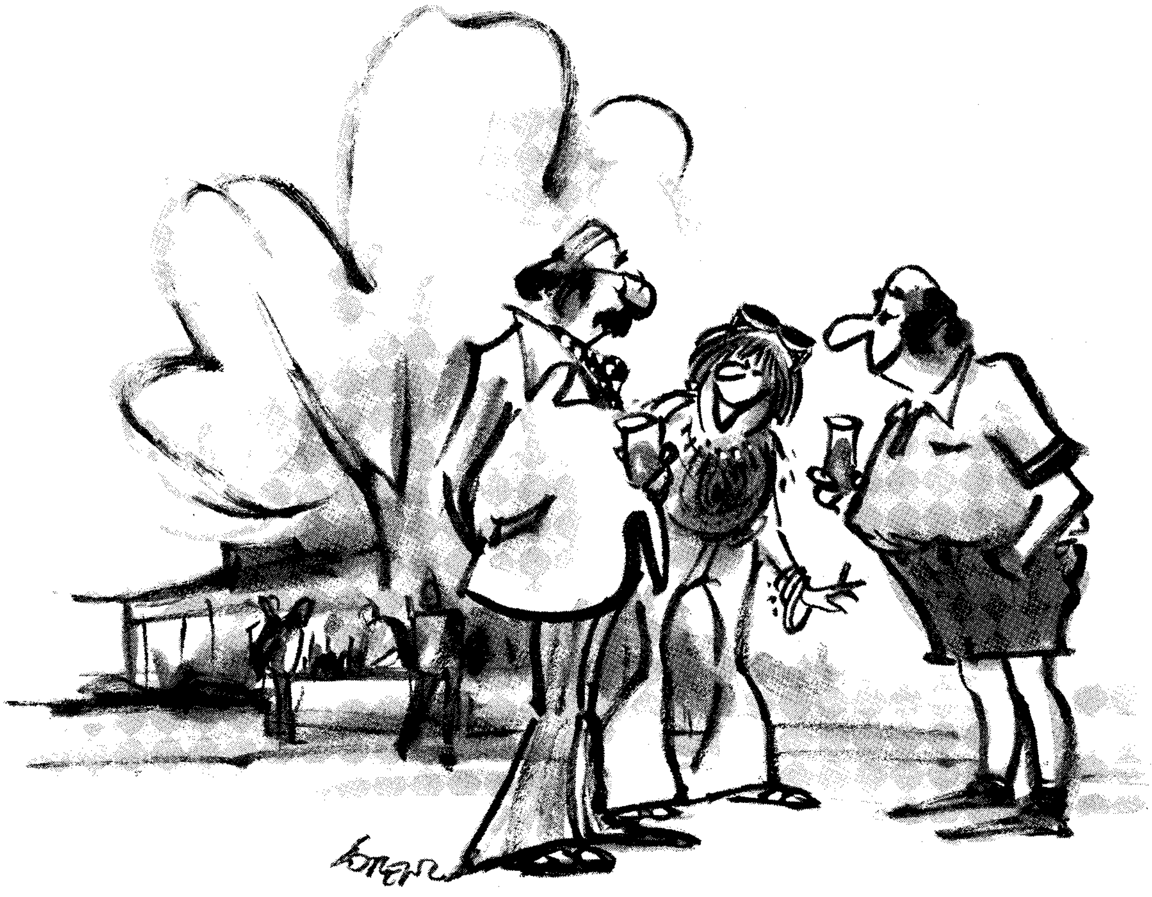
"When you sell a million units of an album, you get a platinum disc! One million dollars' worth of albums and you get a gold disc! Frankly, the gold discs are rather common now! They've lost a lot of their prestige!"

TWO weeks later, an auditorium full of more or less fashionable people wandered up out of a showing of Joseph Losey's film "The Go-Between" into the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art. "Well, *that* film will haunt you for a few hours," an ethereal woman said to a pin-striped man.

"*That* film will haunt me for about ten minutes," said the man.

On the stairs, this couple passed a man in a white dinner jacket who in a loud voice was telling a companion his plans for the evening, which included some telephoning, a car, and two sons in New Jersey.

In the sculpture garden, we discovered the fledgling film star Asha Puthli, who is also a singer and is often to be encountered in sculpture gardens. "Did you see my *item*?" she asked. "It was in 'The Lyons Den.' I'm going to be in Ultra Violet's new movie about the Last Supper. I'm going to be a hippie apostle or a golden goddess or Madame Satan, I haven't decided which. I thought the film should be called 'The Last Upper' and we should have someone shooting up at the table. I've seen Julie Christie twice. You know—'hello, hello' both times. And then there was a man who was looking at me, but when he saw I was with someone he stopped, but *then* Joseph Losey went up and talked to him, so he must have been someone."



"Ted, I want you to meet Archie Bester. He's also a hog-futures freak."

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There was elaborate food and a three-piece combo that played songs like "This Could Be the Start of Something Big." Warren Beatty and Julie Christie, both of them looking very handsome, stood in front of a piece of sculpture by Reuben Nakian called "Hiroshima." Warren Beatty was talking to John Springer, a dignified public-relations man, who knows a great deal about a great many movies.

"Do you know in what movie W. C. Fields drove a golf cart with a propeller?" Warren Beatty asked.

"It was 'International House,'" Mr. Springer said. "No, no. It was 'The Big Broadcast of 1938.'"

"You could have been on one of those quiz shows," said Warren Beatty.

"I coached those quiz shows," said John Springer.

SOMETHING more than a week after that, Matt Troy, regular Democratic leader of Queens County, gave a party for the Queens district leaders and for Presidential candidate George McGovern and Mrs. McGovern at Antun's, a snappy catering establishment in Queens Village. The party was held in the Princess Rita Room of Antun's. Before the arrival of Senator McGovern, the Queens district leaders talked among themselves. Everyone circulated, but, we noticed, three people circulated more than any of the others. These were a man in an orange jacket and tie who had just been made a judge, a black district co-leader from south Jamaica, and a woman in a bright-red dress. We went to talk to the woman in the bright-red dress. She was Mrs. Rosina Zanazzi, co-leader of the 29th Assembly District. We asked her what it was like to be a district leader. "It's like being a social worker without money," she said. "It's like confession without prayer. You get everything from matrimonial problems on up."

We asked Mrs. Zanazzi if she would endorse Senator McGovern.

"I guess Matt Troy is going to endorse him," she said. "But I think it's kind of premature. I keep an open mind."

"Do you think the County of Queens is going to go for McGovern?" said a very large man named George McCracken, who turned out to be a co-leader of the 19th A.D. "Well, don't hold your breath. Let's look at the others."

"My sentiments exactly," said Mrs. Zanazzi.

"The enthusiasm you see here is because Senator McGovern was gracious enough to come. It does not constitute an endorsement," said Mr. McCracken.

Mr. McCracken pointed out people around the Princess Rita Room. "There are all kinds of leaders here tonight who have the tag of Democrat," he said. "As to whether they are real Democrats, I have no comment on that."

Senator McGovern arrived and was soon posing with two black district co-leaders from south Jamaica. Mrs. McGovern was sitting next to Mrs. Zanazzi. Mrs. McGovern, a small, blond, sprightly lady, was showing pictures of her grandchildren to Mrs. Zanazzi. She carried her pictures in an old air-mail envelope.

"What a darling child!" said Mrs. Zanazzi, looking at the pictures through half glasses secured to a chain around her neck.

"This is my daughter with her child," said Mrs. McGovern. "She's my oldest."

"Is she taller than you?" asked Mrs. Zanazzi.

"A little," said Mrs. McGovern.

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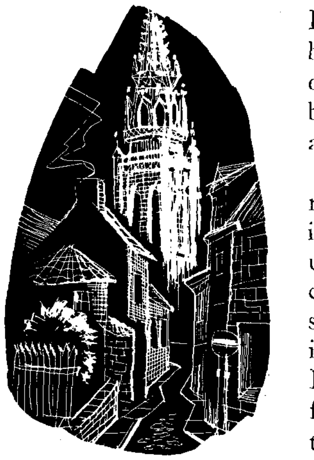
KINTETSU WORLD EXPRESS, INC., a Japanese travel organization, is currently offering several special-interest tours of Japan, including a Pollution Survey Tour.

ACHIEVEMENT

The Bureau of Accomplishments and Awards has received an enormous volume of submissions for the three-month period ending July 1st. Mankind's long striving for new world's records seems to have altered or widened, and now reaches for something beyond leviathan bass or pancake Everests. The Bureau, gratified but overworked, concludes that the urge for unique personal distinction has become universal. Although its full report must await the processing of late claims, several notable records and near-misses may now be announced.

OWEN DUGGAN, 57, while taking a shower at home at 57-22 Eightieth Street, Jackson Heights, on the morning of April 27th, accidentally dropped his cake of soap. Mr. Duggan reported later that he heard the unsurprising *thunk!* made by a cake of wet soap striking porcelain but noted the absence of any accompanying bouncing or slithering noises and also failed to feel the soap nudging his feet or ankles in customary post-fumble fashion. He then wiped the water from his face, opened his eyes, and saw said piece of soap seemingly affixed to the tub bottom *in a vertical stance*. Duggan instantly turned off the shower, thus cutting off the descending flow of warm water that, unchecked, would have quickly loosened the saponifier from its resting place. Then, taking care not to dislodge the new monument with his feet, he drew back the shower curtain (translucent plastic, with a mauve dolphin motif), stepped out of the tub, opened the bathroom door, and called to his wife, Helene Duggan, 44, who was making breakfast in the kitchen. He invited her to hurry in and see something she would not wish to miss. It took several calls to persuade Mrs. Duggan to make the short journey, and she then expressed misgivings about entering the steam-filled bathroom in the presence of her towel-clad spouse. Owen Duggan was insistent, however, and in time Mrs. Duggan warily observed the still adherent cake of soap in its unusual posture. Her first emotion, she has stated, was one of irritation and extreme, almost aggravated, unsurprise. Her second was doubt; to put it plainly, she accused her husband of deception. However, Duggan's outraged cries at this juncture caused her to withdraw this unpleasant demurrer, and she was persuaded that the inspiration to counterfeit such an unlikely happenstance was not within her husband's normal range of behavior.



The investigation was now further enlarged by the arrival in the bathroom of Douglas F. Duggan, 15, the son of the shower-taker, who made loud inquiries as to the meaning of the impromptu conference. At the urging of his parents, the young Duggan directed his attention toward the tub and saw that it contained a cake of soap that appeared to have balanced itself with force on the tip of its long axis.

Owen Duggan now took the opportunity to explain to the witnesses that the unique nature of the recent event depended in great part upon the brand of soap he had chanced to employ (and lose his grip on) in his ablutions. It was a well-known soap called Dove, and Dove, Duggan said, is "pointy at the ends." (The Bureau's Research Division, in confirmation, describes the typical cake of Dove as being oblong-ovate, and also slightly falcate, or sickle-shaped, along one axial plane.) "My drop," said Owen Duggan, for the first time employing the personal possessive, "wouldn't have meant a thing if the soap had of been one of those old boxy, squared-off soaps like Dial or Camay. Anybody could hit with one of those, sooner or later, but mine has got to be a world record."

Duggan *fils* now abruptly clasped his head in apparent pain and uttered a series of low cries. "Oh, wow!" he said. "Oh, wow! Who is going to *believe* this? I mean, this whole weird family all stuffed into this fantastic bathroom and staring at one weird little piece of soap! Oh, this family is too freaky, man. Wow." He withdrew.

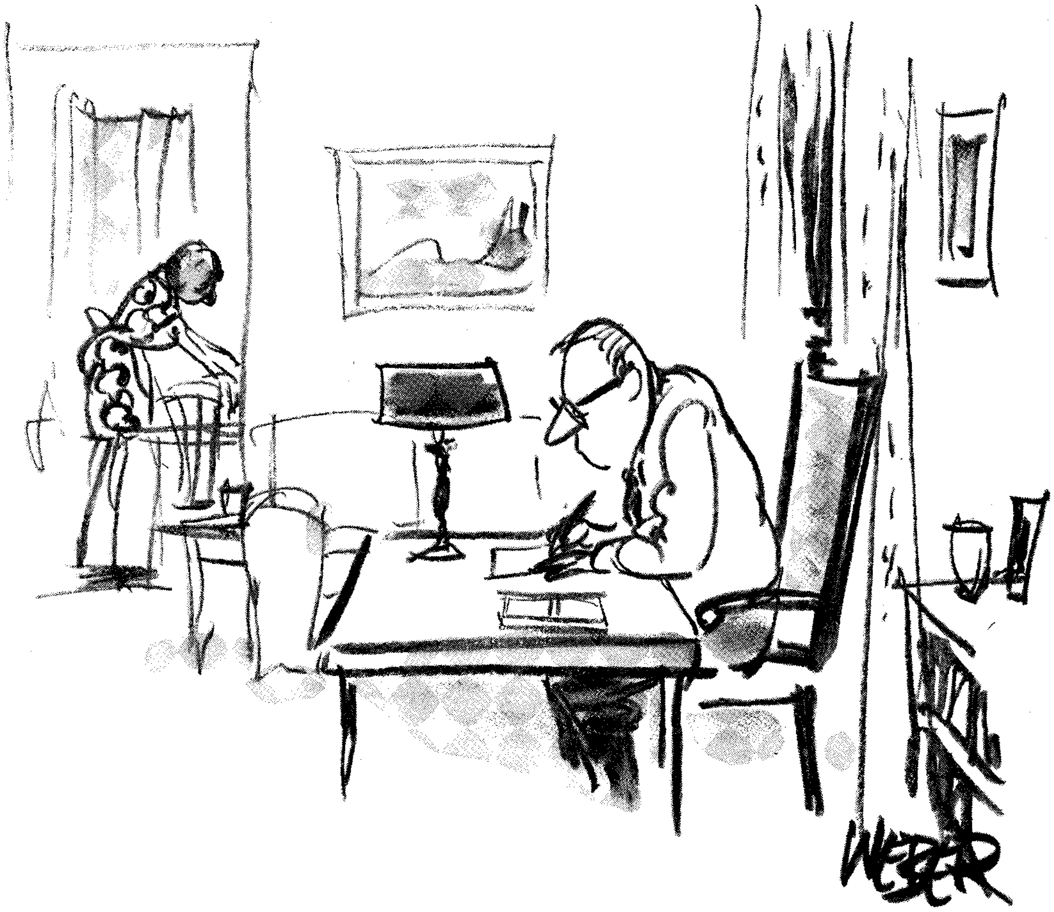
Mrs. Duggan sighed and then bent over the tub once more and scrutinized the exhibit. "*Tchk!*—funny," she said musingly, and returned to the kitchen.

Owen Duggan turned on the water and resumed his shower. A minute or two later, he experienced a distinct feeling of loss when he saw the cake of Dove topple over. He remained in the shower for eleven minutes more, repeatedly dropping the soap (which became softer, smaller, and quite battered in appearance) from shoulder-height and learning that even with careful aiming it is almost impossible to make a cake of Dove land on its tip, let alone stick there. When Duggan at last emerged from the bathroom, late for breakfast, his fingertips were wrinkled, but he was content.

Finding: A First in free soap-drop is confirmed, subject to counterclaims in this new record area.

FURMAN KRIEGER, 37, while playing tennis on Sunday, May 23rd, served a double fault at game point, 15–40, in the seventh game of the second set of the regular Sunday-afternoon men's doubles at Harry Lindermann's court in Wilton. It was Krieger's eighth double fault of the day, and it caused him and his partner, Amos Hedlund, to fall behind their opponents, Lindermann and Mel Fagen, by five games to two. Fagen and Lindermann had also won the first set, 6–3. Krieger has a fast sliced serve—*too* fast, in the opinion of some of his friends—which is very effective at times, but this year, what with the wet spring weather and all, he does not yet have it entirely under control. Carefully weighing these factors, Amos Hedlund remained in his position at net after his partner's second serve struck a good eight inches outside the service court, but took the precaution of slightly ducking his head and leaning almost imperceptibly toward the alley. Sure enough, in a moment there was a sharp report behind him, and Krieger's third service sailed past his head on its way into the syringa bushes on the far side of the Lindermanns' pool. Then there came an interesting whirring sound (*Whong-whungg! Whong-whungg!*) as Krieger's shiny new Wilson steel racquet took wing like some enormous ornithopter, rotating rapidly and glittering in the sun as it ascended over the net, over the opposite court, and, prodigiously, over the high back fence, just ticking the top wire there ("Let!" cried Harry Lindermann) before it bounced in the driveway behind the court and disappeared under Mel Fagen's green Torino. The other players instantly agreed that this was not only Furman Krieger's finest racquet-fling in a long history of impulsive athletics but possibly a new Eastern double record for height and distance. Krieger, who was seen to be holding his right elbow in gingerly fashion, modestly accepted congratulations, but opined that he had probably made his final attempt at either record, since he had just thrown out his arm.

Finding: Claim postponed. The advent of steel and aluminum racquets has resulted in an avalanche of new statistics, many of which, if accepted, will make Krieger's throw appear distinctly commonplace. The Bureau has already announced that eventual new world and regional records achieved with these lighter, whippier racquets will be listed with an accompanying asterisk, in order not to wipe out memories of famous marks set in the all-wood days. However, the Bureau did take note of the fact that Furman Krieger had already come to its attention three years ago, when he threw a sand wedge into the topmost branch of a willow tree eighty-two feet to the right of a fairway bunker on the fifth hole at Wee Spinney (the iron is still there, an object of local awe and superstition), and it has issued a Special Commendation to Mr. Krieger for two such memorable efforts in entirely separate fields of sporting endeavor.



"Dear Crissy:
How is camp? We had a nice dinner tonight. Mommy made spaghetti.
I had a nice day at the office today, although there wasn't much to do.
The weather is O.K., but I hope . . ."

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HOWARD LEBO, 41, the lyricist, was eleven weeks late with the words for the title song for "Bad Creek," the new, offbeat love-in-a-commune picture that had already gone a quarter of a million over an extremely tight budget, with the result that everybody was very, very jumpy. Lebo, who is known in his business as a bleeder, hadn't been too worried, because shooting had fallen way behind (rain on location in Oregon), and besides, this wasn't a musical; all that was needed was a strong thematic lead-in—a four- or five-verse voice-over behind the titles. But now the word was in that they would wrap in another ten days, and the title people needed the finished theme right away, like *now*. It was Friday afternoon, and Lebo had been staring out of the window of his studio on West Fifty-third Street for an hour and twenty minutes. One of his troubles was that, although he had read the script, he still didn't know anything about communes. Another was that his composer, Jerry Monasch, had given him an unusually ambitious piece of music, very Burt Bacharach, with no release and four different tempo markings. Monasch was probably up at his summer place at Martha's Vineyard, and Lebo had his telephone number there, but he and Jerry hadn't been speaking for more than a month. Anyway, the real trouble was the title itself—a spondee: two bullets behind the ear. Lebo, watching a row of inert pigeons on the parapet of a litter-strewn roof across the street, felt more and more sorry for himself. Joseph Conrad should have had such troubles.

"I bet Irving Berlin never had to hack anything like this," Lebo said aloud. "Or Harold Rome, either."

The two names swam in the fetid air of the studio, and suddenly Lebo straightened up. "Hey," he said.

He went to his desk, threw the script and a stack of scribbled notes on the floor, and began to write. Twenty minutes later, he picked up the telephone and called his agent, Otto Ness.

"Me, Otto," Lebo said. "You won't believe this. Listen." He read aloud to Ness from a piece of paper covered with names.

"What?" said Ness when Lebo had finished. "What, this is the *lyric*?"

"Wake up, Otto," said Lebo. "Don't you dig it? I'll read it again."

"Don't read it," said Ness hastily. "Now, listen to me, Howard. They've been on the phone all day from the Coast. My God, I told them you were polishing. They said Monday for sure, or—"

"Otto, all you understand is businessmen," Lebo said in a hurt tone. "This is the first creative thing I've done in months. Sure, it's only a beginning, but who knows? I'm thinking in Larry Hart terms—a little patter-song for a charming O.B. revue."

"*Howard!*" Ness shouted.

"I'm going out to the island now," Lebo said placatingly. "You know I always work better out there. I'll have fifty verses for them tomorrow afternoon. There's nothing to worry about, Otto, I'm unblocked now."

"I'll call you tomorrow," Ness said.

"Make it Sunday."

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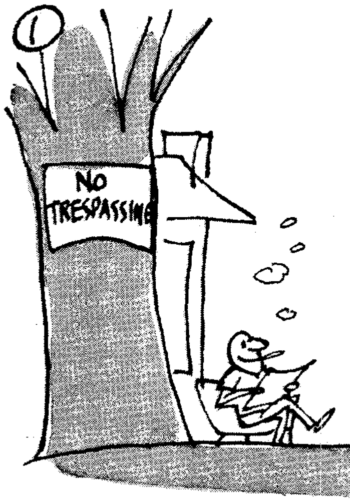
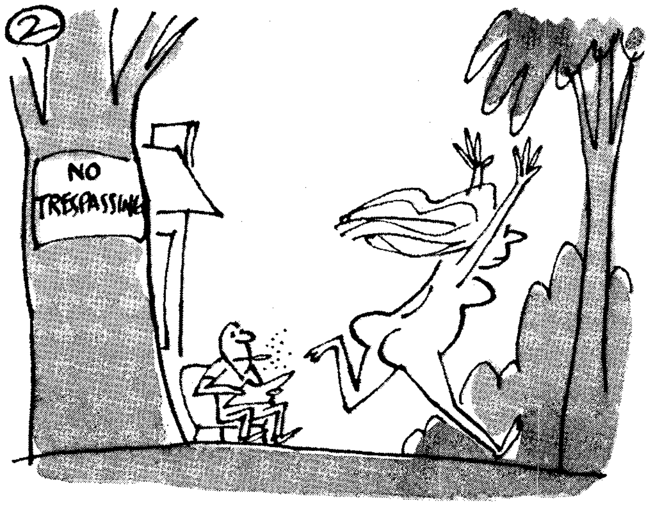
At one o'clock the next afternoon, Saturday, Lebo, wearing a Mets cap and faded denim bells, was sitting on a chaise longue on the sundeck of his beach cottage at Seaview. He had not started on the lyric for "Bad Creek,"





but the weekend was still young. What was needed now was a mood of high, easy confidence. A little laughter to cheer the lonely poet on his way. The Emmerichs, two cottages down, were coming over for drinks and a pickup lunch, and Lebo's wife, Kay, was neatening up on the sundeck. She was barefoot, in tan shorts and a ribbed white top. Lebo had been saving his list, but now he suddenly realized that Martin Emmerich would take it as another game, a challenge, and begin breaking in on him. Better not wait.

"Did I tell you I'm giving up writing?" he said to Kay. "I've decided to form a musical group."

"Classical or rock?" said Kay, knocking sand out of two canvas cushions.

"Sort of both," Lebo said. "I've already signed up George London and Victoria de los Angeles as leads. I think I'll let her front it. We'll call it Vickie and the Metropoles."

"It doesn't sound like her sort of thing."

"I've inked three veteran sidemen already. Wilbur and Sidney de Paris and Ike Quebec."

"I don't think I know Ike Quebec," Kay murmured. She had been folding up the *Times* and she paused to read something.

"Tenor sax," Lebo said. "Guess who's going to write the theme for the group. Two people. Go ahead, guess."

"Why, I have no idea," Kay said, looking at him now.

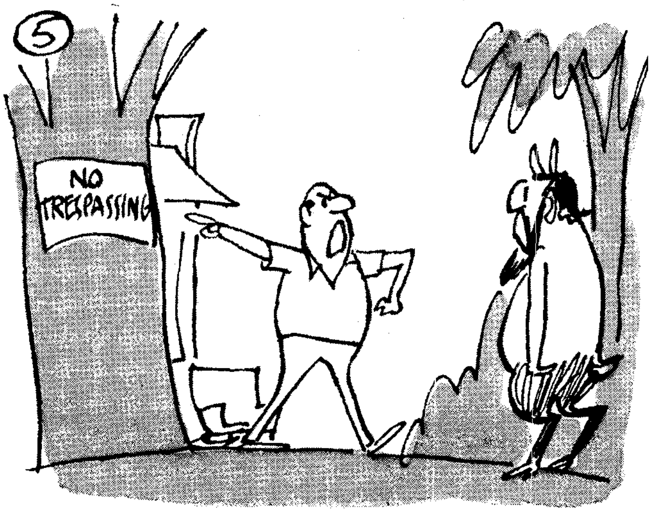
"Irving Berlin and Harold Rome."

"*Really!* Oh, I see now. I should've known."

"Do you think that Irving is East or West Berlin?" Lebo went on. "I think West, don't you? Because that way, Isaiah Berlin can be East, see?"

"But Isaiah Berlin isn't a musician," Kay said. "How does he—"

"Who said I was only forming an orchestra?" Lebo said, closing his eyes behind his shades. "I might just get up a squad of athletes, too. The Rand-McNally Globetrotters. Take 'em on tour. Ralph Boston would have to be on it—the broad jumper. And Joe Hague, of the Cardinals. Dave Bristol. Dick Selma. Ted Lyons and Clyde Milan. All ballplayers. Marty Emmerich will *kill* himself over Ted Lyons. Ted *Lee*-yon."



Lebo became aware that his wife had left the sundeck. He got up and went to the bar table, under the shade of a yellow canvas awning, and rather irritably mixed himself a gin-and-tonic.

"I just sold my ballteam!" he called into the house. "I'm starting a film company instead. Douglas Fairbanks. Burt Lancaster. Sylvia Sidney."

"I know what your athletes eat at training table," Kay said, reappearing with plates and paper napkins.

"I'm talking about movies now," Lebo said. "Screenplay by Stephen Birmingham and William Manchester, from an idea by Racine."

"Brussels sprouts and Lima beans."

"That's *not* how this game is played," Lebo said, his voice rising. "Where was I? Oh, yes, Sylvia Sidney. She goes steady with Arthur Brisbane, the late journalist, who takes us, perhaps via Warren Moscow, into a politico-journalistic club whose members include Walter Washington, William Scranton, Harlan Cleveland, Harrison Salisbury, and, uh—*Grover* Cleveland, the late, much loved two-term Prez."

"You've forgotten Portland Mason and Portland Hoffa," said Kay, now making her own drink.

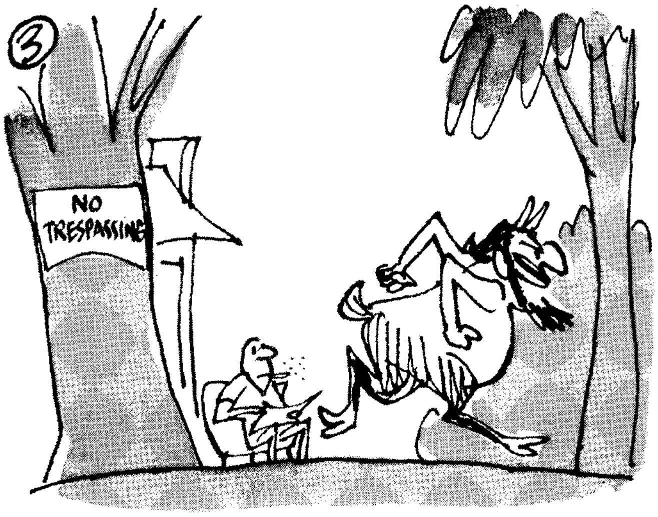
"God damn it to hell!" Lebo shouted. "I *knew* you'd get it wrong. How can you think even for an instant that I haven't ruled out all those easy first names? Cleveland Amory and Tennessee Williams—*any* idiot can do those. Dallas Townsend, Denver Lindley, Dallas Smith, Vermont Royster, Illinois Jacquet. You let them in, and the next thing you know you're assdeep in people like Rochester and Buffalo Bill. The trouble with you, Kay, is you never set any standards for yourself."

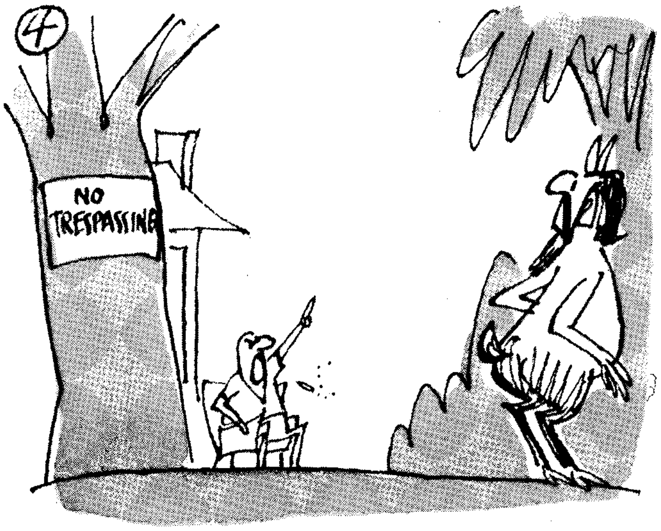
Kay took her drink indoors.

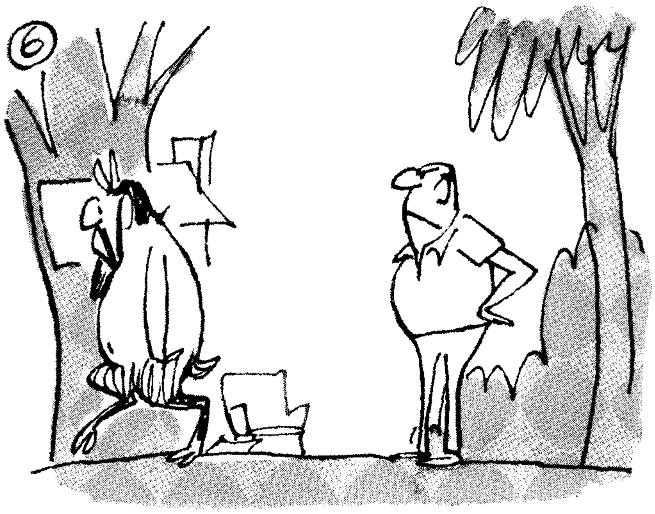
"I don't see why you resent me for being good at this," Lebo said, leaning on the railing and staring off to sea. "The only reason I am is because it's sort of part of my work. Words. Wordsmithing. And besides, I wrote all these down yesterday, while I was working on the lyric."

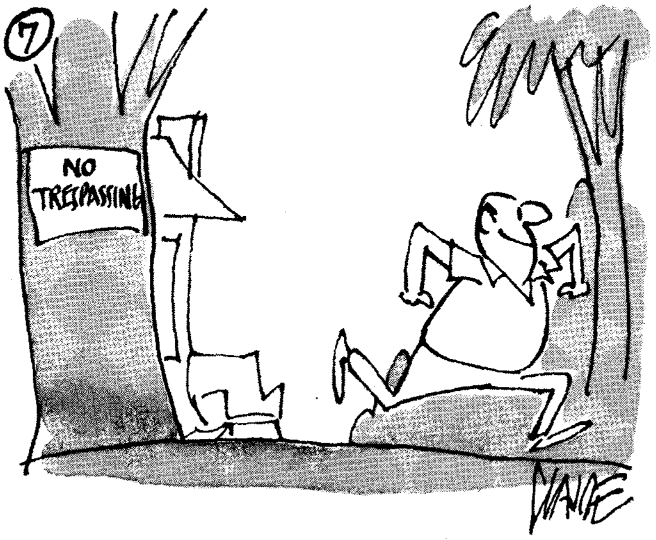
"Did you finish it yet?" Kay said, coming back onto the sundeck with the salad bowl. "The picture thing?"

"Just one more name," Lebo said quickly. "He's my backer for the film









company. Huntington Hartford. Great, hunh? I've thought about it, and there are no other names that can be added. I've come up with something special. I mean, I don't think anybody else has ever done this, do you?"

Kay placed a dish of cherry tomatoes on the porch railing next to her husband. She put her hands on his shoulders and bent close to him, as if she were about to kiss him on the ear. He smiled.

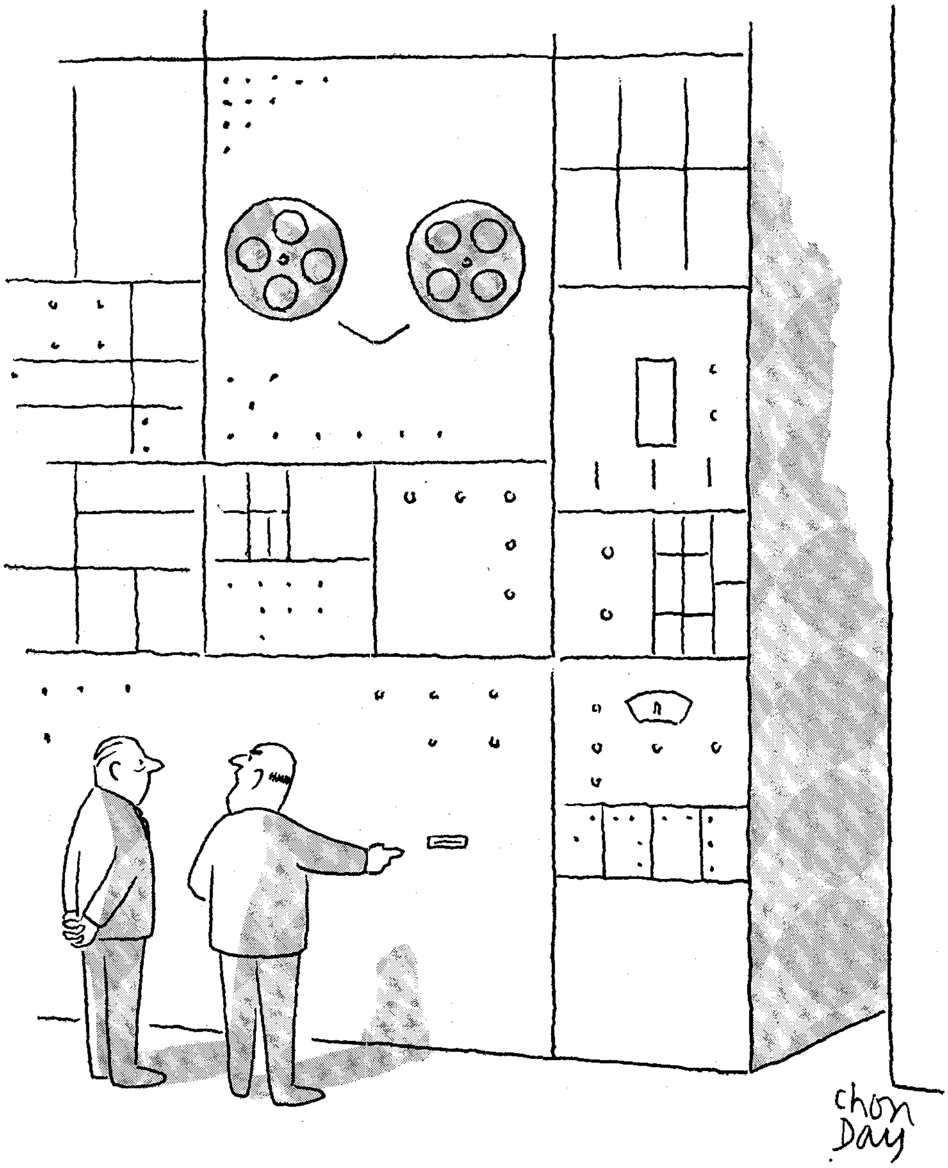
"Olga San Juan," she whispered.

Lebo seized a handful of cherry tomatoes, perhaps eight or ten in all, and drew back his arm. But then he only tossed two of them up in the air and ducked in under them, with his mouth open and his hands behind his back. It was his famous trick catch. The tomatoes were still up there, two dots of scarlet in the bright air, when the phone began to ring.

Finding: Honorable Mention in creative work-delay.

ON the afternoon of June 9th, Frederick Tansill, 79, went to the movies in a theatre on upper Broadway. When his wife was alive, they hardly ever went to the movies, but now Tansill forced himself to go every week or two; it was a way of keeping up. Almost alone in the orchestra, he watched a French film. It was a rerun, a revived classic. There was a young woman in long skirts; there was a tall dark man and a shorter blond man. They wore narrow, old-fashioned clothes. The time in the film was long ago. There were many short scenes—the woman (called Catherine) and the two men drinking together, the woman dressing up like a boy and the tall man painting a mustache on her face, the woman and the two men at separate windows of a white house in the country. Tansill tried to follow the story without reading the English subtitles, but he could not understand more than a few phrases of the dialogue. He had lived in Paris on three separate occasions, once for a stretch of almost two years, and now suddenly he could no longer understand spoken French. Another piece knocked off him. A scene on bicycles: Catherine wore a white blouse and a white scarf tied up over her hair, the blond man wore a small cap; they were at the beach. Immediately afterward, at night, Catherine jumped off an embankment into the Seine, and the two men helped her out of the water. Now Tansill began reading the subtitles, but he had missed too much of the story. On the screen, the First World War began.

Tansill must have dozed, for now Catherine seemed to have a young daughter. (Asleep, all by himself, in this frightful theatre?) There was a hill covered with long grasses, and the little girl and the taller man rolled down the hillside in each other's arms. Tansill was trying to remember the name of a young woman in a white blouse and long white skirt. It had been years and years ago, but he could see her face perfectly. Suddenly it was like a window going up. He was sitting on a porch with her in the country, in Tamworth, and they were waiting for the rain to stop. His bicycle was leaning against a porch pillar, under the eaves. He had been caught in the rain, on his way somewhere on the bike. The porch pillars were square and covered with gray shingles, like the rest of the



"The machine then selects the likely equations from a complicated pattern of theoretical probables. It calculates these, and the correct answer is printed on a card. Then our Miss Swenson files them God knows where, and we can never find the damn things again."

• •

house. He must have been fourteen or fifteen years old.

On the screen, Catherine was playing a guitar and singing to the others. The young woman in the long white skirt looked a little like her, but she had had darker hair. It was the Harders' house, of course, just at the top of the steep dirt lane. The rain had caught him and he had run for it. The young woman—she was a girl, really—must have heard him running up the porch steps and laughing. She had come out of the house, carrying a mandolin in one hand, and the screen door bumped shut behind her. "Oh, you must be Freddie Tansill," she said. "Look, you're *soaked.*" He knew her. She was a cousin of Laurie Harder's and a friend of his own sister, Marian. Maybe four years older than he was. What was her name? Catherine's song was over. Now she was kissing the tall man. Or was it another man?

The Harders were all away somewhere for the day. No one else in the house. The two of them sat in green rocking chairs and watched the rain spilling down from the overflowing gutters along the eaves of the deep porch. The thunder had gone grumbling up the valley, and already you could see the sky lightening above the birches and the clouds moving off the face of Passaconaway. The girl was holding the mandolin on her lap; two green velvet ribbons hung down from its neck. "Can you play that thing?" he asked. "Marian has one, but all she can do is plunk on it."

To his surprise, she began at once to play the mandolin. In a low, gentle voice, she sang a song in some foreign language. He didn't recognize any of the words, but the song must have been Italian, for he had just remembered being told that Laurie Harder's cousin had spent a whole year in school in Italy. He had never heard anyone play and sing to him, alone like this, and he was afraid to look at her. Her left foot, resting on the grass matting of the porch, was crooked up, the heel raised to support her crossed right leg and the mandolin. She wore pale-tan sneakers. The green velvet ribbons moved slightly on her white skirt as she picked out the quick music. What was her name? She stopped, laughing a little, and when Tansill only nodded two or three times she said, "Well, maybe you know this one," and began to play again. He did know it, but he could not make himself sing with her when she got to the chorus:

"Waltzes, polkas, lancers, galops, glides,
Portland fancy, quadrilles and reels and slides,
High-lows, didoes—How we danced 'em all!
I'll never forget the time, you can bet,
We went down to Odd Fellows Hall!"

This time when she finished, he asked her where she had got such a fancy mandolin. Time was passing. On the screen, Catherine had grown older; she was wearing small, round eyeglasses and a white cloche hat.

"In Genoa," she said. "Look, you can see the name here inside."

She turned the mandolin around, tipping it toward the afternoon light, and together they peered into the round sound hole under the strings. There was a label down inside, with gold lettering, and as he tried to read it he felt her dark hair brush against his arm. Her name was Evangeline. Evangeline Courtald.

Tansill said the name out loud, and a young couple two rows ahead of him turned right around to look at him. "Oh, get along with you," he said sharply. And then, but now speaking only to himself, he added, "I am the last person in the history of the world who will ever think of Evangeline Courtald's mandolin."

Finding: No cause for an award is discerned. In the Bureau's judgment, memory is ever unique and thus undistinguishing. Solipsism is not encouraged. Regrets. —ROGER ANGELL

SOUNDINGS: BLOCK ISLAND

(For Pablo Neruda)

1

The sea closes like a plum
on its stone. It will presently fall.
Halfway toward Newton's head,

it shows a nap of numbers,
rosettes for the navigator
under the mariner's glass, a gooseflesh of soundings—

a flat map where gulls enter
reading the fine print in tawny aquarelle. Later,
that ripping of edges

at the Lighthouse's base, a pounding
of tumblers and bells in the coarse salt,
the reef in its necklace of skulls.

2

Whales work. A swan leading its cindery cygnets
sees transparently down
to the center: Alice's tears, the nausea of Rimbaud,

green gall and spittle
to pucker the sea floor, constellate
polyps in the flinty asparagus,

the unsuffocating flora
where the diver's heart explodes
in cross-threads of mica and the sardine throbs like a hummingbird—

all the bright business of darkness
I would read in the charred scrolls, the double pillars
of vellum, crossing with chariots, like Torah.

3

The parachutists lie where they have fallen
on mandalas of terry cloth. The sea has cast
them up like anemones, split prismatic canvas

in spinnakers of beach umbrellas. A sound
of drowned transistors, gull's claws in the froth,
a lifeguard's whistle, the breathing of pontoons,

hisses through the noon's bicarbonation.
Light hardens the facets; but there in the sleeper's
eye, the glacial emulsions of a camera,

sight keeps its core of darkness—
an apple halved, and, in the satin pockets, point
touching point, like Indian paisley, the seed-shaped tears.

4

What holds the eye to its salt, Orphean
lookers-back, Sodomites, ruminants
licking a briny meniscus—

what? The pastures of plankton,
coffined nerve gas, sarcophagi
lifted like thistle three miles under,
are not as inland meadows are. There,
green goes aerial, drives star over star through the chicory,
stays nowhere, asks nothing of the malcontent—but here?

Something unappeasable
in the blond marination of whips, melancholy
bearing night in its bile: an expectation of black.

5

Failures! The thunderheads of bracken
rise over minefields, the sea burns
like a slum, sends arabesques of oil

on all my summer salvage:
young losses, nightmares, a kneecap smashed
or a back, forfeiture of sons,

the wild severity of poems,
the mouth's sanctuary, the Mona Lisa smile
of adolescent bellies sloping toward their sex,

drowned fathers, photographs, translations
in the middle kingdom of the languages—
fog, foam, hallucinated form.

6

Noah's drunken dream: the animals in twos,
delineated water, rainbows. Fog works in the mummy cloths;
the sandspit goes, in its spiral nebulae of boulders,

the millrace of the upper air, flying
iodine, the binnacle's
mathematics, battlefields of bathers,

the Pharaonic sun that calcifies the beaches
and cuts the swimmer's diamond in the sand,
the light dividing water from the land,

matter, motion, mind—all goes to bandages,
equinoctial steam. The floating bobbins empty,
bearing the corpse of darkness toward the ocean.

7

Block Island, Black Island; Pablo, Prospero—
how utterly the landmarks tarnish!
Our "residence on earth" shows spiracles,

watery torches, sharks' fins, the purgatorial jaw
of Jonah's disobedience. It is time
for the breaking of wands and books.

The rose-hip looses
its petal on the blackberry's dagger
under the certain apparition of a ship,

and I enter the desolating soda
again, taking the whole weight of the sun upon my skin
to drive the darkness in.

—Ben Belitt

A TOUCH OF NATURE

THE Mooney children next door are burying a cardinal. It died, we fear, of pollution. They found it this morning on its back by the garage, stiff as a stuffed bird, shrimp feet pointed at the sky. Now it lies like a red clown in a Kleenex box that has been lined with aluminum foil scalloped at the edges. Its beak is as shiny as nail polish. Tommy Mooney touches the wing feathers gently. "You're supposed to close their eyes before you bury them. But you can't with birds because their eyelids are different, sort of double."

Tommy is eleven, and already something of a naturalist. His eyes are blue as the nearby Sound, heavily fringed and enormous. His two sisters look at the bird with eyes just like his, though the effect is not quite so startling. "Poor birdie," sighs the six-year-old. The nine-year-old tells me, "We imagine probably it was something he ate."

"Birdie, birdie," sings something from the arborvitae tree. The cardinal's widow? We hope not. Tommy puts a lid on the coffin, and sets the box in the hole they've dug. The Mooney graveyard is filling up.

Though there is legwork, with neighborhood children acting as scouts, I really don't know where they get so many dead animals. Pollution, certainly, has been a help. Only last week an oil slick was reported on the Premium River, that suburban backwater. They found a bird, perhaps a sandpiper, whose feathers were matted with oil. "It looked as though it had been tarred and feathered," Tommy said.

Still, the mortality rate among Mooney pets is suspiciously high.

Now Tommy shovels dirt over the box and fills in the hole; the sisters sprinkle in a few clods. "We sometimes say a little prayer," he says, "but my mother thinks that's blasphemous. But one of us pronounces a eulogy. Let's see—" He closes his eyes. "Here is a bird who died in his prime, before his usefulness was ended. None of us knew him in life, but we mourn him in death. He gave us beauty with his feathers and his song. Farewell, beautiful cardinal." The speech has a practiced ring to it. Nevertheless, it is a creditable, even moving, effort.

Having eulogized the corpse, Tommy and his sisters briskly complete the interment. There are no tears in the Mooney eyes. They edge the neat mound with pebbles, cover it with maple leaves, and finally decorate it with a cross fashioned from Good Humor sticks. With a No. 2 pencil Tommy inscribes it, "Cardinal. 19??—July 7, 1971."

We leave the cool maple shadows at the edge of the Mooney property, where it borders on my father's. He is working in his rose garden, and gives them a Helen Traubel for the grave. With some amusement he tells me that the children applied for permission to extend the brick-bordered plot beyond the Mooney property line, but he had to put the kibosh on that. "Eventually I wouldn't have room for my mulch pile."

In the unlikeliest ways, the land is threatened.

TWO other children tended such a graveyard once, the summer the war ended. It was in New Hampshire, in a tamarack grove behind their rented summer cottage. (The tamarack, or larch, said their father, is the only coniferous tree that sheds its needles in autumn.) They were sisters, four and six; the littler one had curly hair and still wet her bed, while the older wore braids and was slightly less foolish. Both were constantly coming down with minor respiratory infections and cried a lot, which was one reason they were taken to the country, "For the Children's Sake" being one of the vaguely sinister adult phrases to which their ears were attuned. "Am I a Problem Child, Mommy?" asked the younger, one night as she was picked up to be taken to the bathroom.

The other reason was the boom on summer rentals of houses close to the city. They lived then in the house that is next to the Mooneys', but at that time the Mooneys' wasn't even a glint in a subdeveloper's eye. From their nursery they looked out across a lane onto a wide field of high grass and a small abandoned orchard. Behind them was a deteriorating estate with tennis courts of rosy clay where they wheeled their doll prams and saw the light on the wide estuary that feeds into Long Island Sound. Because of the war and the boom and for the children's sake, the mother took the children to New Hampshire, the father moving into an apartment in town. But he visited them often in their lakeside cottage.

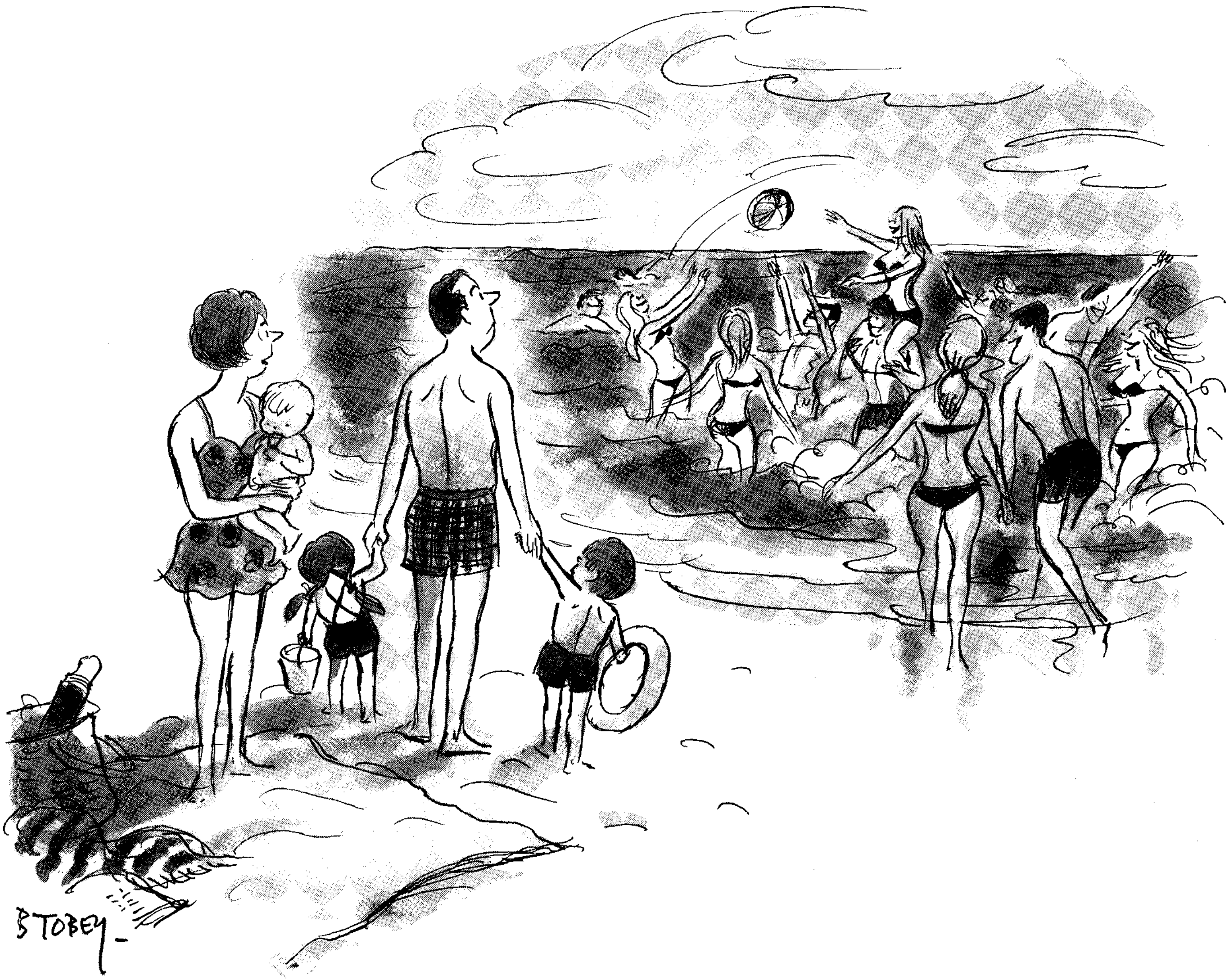
The suburbs were more like country then than a lot of the country is now. But they had never been away from home before. All the first night a bird sang into their lately infected ears, "Little *girls*, little *girls*, little *girls*." Their father named it for them: whippoorwill. He looked forward to naming for them many of the wonders of nature.

"If I catch that loudmouthed wonder of nature that kept me awake all last night I'm going to snatch it baldheaded," said their mother.

That last wartime summer made everybody nervous, itching for the onset of peace. On V-E Day, the older child heard all the bells in Larchmont ring as she rode her tricycle in the garage where the Studebaker was stalled, long unused. "Now that the war is over, can I have a balloon?" she inquired later, for the war was mainly an absence of goods: balloons, chocolate, Christmas-tree ornaments, bubble gum, nylon stockings—scarce or fabulous things no longer available to consumers. The girls used red and blue rationing stamps for play money. Some evenings they helped pull down every shade in the house—blackout, a grown-up game. A cousin, Buddy, visited them when his ship came in (he never got used to the Navy, and to the end of his days in service referred to the "front" and "back" of a ship). Cora, the cook, who squeezed roses onto their birthday cakes, went to work at a parachute factory and died of pneumonia. One afternoon, the older child got up from her nap early and witnessed a platoon of soldiers marching up Hazel Lane with guns and khaki helmets—an epiphany apparently granted only to her. They said she dreamed it.

The day after the church bells, she had a dream of dying. Taken to the hospital in a taxi (because of gas rationing), she was placed on an operating table to have her tonsils cut out.

Judith Shahn



"Go ahead, Steve. I'll take care of the kids if you want to cavort and frolic for a bit."

• •

"Breathe into the balloon," bade the doctors; she did, and saw the world. It was blue and green and round like the globe in the library and got smaller and smaller as she soared away from it, till she was scared it would vanish altogether.

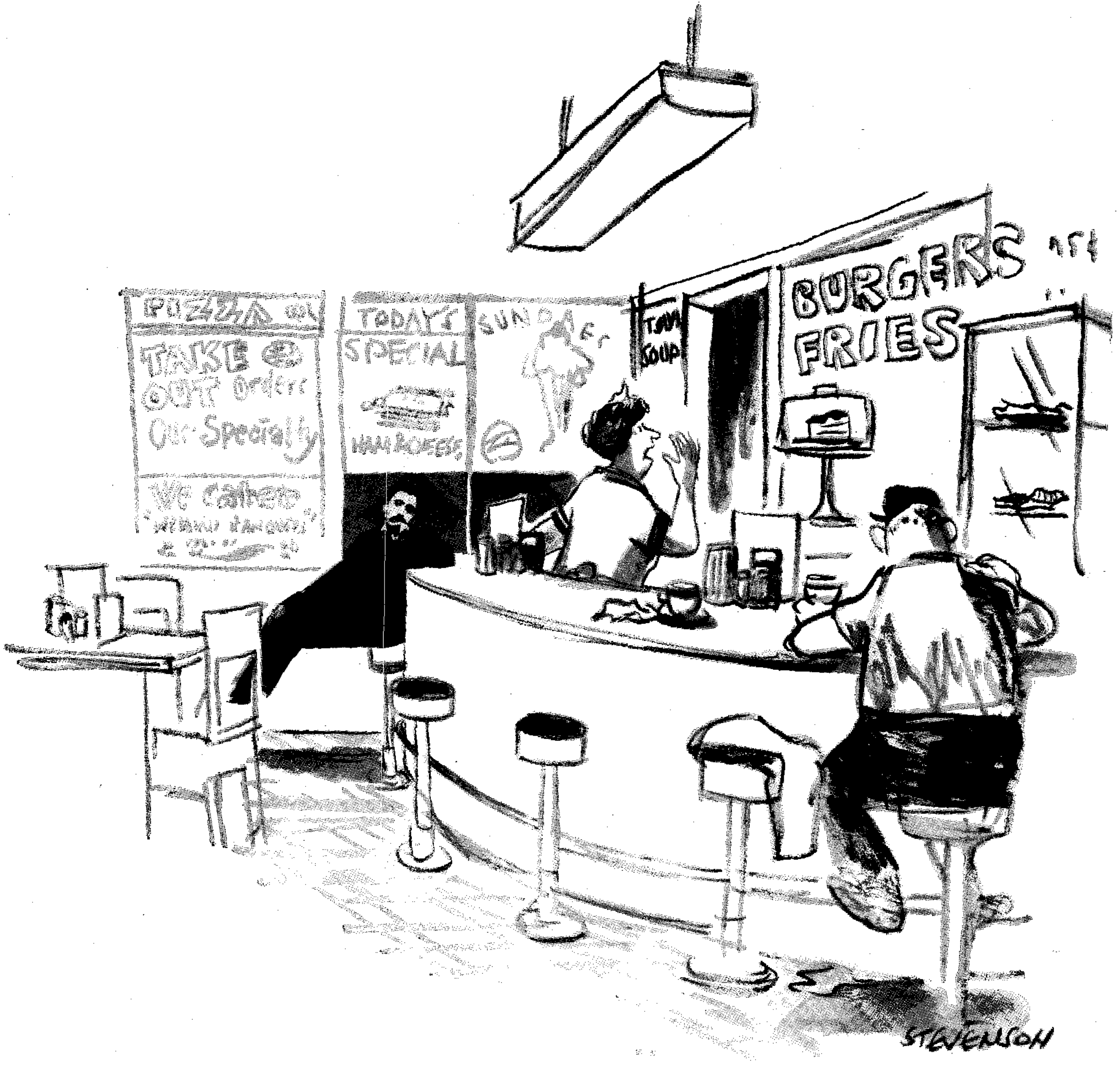
In the country, thin, tearful, normally unwell, the little girls throve like mushrooms. "Do you remember how the dogs used to mess under the table?" reminisced their mother once. No, they did not remember that, they remembered the food in the communal dining room at the Big House, a sprawling New England added-on farmhouse facing the small lake, exotic things unencountered in the suburbs—scalloped puffballs from the woods, toasted bacon rinds, fresh eggs every morning and real maple syrup instead of Karo, frogs' legs that they saw kicking in the kitchen sink detached from their frogs. The sink was full of green cutworms the frogs had eaten, which had once fed on the tomatoes they had in their salad that night. It was a lesson in ecology. Their father encouraged them to sample everything. At first they ate mainly for the love of him.

There were other children at Wilbur Pond: Mimi and Kit from Larchmont, their cousins Dave and Mikey and the baby, Grace from the farm and her myopic little brother, and a pack of loud boys who stuck together and played war games—*banzai!* in the meadow grass. They all swam in the lake in the daytime and came together evenings on the dewy turf outside the woodbine-twisted veranda of the main house for statues, tag, hide-and-seek. Ardently they chased fireflies to store their flickering radiance in mayonnaise jars with holes punched in the lids; in the morning all but one would have died, a pale-gray bug without light in a jar that smelled like old tea.

The mothers spent a lot of time sitting on the veranda chatting, writing letters. Mrs. Mimi-and-Kit tried to interest the women in nature walks in the woods, but usually ended up, an amiable patsy, picking mushrooms with the children on her own. The woods were pungent, surprising, lively. After a shower, efts appeared on the paths, soft sprites the length of a little finger with tiny red buttons down the back, not always distinguishable from the soil but in the hand bright as blood. Aside from their color they seemed totally without defenses. The children were discouraged from collecting them, especially after one of them said, "Here, Mom, could you hold this a minute?" and popped a velvety eft right into Mom's automatically extended palm.

There were tree toads on the bark, sometimes no bigger than the warts they resembled. And, everywhere, mushrooms—orange, red, amethyst, white, shaped like shells or coral or sponges or umbrellas ("Do you realize that's *poison*, an amanita?" said their father, throwing out a bunch that had dissolved into black mush in a corner of their bedroom).

But he showed them something else, tiptoeing with them out into the noisy night—a sea-green moth stuck against



"Hey, do we have strawberries crushed in cream cheese?"

• •

a window screen, feathered white as foam and with spots like owl eyes on its fore wings. The Luna moth. *Actias luna.* He killed it with lighter fluid and mounted it for them on a piece of cardboard; it was the start of a moth collection. (The Luna and other moths repose in their shadow box somewhere in the attic still, their color diminished but not yet overcome.)

One sister stood in the field alongside their cottage, a crescent of grass and weeds backed by woods. A garden spider had spun its wiry web into the crotch of an old fruit tree—*Argiope aurantia,* a fat black-and-gold horror. At the base of the tree, hardly trembling, lay an immature rabbit badly torn by the mess-table dogs or other animals. Insects hummed in the grass amid foamy nests of grasshopper spit. But the day seemed scarcely to breathe. She gathered the rabbit, without looking, into the hem of her pinafore and ran to her parents, beginning to cry for its blood and pain. It had been laid open on its right side like an anatomical drawing, down to muscle and bone.

"O my God, put it out of its misery," their mother said. They put it instead in a carton and ministered to it with lettuce, and water in a jar top. In the morning its eyes were open but it had stopped trembling for good.

Their mother said it was hopping in rabbit heaven.

Their father made it a coffin out of a bracelet box (it was so tiny), and donated a handkerchief for a shroud. The girls remembered a place, a clearing—the grownups had to bend and tear their way there on a path their father supposed had been made by deer. He dug a hole with a wooden toy shovel they had brought from the suburbs.

Are all funerals the same? Like the Mooneys, these children knelt, sprinkled dirt over the coffin, and filled in the hole. "Say goodbye," their father told them. Then they all closed their eyes and reflected on rabbit heaven. The children picked field flowers for the grave until it was time for lunch.

Soon the other sister came home, gagging, with a toad that had been run over by the milk truck. The sisters edged the two graves with pebbles and revealed the place to the rest of the children.

Mrs. Mimi-and-Kit discovered, under some toys in Kit's room, a dead starling dripping maggots. Even before pollution, there was no shortage of dead animals in New Hampshire.

The clearing became a cemetery, a garden of moss, bark, and drooping wild flowers. After a wet spell, boletus mushrooms gilded the roots of the larches, and Indian pipes abounded, ghastly mourners. Peaceful and bored on late afternoons, the proprietors of the graveyard dug into the friable soil to inter whatever mammal, reptile, amphibian, or bird had fallen by the wayside. The other children helped, but it belonged to them.

On the veranda, the mothers talked. Mr. Wilbur, the creased-faced Yankee who ran the place, made a killing on the black market, which was to the children an imagined, torchlighted cavern in the hills piled with heaps of rubber tires, mountains of candy, tubs of butter, festoons of balloons. Hiroshima, the war will soon be over. Grace Prenty was more closely related to her uncle than she should be, whisper. Nagasaki.

The Prentys ran, in their fashion, the farm up the hill from the Wilbur property. That was where the eggs and milk came from. And the cows, who pastured on Wilbur land, near the cottages—they were restless and prone to nocturnal rampages. One night they surrounded the cottages like thunder, and the girls quivered in their beds, thinking the house would collapse. Every evening at five, Trantus Prenty, with a lot of switching and cursing, herded them uphill to the Prenty milking barn, dogs snapping at their hoofs. The cows were in no hurry to get back to their quarters, which held an ammoniac reek that brought tears to the eyes.

Often the little girls followed the cows to the milking, with the other children. Their father could milk a cow; he could squirt a stream of milk dexterously into the pail, or the mouth of a barn cat or a child's. It steamed in the bucket, a foamy broth that tasted like condensed—not much like what they drank later in the dining room; one warm taste sufficed.

The Prentys were an iron-age family, their farm a barnyard zoo like a picture-book illustration, only real with flies and barn smells. Four generations of women lived there—all of them, including nearly nubile, twelve-year-old Grace, missing their upper front teeth. Whenever one outbuilding was filled with animals or tools, the Prentys threw up another that seemed to be supported by sheer luck. They turned the soil with plows drawn by weary wind-broken thirty-year-old horses. They are probably plowing that way now. The summer people were enchanted.

Reciprocating their interest, Grace visited the Wilbur place with her little brother when she wasn't busy with farm chores. Her mother a drudge, her putative father the town arsonist, she lisped incomprehensibly sometimes—a case history of inbreeding and malnutrition, her destiny manifest. But she was gentle with the Prenty animals, helpful and indulgent with young things, and the mothers liked having her around.

Grace was full of stories. She told the sisters that babies came out of your belly button and that if you spit in a church you would go blind. They showed her the graveyard with its flowers and mossy mounds. "It's like a picture," she observed wistfully. She showed them how to make dandelion wreaths and grass whistles.

When she couldn't come down, the sisters visited the Prenty place. Sometimes she let them help her feed the animals. There were chickens in the back yard, rabbits in the cellar, pigs rooting near the privy, goats around the porch, and broody hens in the abandoned truck bodies near the woods. They played with the offspring of the fecund barn cats and came home with fleabites sprinkled over their skinny legs. Their mother thought they had developed a summer allergy.

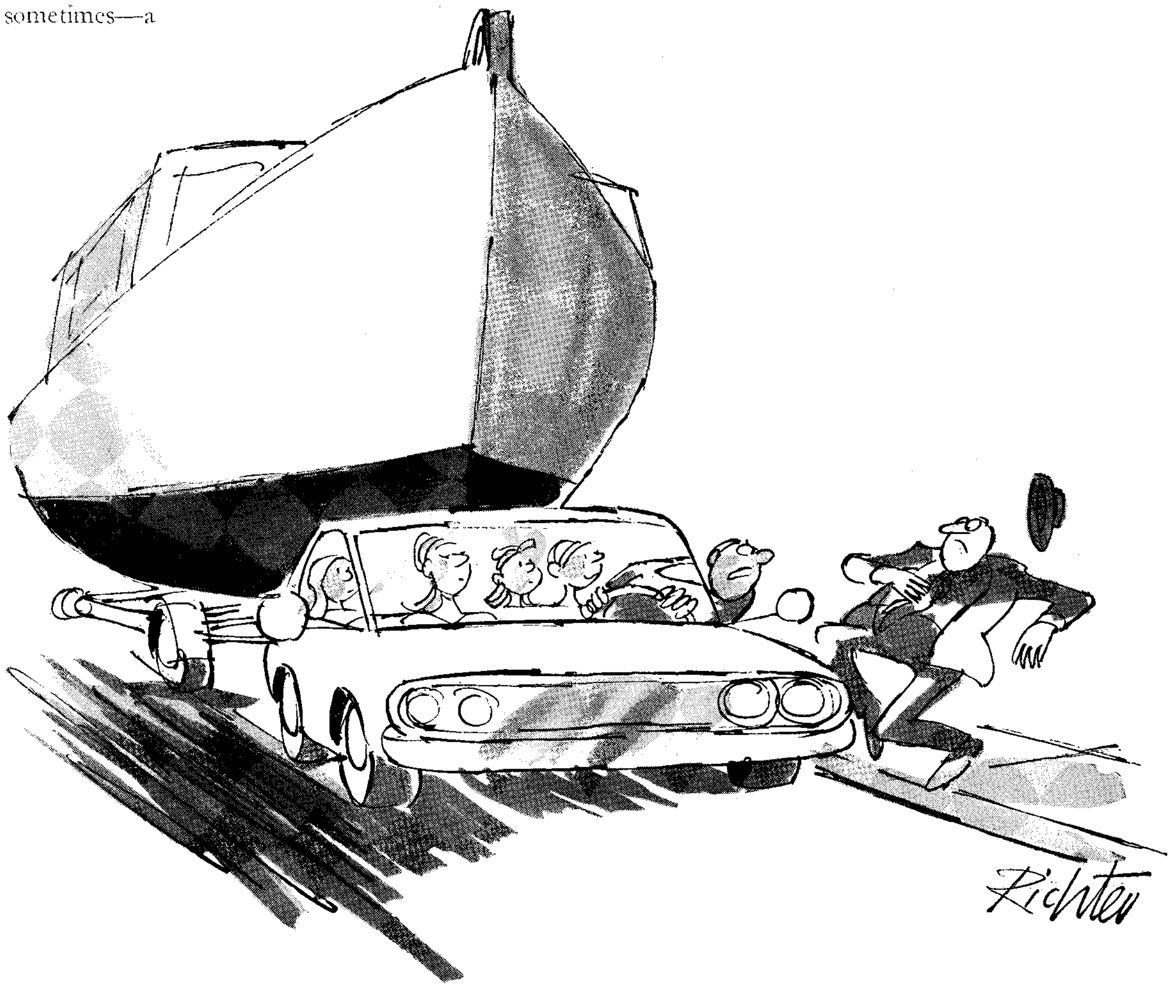
Grace's brother Andy, who was six or seven but looked younger, was something different; nature had issued him a reprieve (or perhaps an outside set of genes). The other Prentys were milk-pale, straw-haired, exophthalmic. He seemed a changeling, a gypsy child with a mop of black hair through which pointy ears protruded alertly, and deep, blinking eyes. He was thin, probably wormy, a sad little boy who didn't take up much room.

He hardly ever spoke, but he used his eyes and ears. The little girls' mother used to read to them on the porch after lunch, as a substitute for the naps that they had outgrown. Though she read to *them*, the other children came and listened, too, collapsed in various postures around the rocker where she sat. She read well, in a rich, interesting voice. The book was "The Wind in the Willows."

"'. . . with his ear to the reed-stems he caught, at intervals, something of what the wind went whispering so constantly among them,'" she read, and closed the book over one thumb. They were sleepy, belly-full, semi-attentive. "Do you like this book? Would you rather have another one?" Sailboats skimmed like waterbugs on the glaring surface of the pond. A daddy longlegs with its ridiculously graceful limbs climbed up a pillar and down again. Yes, they liked it. Now probably they could go swimming.

But Andy lingered, with such a fasting look she asked if he wanted to see the pictures.

Nobody in Andy's house had ever read a book to him. But Andy, it turned out, could read. So she let him read the books they had brought from the nursery, crouching like a troglodyte in the shadows by the steps of their cottage. He read about a horse who pulled a vegetable wagon in New York City and pined for the country. When the horse's dream came true because of automation, he mourned, recognizing that he was a city horse after all. It had a happy ending; the master came and took him back to the city. Andy read almost everything they had. He adopted their books, and nobody bothered him by asking him to play, or



"Landlubber!"

warned him that reading in the dark would hurt his eyes.

It was a busy summer. The children kept a collective zoo at Mrs. Mimi-and-Kit's; its main feature was a terrarium full of mean, energetic garter snakes that could get through the least cracks. Despite the ban on efts, the red things were ubiquitous. Some ended in the graveyard, others in bureau drawers. The efts, explained their father, were the terrestrial cycle of the red-spotted newt, or salamander, a water creature. In time their bodies would darken and alter and they would return to live out their lives in the water.

"Oh, I think I see one changing," said the younger girl, bending over a bright spot on the path.

Despite the sisters' teaching, they could not get Grace to dog-paddle in the shallow lake; she sank immediately and repeatedly to the bottom, even in a foot of water. She was bored by the zoo and the moth collection. The funerals, however, inspired her. She whispered to the animals as they put them in the ground, like some straw-maned country sorceress. She found a star-nosed mole for them to bury. And, of course, the Prenty farm provided an abundance of funeral fodder.

The evening she showed up with a deceased piglet, even the children blanched. "Good God, it's a dead baby," muttered a parent. Grace had raised it on a bottle. They buried it wrapped in a pillowcase.

TOMMY and his sisters are taking turns swinging from the rope my father hung from the apple tree for the grandchildren. Waiting his turn, Tommy tells me there have been vandals in the graveyard. Somebody has dug up several animals and absconded with their bodies, including that of a pet kitten. "We're pretty sure we know who it is," he says. "We haven't caught him, but we've put a tail on him."

It will be grim for that young resurrectionist.

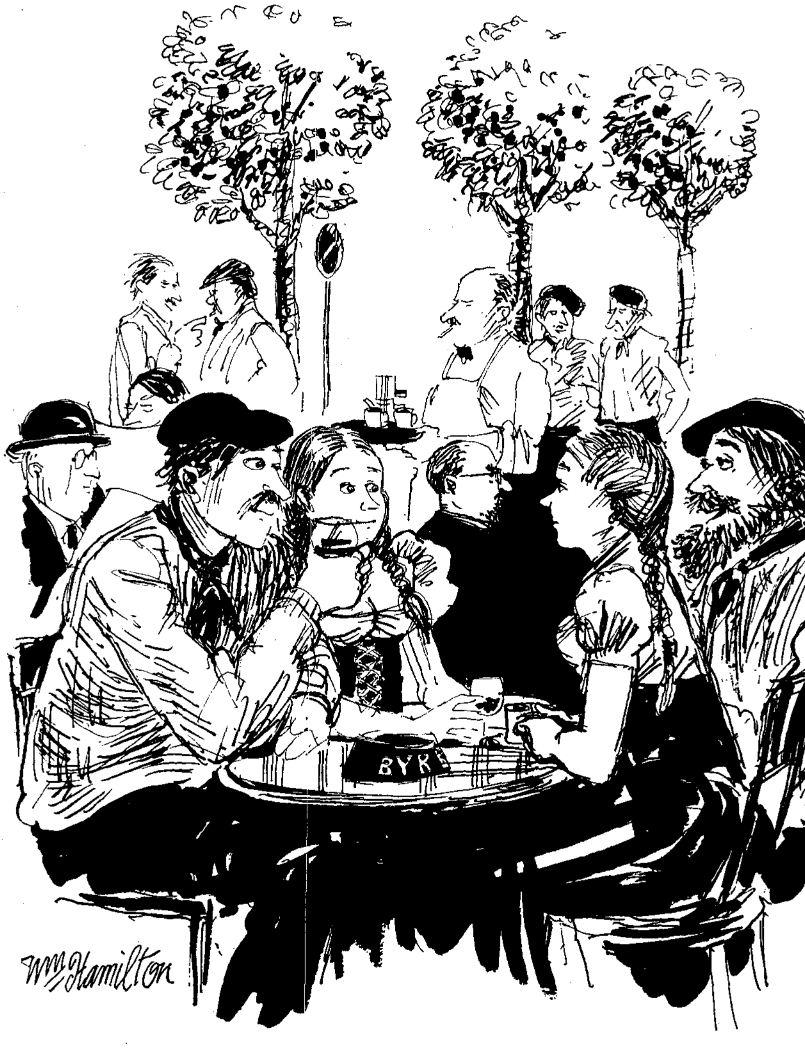
Yes, in the woods were vandals, too, foxes or porcupines or dogs, who scrabbled up the mold and left a shambles the children had to spend a morning clearing up. At least one of them wept over the devastation. But the fungi and Indian pipes, the saprophytes sprouted even more abundantly, as though nourished by the material with which the children had enriched the wilderness.

EVERY time their father came up, he brought them presents. One week it was a packet of little colored-paper flags of the nations, to be pasted on toothpick staffs. "For a rainy day," he suggested. There were not many rainy days that August. They pasted the flags onto their staffs on V-J Day, which came after Hiroshima and Nagasaki—the flags made a centerpiece for the table at dinner. Peace, peace was in the air like the wind in the willows. The room was filled with communicated joy. The soldiers were coming home. Buddy would come back unharmed. Maybe even Cora would return. There would be balloons, cheap candy, toys, Christmas ornaments, automobile rides, all the provender of peace. (A year later, the moratorium on building houses ended and the builders moved into the suburb with bulldozers, demolishing the vacant lots where the sisters had played and picked flowers to sell door-to-door, changing the view of the Sound, giving the children instead half-finished houses good for hide-and-seek where they molded things out of wet cement and collected pieces of wire and coin-shaped bits of metal for play money, setting the Mooneys' house and several others atop the tennis courts, burying the lily-of-the-valley patch and the rhododendron cave.) It has been a long time since anybody celebrated the end of a war like that. I am glad they had flags for the occasion.

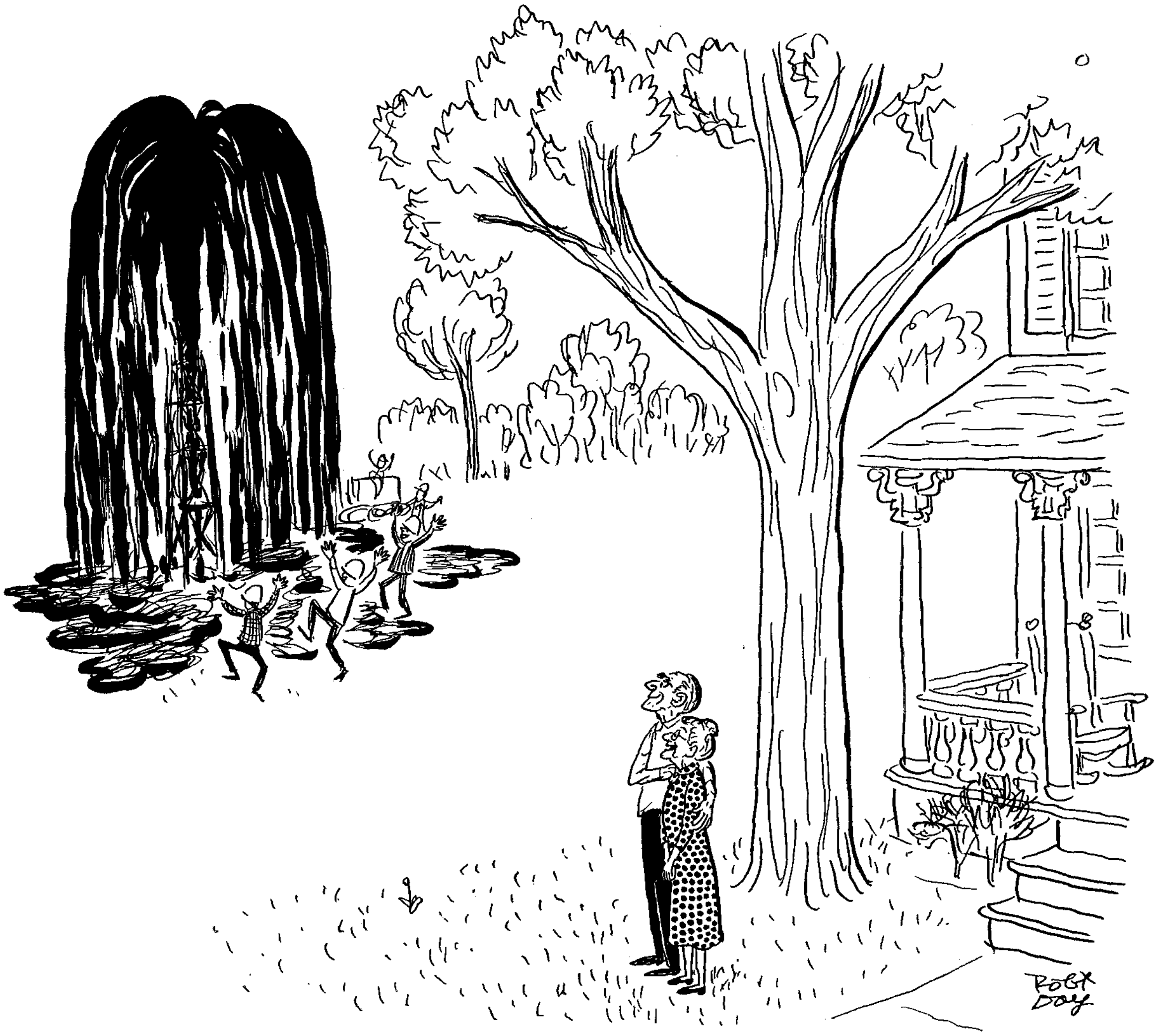
One of the banzai boys stepped on a rusty nail at the Prentys' barn and had to be rushed to town by Mr. Wilbur for a tetanus shot. Grace said she once knew a little girl named Martha who had got lockjaw. "They had to bury her in a round coffin." The sisters were keyed up with the end of the war and the impending departure. Their father stayed with them for two weeks straight.

Long since, the whippoorwill had stopped calling them little girls and the fireflies disappeared in the grass. Because the younger girl no longer had to be picked up at night they promised to reward her with the present of a canary bird, and forgot it. Neither child had more than a passing respiratory infection all summer. After they left, Andy died of a burst appendix (the Prentys, naturally, dosed him with castor oil). "That poor little boy," recalled their mother, looking up from a letter. "He certainly liked to read."

Time for last things, to release the snakes, to make ceremonial pilgrimages to the pond and the woods. Their



"En fait, nous sommes aussi américains."



"Why, you've been absolutely right all along, Theodore! The best was yet to be!"

mother slew a hornet with a broom, and they couldn't decide whether to throw it out or mount it. "Seven of them could kill a horse," said Grace to the sisters. They were at the Prentys', tossing handfuls of grain to the poultry. One small chick had something stuck in its craw and couldn't swallow, though it persisted in making the attempt, bobbing, pecking, and gasping; when they tried to catch it, it scurried under the house. Grace said it would not live. But it took its time perishing, and that night they caught a glimpse of its puny head, still weakly pecking and bobbing near a post, when they followed the cows to the milking barn.

The morning of the day they left, the two sisters ran out to the last things and collected some salamanders on the way—part of their scheme to stock the suburbs with red-spotted newts, beginning in their back yard. It had rained in the night; easily they picked up half a pailful. Their parents were still struggling with books, clothes, toys. "Don't go far," somebody shouted. The girls deposited their crimson surprise on the back seat of the Studebaker. The family wouldn't be ready to leave for a while; they had time.

Giggling, they started to run hand in hand up the hill to the farm, past roadside herbs their father had named for them, grown higher than they—joe-pye weed, meadowsweet, milkweed with its sweet purple heads almost finished, chicory infested with butterflies exactly the same blue.

There, by the kitchen steps, sat Andy solemnly writing in the dirt with a stick. "We have to leave," they explained. "Where's Grace?" He didn't answer, but then he often didn't. Grace, hearing their excitement, came out of the kitchen, banging the door in a hurry on a cloud of end-of-summer flies. She understood why they had come.

The chicken had wandered since they last saw it—not far; Grace found it for them a little way under the house, resting on its beak, tail up, immobile. Certainly, it was no longer hungry. It took them only a second to decide to run down and give it a proper burial.

The sisters had a coffin ready just in case—the flag box. Their parents were busy inside the cottage. They were the last family to go home, so there were only those children to kneel in the darkness of the trees, at the final grave.

Did *all* of them hear how their corpse scratched hungrily against the cardboard sides of its coffin as the first dirt fell upon the top, revived by the newness of its surroundings, or perhaps a sound like rain? Whoever of them heard, not one acknowledged it. Honk, honk snuffed the nuthatches in the branches, and the Indian pipes bent their white heads. The three children pressed hands together. Grace, with closed eyes and half-open mouth, looked truly like a halfwit.

Into the woods came the sound of parents calling.

The salamanders had easily squirmed out of the bucket and into the baggage, springs, upholstery, appearing in odd places all the way to Larchmont. Still, the scolding, for the first few miles, helped drown out the whisper of those claws.

Well, it recurs from time to time, that fretful, terrible stirring, the persistence of even the weakest to go on living in the worst of circumstances. And sometimes I see, blinking in the shadows, a bony, doomed little boy who might have been loved, left without a thing to read. —JULIE HAYDEN

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MEXICO CITY (AP)—President Luis Echeverria will fly to Reynosa on the Texas border Sunday to inaugurate problems.

The president, who is to leave Mexico City at 6:15 a.m. MDT Sunday, will be accompanied by his secretaries of national patrimony, agriculture, water resources, public education and several other functionaries and technicians.—*El Paso Times.*

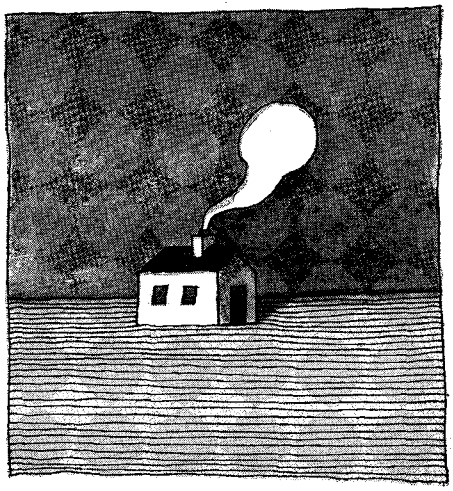
They should be able to get something going.

A WEEK'S JOURNAL

CRUISING SPEED—I

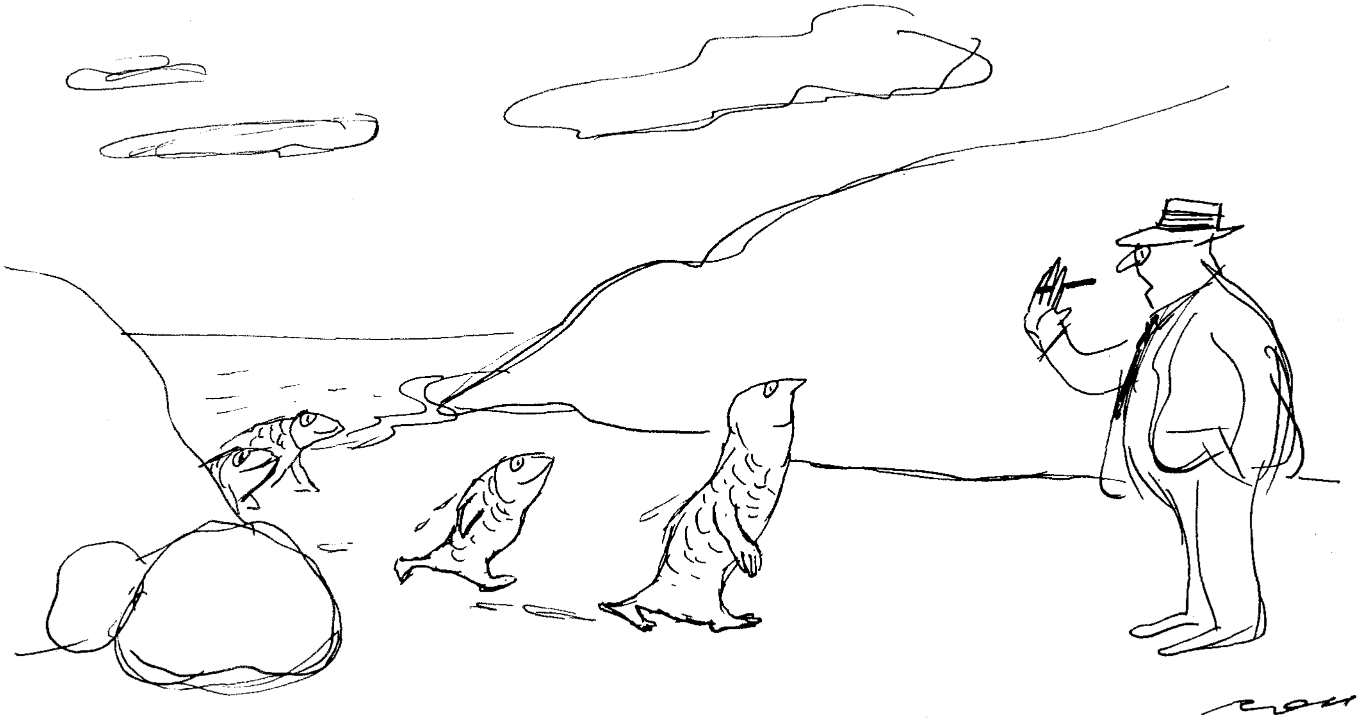
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH. The car pulls in at ten, and my wife, Pat, undertakes to supervise the loading of it. This is an operation, because it has been a long weekend, during which a lot of clutter accumulates that we'll need in New York, and there is the fruit and the cheese and the flowers that would spoil if we left them in Stamford until next weekend. Angela, the maid, will go with us; and our house guest, Peter Glenville; and three dogs, *my* Rowley and *her* Pepper and Foo, the last an ill-tempered, eccentric Pekinese, a gift from Marvin Liebman, one of the two or three people I would forgive the giving of a dog as a Christmas present—perhaps the only friend I would forgive the giving of Foo. I named horrible Foo "Foo," making the point firmly that to call him "Fu" would be in inexcusably bad taste. Pepper is a beautiful cavalier King Charles spaniel who loves Pat and naught else in this world, which I take unkindly. Rowley is also a cavalier, a Blenheim, quite simply the most beautiful, most engaging dog I ever saw, his only fault being that of Browning's Last Duchess, who smiled as sweetly for the gardener as for the Duke; in Rowley's case, he smiles even more sweetly for the gardener if there is any possibility at all that he is likelier than the duke to give him (a) something to eat or (b) a ride in the car—the two things Rowley cares most about, respectively, in all the world. Fortunately, he is quite stupid, so that it never fails that to keep him from jumping into the limousine and adding to the general chaos prematurely one has only to open the door to the Renault, as though that were the car we would be driving off in. Then you shut that door while you calmly pack the Cadillac, and open it up only after you are ready for Rowley to join you.

I am waiting thirty yards down the driveway, opposite my garage-study, with my briefcases, and I squeeze in, and resume reading the research material for the two television shows [for "Firing Line," a weekly discussion program I conduct] that will be taped beginning at two-thirty: one of them with Jerris Leonard, who is the young Assistant Attorney General in charge of integrating the schools; the other with two Catholic college presidents—Father Kenneth Baker (S.J.), of Seattle University, and Sister Elizabeth McCormack (R.S.C.J.), of Manhattanville. There had already been a problem, smoothed out earlier this morning over the telephone. Sister Elizabeth did not want Manhattanville to be referred to as a "Catholic college." But, I said to the producer, Warren Steibel, that will hardly do, since the purpose of the television program is to bring together two college heads who are disagreed about the role that religion should play in the curriculum: Father Baker being outspokenly in favor of palpably Catholic Catholic higher education, Sister Elizabeth believing something else—a decision that, the research suggests, she was perhaps necessarily driven to by the Blaine Amendment, which is a part of the Constitution of the State of New York and says that no state aid can go to a religious college. How does one cope with that, and qualify for the subventions available from the state to any nonreligious college—*x* number of dollars per degree granted? Why, unstress religion to the point of satisfying the educational authorities that yours is not a religious college in any meaningful sense. It comes to over a hundred thousand dollars per year where Manhattanville is concerned, and for that much money, nowadays, you can just coexist with a little cockcrowing. There is the second complication—that Father Baker, having been in office for only a semester, has been eased out. Does that mean that his position on Catholic education has been officially repudiated? The point is, some things are personal, and we have to decide what to bring up during the program, and what we shouldn't bring up because it is of strictly personal, not public, concern. Call Sister Elizabeth, I had asked Aggie Schmidt—my colleague and researcher, and an ultramontanist graduate of Manhattanville—and tell her we are going to have to discuss the question of Manhattanville's Catholicism on the program, because, after all, that's the kind of thing the program is about, and if she wants to drop out, we'll go with Father Baker alone, if need be. The word comes back. Sister Elizabeth will take her chances.



We head out for New York. Pat and Peter chatter on, giggle, exclaim, while the dogs bound about, and I read the recent court decisions that have left so many people so confused about what the law demands, let alone the Constitution. I had written, earlier in the morning, the [syndicated newspaper] column I must write every Monday (and Wednesday, and Friday), and in it I thought to rebuke the House Committee on Un-American Activities, now called the Committee on Internal Security, for publishing the names of sixty-odd "radical speakers" who repeatedly appear on campus, and at the same time to rebuke the court that sought to restrain the committee from publishing its report. What the committee did, I thought and wrote (mostly, I write what I think, though not always, and sometimes I suppose I do not think enough before I write. Professor Paul Weiss at Yale used to say "I'm not as bright as my students; I have to think before I write"), was less mischievous than lazy. Better to find out what the radicals are saying on the campuses than merely to brand them as such and report that they are speaking on the campuses.

And there had been correspondence. Always there is correspondence. My former headmaster (Edward Pulling, of Millbrook School), demands to know what does "agenbite of inwit" mean—a phrase used by a professor at the University of Georgia who reviewed (favorably, which is why E.P. was sent the review) one of my books. I hadn't any idea, but didn't feel guilty about it, since Mr. Pulling didn't know and he is an English scholar: but obviously I had to find out, so Aggie called the professor. The phrase is Middle English, a translation of Friar Lorens's *Somme*, more accurately rendered *Ayenbite of Inwyt*, and meaning "remorse of conscience," and never mind the relevance of that to my book, "The Governor Listeth." Tony Bengert, who is a Maryknoll priest in Zambia, writes reacting, unhappily, to a column I had written on the meeting between Kenneth Kaunda and Edward Heath, at which Mr. Heath had informed Kaunda that, yes, he, Heath,



"Go back! Go back! The cost of being human has gone up sky-high!"

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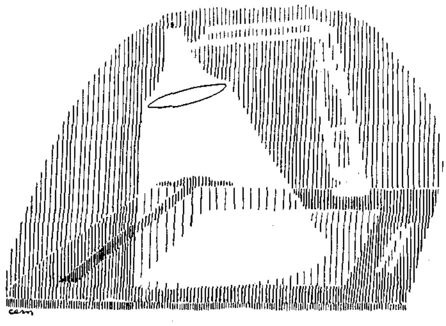
did intend to sell arms to South Africa, arms of the kind that can be used against white Soviet gunboats, not black freedom marchers. I had mentioned in the column that I had learned quite accidentally a year earlier, shortly before going to Zambia—primarily to oblige a friend who had a television special in mind—that I was *persona non grata* in Zambia, for the sin of having publicized the views of Dean Acheson on the silliness of the boycott of Rhodesia, and I expressed myself as reconciled, inasmuch as, on the whole, I would prefer to be forbidden to go to Zambia rather than to have to go there. Father Bengert, a terribly bright young man—I met him at Maryknoll; he was a seminarian when I spoke there a few years ago—offers an explanation of how come I was blackballed: "I'll bet some nasty U.S.I.A. holdover from the last Administration, unhappy over your position in that agency [I am a member of the United States Advisory Commission on Information]—and working in Zambia—had you declared unwanted there." A gentleman from West Roxbury, Massachusetts, generally concurs with my defense of the early Beethoven, and of Bach, and wonders "whether you had explained to your youthful audience that the keyboard instrument of Bach's time made necessary so much of the decorative writing that for some ears has a fabricated sound." I have a telegram from a young playwright: "Dear Mr. Buckley. The soul of a secular nation is its theatre. Our theatre is all but dead. I send you a modern classic tragedy and you are too busy and important to read it. How disgusting." Frances Bronson, my secretary, was very much annoyed by the telegram, because only five days earlier she had sent a letter to Peter Glenville that I had dictated. "I would not normally send along a manuscript, but I am so fetched by the vigor and grace of the letter that accompanied it (I attach it) that I wonder if you could possibly tell me whether you think it has a chance." Frances heatedly wrote out a telegram that she proposed to send, rebuking the playwright for his impatience. I told her not to send it, because I react against declamatory rudeness that is coercive in intent: obviously, the playwright thought that his telegram would get him some action. (The following week Peter told me that the author was talented but the play, in his opinion, was not ready for commercial production. I assume he is a very young man, I said, the telegram in mind. "If he isn't," Peter replied, "then you will have to counsel him to stop writing plays.") Anyway, artists are as they are, and a lot of them simply don't follow the normal rules of conduct. When, as a very young man, I found myself the editor-in-chief of *National Review*, I realized two things: one, that if I had been ten years older my colleagues might well have declined to rally around a magazine of which I was to be editor and sole owner (traditional professional resentments are not felt toward people who are much younger and are fit objects for patronizing), and, two, artists are worse, but intellectuals are often bad enough, and what it comes down to is this—that concerning *certain* things *everyone* is inaccessible to reason, and the trick is to find out what those things are, and simply accept the given in the situation. Russell Kirk, for instance, must not under any circumstance be asked to review a movie or a television show, and to suggest to James Burnham that he read a particular book is almost to guarantee that he will not read it—that kind of thing. Sometimes—we are back on artists now—you face a concrete social problem, and yesterday, facing such a one, I wrote to a friend in Switzerland, "It occurs to me that you have sought by your silence to communicate your displeasure with me. I find that too bad, particularly since I am by all odds the nicest man I know. However, I do think that in order to save us embarrassment, we ought to know ahead of time whether on my return to Switzerland [where I spend February and March] we are supposed, on happening upon each other, to exchange only Averted Gazes, because my Averted Gaze is a little rusty, and needs some practicing up. Or, we can resume our amiable relationship, wherein you admire my prose, I admire your art, and we agree to leave moot the question of your business acumen. Why don't we leave it this way, that if I do not hear from you in response to this letter, I shall regretfully assume that the former is your election? My love to the girls [his wife, daughter, and dog, who is Rowley's second cousin]."

There are the routine requests, all of which I regularly resolve to handle with form letters, but how to compose a form letter adequate to the resources of some writers, particularly the very young ones?

> Well, here I am again. Yes sir, it takes more than a broken typewriter to keep this kid down. This is my third letter to you . . . But gee-wiz golly-darn, Mr. Buckley, when are you going to answer my letters? To totally ignore a 17 year old high school conservative, I must warn you, could prove to be dangerous. We are not only relatively rare but also very sensitive. After all if you keep ignoring my letters I might get the idea you don't want young people in the conservative movement. Wouldn't that be terrible? [The answer is yes.] But if you ignore me you are ignoring more than a young conservative. Your [sic] ignoring a young conservative from Indiana. A Cardinal-Sin! . . . But Hark! All is not lost. And to prove to you I am not really sore I am going to give you this chance to make-up with me and the state of Indiana (both of whom have been ignored too long.) You, Mr. Buckley, are cordially invited to be the guest speaker at our high school's Good Government Day program. . . . Please understand that Key Club is a service organization for high-school boys and as such we wouldn't be able to pay the high price that I know you normally get. . . .

He gets a non-form letter, the key sentence of which is "Whenever you are disposed to be sore at me, try to remember that *National Review* is available to you for five or six dollars a year in part because of activities I undertake which result in my having to answer rather briefly notes from such pleasant people as yourself, and say no to nonpaying invitations to speak." A form letter suffices for "I am writing a term paper in high school about Communism in America. I would appreciate it if you would send me some information about this subject. My teacher told me that you are a conservative who is probably a strong anti-Communist." *The teacher would not have got a form letter.* The *Notre Dame Lawyer* wants a review of Ramsey Clark's book "Crime in America": "Upon publication of a review, we would be glad to send you fifty complimentary copies of the review, and a one-year subscription to the *Lawyer.*" I have always thought that the most genial of all form letters is the one that sug-

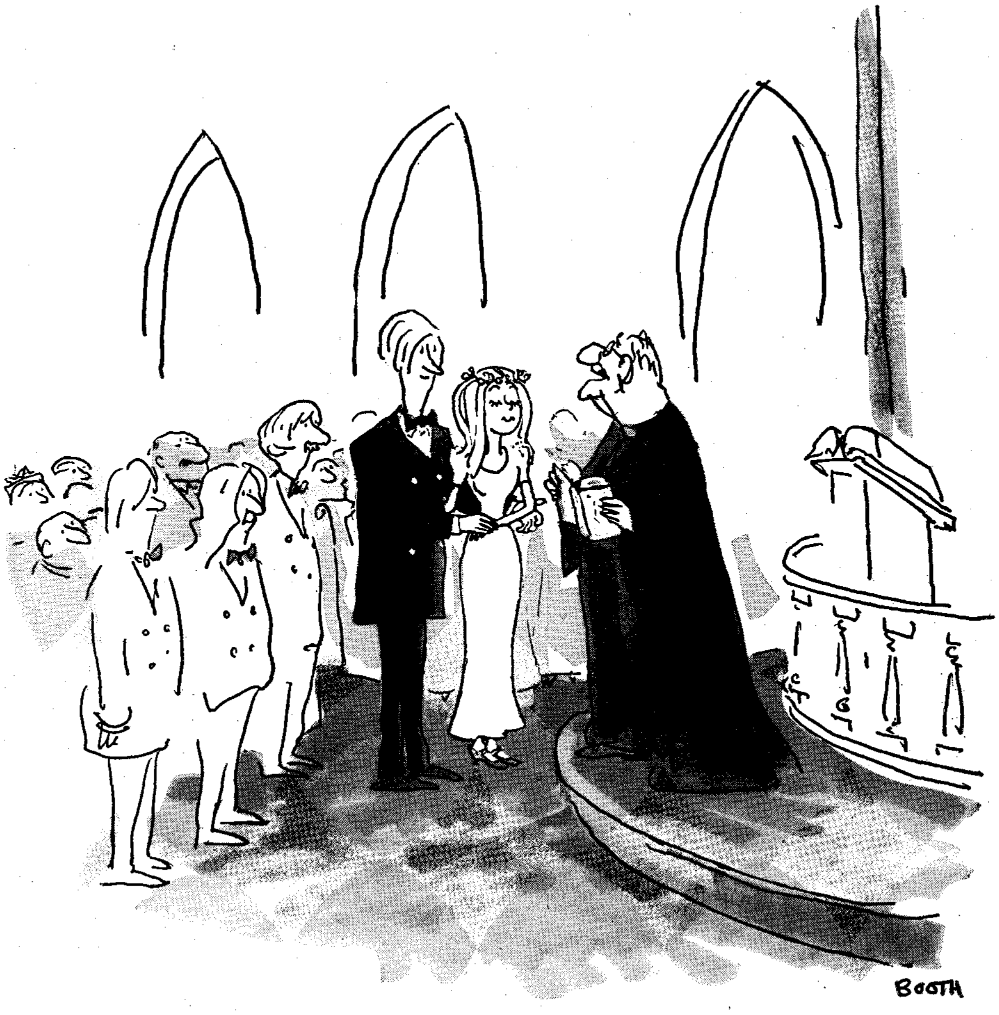


gests that the correspondent did not get through, so that he therefore won't feel that his persuasiveness was met and resisted. Whence "Mr. Buckley has asked me to interdict all requests for interviews, articles, reviews, etc., for the next period—probably about six months, as he is drastically in arrears on commitments he has already made. I hope you will understand that to take on any further commitments at this point simply means failing to keep those he has already made. Thank you for writing, Very truly yours, Frances Bronson." Then, what is about as hard a sell as I ever get, from the student-government head of DePauw. An elaborate windup: "Surely this letter will rank among the very oddest of the wide and weird assortment which no doubt floats your way each week. *I am writing* to attempt to persuade you to accept a speaking engagement here. Please hear me out—if it's of any consequence, I've shown you the same courtesy countless times in your columns and books—in spite of profound philosophical disagreements." Then about DePauw, and how important it is. But, however good the education at Depauw, there is "one glaring defect: the absence of an even reasonable articulate conservative spokesman." The letter goes on, "It is entirely possible—nay, probable—that the overwhelming majority of DePauw students graduating in the last decade have *never heard* so much as a syllable from an intelligent conservative." And a little guarded flattery. Then, "We are not a wealthy organization. We can afford very little beyond your travel and associated expenses, plus perhaps a small honorarium (no doubt a pittance compared to what you could usually command.) However we can promise a capacity turnout, excellent coverage by the mass media, and unlimited flexibility—you can pick any date you wish. *Please*, give this a moment's consideration." I did, of course, and during that moment decided not to go. "Your letter touched me," I wrote. "I say that quite sincerely. But you must consider my situation. I work overtime so as to be able to send *National Review* to anybody who wants it for approximately $12 per year. [The disparity in the cited cost is because, for students, we have a crazy-rate system that reduces the subscription price by a couple of dollars.] It costs us approximately $20 a year to produce it. The difference is made up by fund appeals and my own activities as a lecturer. The obvious answer to your generic question is: If your fellow-students have any intellectual curiosity at all, they will pick up *National Review* at a very small cost to them. If they want me personally, what they want is theatre. [A decuedly good point, what?] For theatre, I charge—and remit my earnings to *National Review*. . . . It is not the same thing, but I would be very happy if you would lunch with me next time you come to New York." No answer would ever come to my answer; that often happens. The kids are, a lot of them, first-rate at turning on the charm when they want something. And then, win or lose, they deploy their charm elsewhere.

We pull into Seventy-third Street, and squirm out. Jerry, the driver, will drop Peter off at his apartment, then take my column and the tape with my correspondence to Frances, and be back in time to take me to the studio. I go quickly upstairs to read as fast as I can the inexhaustible dockets of information Aggie has put together for me. I must write notes to consult during the programs, and I must write four-hundred-word introductions—one for the two Catholic college presidents, one for the Assistant U.S. Attorney General—which I read out as the program begins. I have a sandwich, a half bottle of wine, and pop a Ritalin into my mouth—a mini-stimulant prescribed for me as among the low-blood-pressured after a haunting experience in the fall of 1965 when I fainted (first and only time) at a restaurant, and was dragged off in an ambulance to Bellevue, with two or three friends who did what they could to conceal my identity (I was running for Mayor of New York City), where a series of young night doctors poked about dispiritedly, the first of them having been disappointed to learn, on examining my eyes with a laser beam, that my trouble was not an ulcer. Off to 1481 Broadway for the taping. Jerris Leonard is bright, cunning, has ready for you the answers to the questions he expects to hear ("Why is the Nixon Administration determined to enforce integration?" "The Nixon Administration is determined to enforce the law"), and stumbles only when you suggest to him that the North is being spared the pains of massive educational integration simply because it had the foresight to insist on residential segregation years ago. Well, he said, that is, to be sure, how it works out, the South being where forced school integration follows from the fact of there being no residential segregation. But it does not sound very good. He is very able. The priest and the nun spar, but it is only after the program is over that Father Baker accosts me to whisper, "How can Sister say that it makes no difference to the curriculum that hers is a Catholic college? What about the natural law? Metaphysics? Epistemology? How can you divorce a Catholic college from Catholicism? I mean, how *can* you, even if you try?" I had asked the Sister whether, twenty or fifty years hence, they might say of Manhattanville that it was once a Catholic college even as Yale was once a Congregationalist college? I had thought that this would sorely inconvenience her, in the light of her dilemma, which is to please at once the Catholic alumnae and the antidenominationalist Board of Regents of the State of New York. She smiled sweetly, and said who knows, that perhaps is precisely what would be said about Manhattanville; and I wondered, so ready was her response, whether she had time to invoke the help of the Holy Ghost in formulating it.

I go directly to Al Dinegar for the unhappiest hour of my week, the Mortification of the Flesh, freshman division. Forty-five minutes of body exercises, fifteen minutes of self-defense. Al is an enormous, kindly, cunning man who teaches physical training at the Police Academy, and somehow manages to remember, without having taken notes, exactly how many pushups you managed last week. He is big on weight lifting, but he specifies that you must lie on your back, to do what he calls a bench press, to avoid strain. "All right, Bill, let's have ten of these if you can, otherwise eight." He agrees to wait until the Beatles strike a galvanizing upbeat on the tape recorder I have installed in a corner of the tiny gym to help take my mind off the pain and tedium of it all. Unfortunately, Al has no sense of rhythm whatsoever—he admits this and I take it that his wife, on the dance floor, is eloquent on the subject—so he has to watch me very carefully to accent the cue, inasmuch as I consider it a part of our contract that I need not begin hoisting the one-hundred-and-five-pound weight until I and the music are synchronized. I make it to eight, not to ten, and I am truly distressed because I have never failed to make my quota before. Al tells me that there are variations in an individual's physical condition from day to day which would easily account for the discrepancy, but he is unable to tell me why I should not have come upon this variation before, and he says perhaps I have a low-grade germ or something that is eating up a little of my strength. In due course, he shows me a technique for dislodging a man who is sitting across my torso. It is very simple, requiring only that you remember *not* to use your neck muscles, else strain can result. My son Christopher took an hour a day from Al a fortnight ago, before leaving as a deckhand on a steamer going around the world, and during the fourth session he inadvertently disregarded Al's advice, but, as is Christopher's way—as is the way of every eighteen-year-old—he reassured Al that the consequences of disobeying him were clearly exaggerated, the trouble being that the next day he was not able to raise his head. The boxing comes at a moment of maximum exhaustion, one's muscles having had a total workout, so that merely to keep one's arms up is painful, though we manage a little sparring, and I am obliged to admit it, that for the few seconds my stamina would last Al has made me a most dangerous instrument, should anyone try to push me onto a subway track or gouge out my eyes or toss me off the Empire State Building (NOBODY should EVER try to force me over the top of the Empire State Building. I would be the LAST person HE ever tried to force over the top of the Empire State Building), it being, however, important to remember not to use the techniques that Al teaches you merely, say, to punctuate a point during a political discussion.

Then to Seventy-third. We are going to hear the last of the three Carnegie Hall concerts given by Rosalyn Tureck, the first two having featured her on the harpsichord and the piano, tonight's featuring eighteen string instrumentalists whom she will conduct in "The Art of Fugue." I love Rosalyn. I never thought I would ever be referring to her as "Rosalyn," having worshipped her from afar for many years. But I thought two months ago to do a television program called "Why Are They Afraid of Bach?"—



"And do you, Elizabeth, take this man, John, to have and to hold, to love and to cherish, until the going gets hairy?"

"they" meaning the kids, the principal point I wanted to explore being that much of the music they *do* listen to is as exacting as much of Bach's music. I can understand people who cannot listen to Bach because they cannot go beyond Kostelanetz, but some of the stuff that nowadays engrosses many of the young people I myself find extremely difficult to understand, and that is the point I wanted to talk about. When first the idea of having her on the program came up, we didn't commit ourselves to having her on alone, not knowing whether she was articulate, so I asked her for lunch one day, and she quite bowled me over. She is utterly articulate, and also warm and radiant, and has a superb sense of fun. I raised the point as we sat, before lunch, that there are those who believe that Bach is lacking in emotion, and she rose haughtily and sat down on the piano bench striking off a passage from an English Suite—slow chords, a heart-tearingly poignant theme—and then turned, demanding to know, How could *anybody* without the *deepest* springs of emotion compose what she had just played? We agreed on the format, and that she would play a total of four times—for a cumulative period of seven and a half minutes, as it turned out; and when, without rehearsal, two weeks later, the program was over, and I handed her the wilted bundle of flowers Warren Steibel had hidden behind my chair, the great Tureck, whose artistic restraint has been so much commended, responded by throwing her arms about me and giving me a kiss. "I really think you would leave me in a minute for that woman," my wife remarked later, and I grinned sheepishly, which is the way to handle Pat when she is being outrageous.

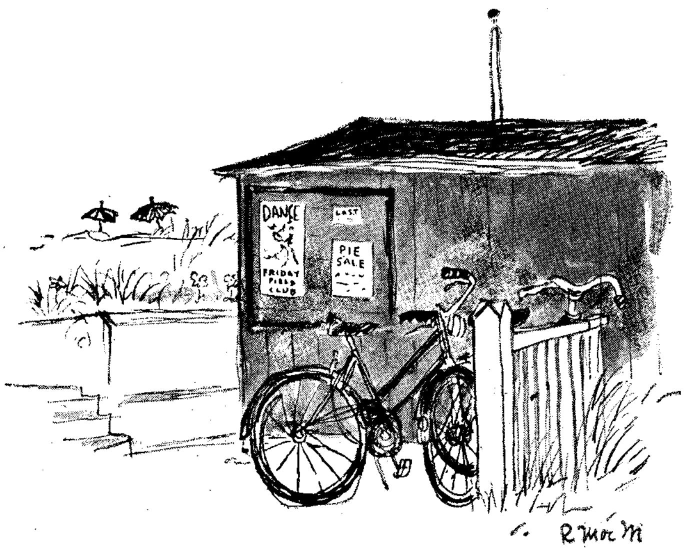
Warren was there at Seventy-third, and his friend the composer Leonard Kastle; Sophie Wilkins, an editor at Alfred Knopf, whom I came to know (and love) when she wrote a few years ago asking if she could help Edgar Smith, my friend who is in the death house at Trenton; Frances Bronson, Aggie Schmidt, and C. Dickerman Williams and his wife, Virginia. Dick is my lawyer on most matters. He is seventy and, technically, retired, though no one knows the difference between the habits of pre- and post-retired Williams. He and I could have got a great deal more accomplished over the years, except that we always laugh together, about half the time. I have referred to him publicly as "the greatest lawyer in the world," as matter-of-factly as if he had won that title unequivocally, like Joe Louis, and although he is an aristocrat of impeccable manner, sometime editor of the Yale Law School journal, clerk to Chief Justice William Howard Taft, general counsel to the Department of Commerce—a lawyer's lawyer—he has in him that little touch of elfin abandon which if Herbert Hoover had had it he'd have been President of the United States on the day he died. We have champagne and sandwiches, planning to eat supper after the concert at the Russian Tea Room. Dick raises his glass and proposes a toast to his wife, whose birthday it turns out to be. I had invited them to join us for the concert only at noon, just before the TV, and if I had known I'd have baked a cake, I said, and we went off happily into the car, after the usual struggle with Rowley, who thought he would be getting his sixth car trip of the day. The performance of "The Art of Fugue" was, simply, perfect. I enjoyed it less than I hoped I would, because I arrived grumpy at the prospect of an evening with Rosalyn Tureck during which she would not strike a note on the piano, and because I thought the ensemble overfull, a point I made the mistake of telling Rosalyn a few nights later. The Williamses would not join us at the Tea Room, since his regimen is tightly controlled and calls for him to be in bed by eleven. We parted on the street, and I said to Virginia that next time she should give me a little warning when her birthday is coming up, as it had been all I was able to do, on such short notice, to hire Carnegie Hall and prevail on Rosalyn Tureck to assemble a concert. She hesitated for just a second's confusion, then laughed, and went off with the greatest lawyer in the world while we went in to have blinis and vodka. And then a cab, a little reading, and to sleep.

TUESDAY. A couple of hours with the correspondence Frances sent up late yesterday. I have a reply from General McPherson, of the National War College. He had written asking me to participate in "one of the most popular and stimulating features of the annual course of instruction at the National War College;" to wit, its "evening lecture program," which "is attended not only by our faculty and students and their wives, but also by other guests from the Washington area. Therefore," he explained, "we give particular attention to selection of the speaker for each of these occasions. . . . It has been more than a decade since you addressed a National War College audience. We do hope that we shall have the opportunity of welcoming you back." I had been waiting for such a letter—I have to confess it—for several years. I replied:

DEAR GENERAL MCPHERSON:

I must suppose that you did not find it easy to write me the letter you did, observing that it has been a decade since I addressed the National War College. It prompts me to ask, where has the War College been during the decade? I recognize that you were not (presumably) personally responsible for choking off invitations to conservative anti-Communist speakers during the early sixties, but although I am a child in military strategy, I recognize an operation when I see one. I have heard it variously ascribed to Drew Pearson, William Fulbright, and Arthur Schlesinger—the ban by the National War College on invitations to a certain class of dissenting lecturers. Although we all recognize the supremacy of the civil arm, it would be reassuring to learn that, at the National War College, they also teach the virtue of valor, and I continue to hope that future historians will discover that the Commandant of the National War College did not surrender without a fight. . . . Under the circumstances, I am not inclined, after the long banishment, to perform at an affair primarily social, for a fee which is a very small fraction of the fee I command. If you desire me to speak as I did before, at a working session of the War College, I shall accept that invitation as in the line of duty.

To that letter he has replied, "As Commandant I have full autonomy in speaker selection, and with the advice of the senior faculty, endeavor to maintain



the vital 'balanced' expression of views. Actually, I only came to the College last July, but have found no evidence of the 'ban' you mentioned." He then lists some "conservative anti-Communist" speakers who appeared during the sixties, among them Senator Goldwater and Hans Morgenthau, and renews the invitation, only this time to address a working session. I now reply, "I do not seek a confrontation, nor would I go so far as to suggest that every anti-Communist in America disappeared from your speaking program—that would be preposterous. It is a fact that five of six people mentioned by Drew Pearson [I was mistaken about the author; it was a Madison *Capital Times* writer, not Drew Pearson], who had lectured regularly, year after year, were not invited again." I agree to go, and I congratulate myself on the delicacy with which I desist from giving the names of the people I have in mind—what is the point of embarrassing the General?

Lawrence Fertig, president of the Historical Research Foundation, had reminded me a while back that Earle Holsapple is resigning as treasurer of the group—a tiny organization that operates on one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in capital allotted to it by the late Alfred Kohlberg, who was much publicized during the fifties by the *Reporter* and others as "the China Lobby"—and asked that I compose a tribute to the man who resisted all efforts to make him invest the foundation's funds in the market. "WHEREAS," I wrote, "the said Mr. Holsapple, resisting all temptations to imprudence, did manage the funds of the Historical Research Foundation with maximum effect in a conservative but wonderfully durable portfolio; and WHEREAS by so doing, he did make an ass out of our beloved former colleague Alex Hillman, who presumed to instruct our Treasurer in the uses of the stock market; and WHEREAS our Treasurer Mr. Holsapple has on the occasion of his 84th birthday elected to relinquish his duties," then therefore, etc., etc. Now Larry Fertig says he has taken the liberty of slightly modifying a particular phrase, "following the old conservative maxim *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*." (Alex Hillman is dead.) Sure. I remember how it enraged Alfred Kohlberg when Dean Acheson quoted the maxim as a reason for not commenting on the death of Joe McCarthy. I always thought it a devilish rhetorical device. In order to mean anything at all, the maxim should go, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum, ergo* . . . Otherwise you have paraleipsis, pure and simple. I assume Dean Acheson understood that, but I am not absolutely sure. What would he have said *good* about Joe McCarthy at that point? Other than that he had been obliging enough to die?

And a letter from Edgar Eisenhower, concerning another foundation, my all-time favorite. A gentleman called Gaty, who lived and worked in Wichita, Kansas, as an independent oil operator and executive for Beech Aircraft Corporation, died a few years ago, a bachelor and a philanthropist. He gave the bulk of his estate to nephews, cousins, retainers, and several charities. Then he spun off about a million and a half dollars into a self-liquidating ten-year trust, to be devoted to helping tax-exempt organizations, preferably of the kind that engaged in conservative educational activity, and then he named the consultants to the trustee (the Fourth National Bank in Wichita). J. Edgar Hoover; Senators Frank Lausche, Strom Thurmond, John Tower, Barry Goldwater; Clarence Manion, former Dean of the Notre Dame Law School; George Benson, president of Harding College; Edgar Eisenhower; and me. On reaching this point in the letter from the executor, I remember wondering why Mr. Gaty had not also named the Pope and Lord Salisbury, for all the chance there was of convening such a group anywhere, let alone in Wichita, on any single day. But wait. The old gentleman had not flourished in Wichita by witlessness. There would be one annual meeting, the executor explained, in Wichita; each consultant would receive a one-thousand-dollar fee for attending it, and would have the absolute right, unquestioned, to allocate ten thousand dollars to any tax-deductible organization of his choice. The balance of the money that matured over the years would be distributed according to majority vote. Result? On a Saturday, in the late fall, in Wichita, Kansas, at eight-thirty in the morning, nine men cross the street from their hotel to the Fourth National Bank Building, and anyone who happened to look up at them would guess that here indeed was the seventh day of May. Mr. Hoover never came, and an alternate was selected, who votes his ten thousand to the J. Edgar Hoover Foundation. But all the rest come; indeed, have never missed. Sometimes they will come in five minutes before the meeting begins, dropping out of the sky in a Lear jet. John Tower usually arrives ten minutes late, and I secretly suspect that his motive is to miss the invocation with which Chairman Thurmond opens the meeting. It wasn't until this year that there was an absentee—Edgar Eisenhower, the world's single most charming man. He had a cold, and his absence, under the rigorous rules of the trust, left him without a vote. I moved that in consideration of his illness we vote to allocate ten thousand dollars to the same causes to which Mr. Eisenhower had allocated his ten thousand at the previous meeting, and the proposal was carried unanimously. Cast thy bread upon the waters. Mr. Eisenhower writes to say thanks, and to add, "I wish the bank would hold its meeting earlier in the year because November is becoming a little cold for my tender flesh." Actually, that won't do, because "a little earlier in the year" means election season, and that would not suit the convenience of the Senators.

The clips continue to pour in on Jimmy's election. *Newsweek* prepared a cover story on Jim, electing at the last moment to devote it to Senator Muskie. But the research was done, and I see now that the San Antonio *Light* has run a piece by Tom Mathews and Jacquin Sanders, sent out by "Newsweek Feature Service" (of which I hadn't heard), on the family. The day after the election, Tom Mathews rode with me from *National Review* to Syosset, Long Island, where I had to give a speech, and now I see a part of what I told him coming in through the clip. The theme of the cover story, Mathews had told me in some embarrassment, was to be the similarity between the Kennedys and the Buckleys—a so-what point that people have been making for a long time, giving way to the reticulative passions that seem to me to rule not only journalism but sociology, and even psychology. The story quotes me directly: " 'We do have similarities to the Kennedys,' says Bill. 'Our wealth, our fecundity, our Catholicism. Other than that, the comparison is engaging but misleading. The Kennedys had an Irish cultural upbringing. I didn't know where Ireland was until I graduated from Yale.' The truth is," the story goes on, "the Buckleys are not the Irish-Catholics they are thought to be. On the maternal side, the heritage is Southern with Robert E. Lee in the background. And their paternal great-grandfather, who emigrated from Ireland, was an Irish Protestant who converted when he married." Why are so many Irish defensive? How can anybody be patronizing about Ireland in the century when Ireland gave us Shaw and Joyce and Yeats, while England was defending herself primarily through American expatriates James and Eliot? But to go around posing as an "Irish-American" ought to suggest something. What? In our youth we were much more heavily influenced by Mexico, where Father lived for twenty years before being expelled, than by Ireland, which he visited for the first time in 1939, because he wanted to see the horse show in Dublin. The five youngest of us spoke Spanish before we learned English (and, in between, three of us spoke French). The eldest five went from French to Spanish to English. A dull point, I always thought, the Kennedy-Buckley business, but there will probably be no end of it.

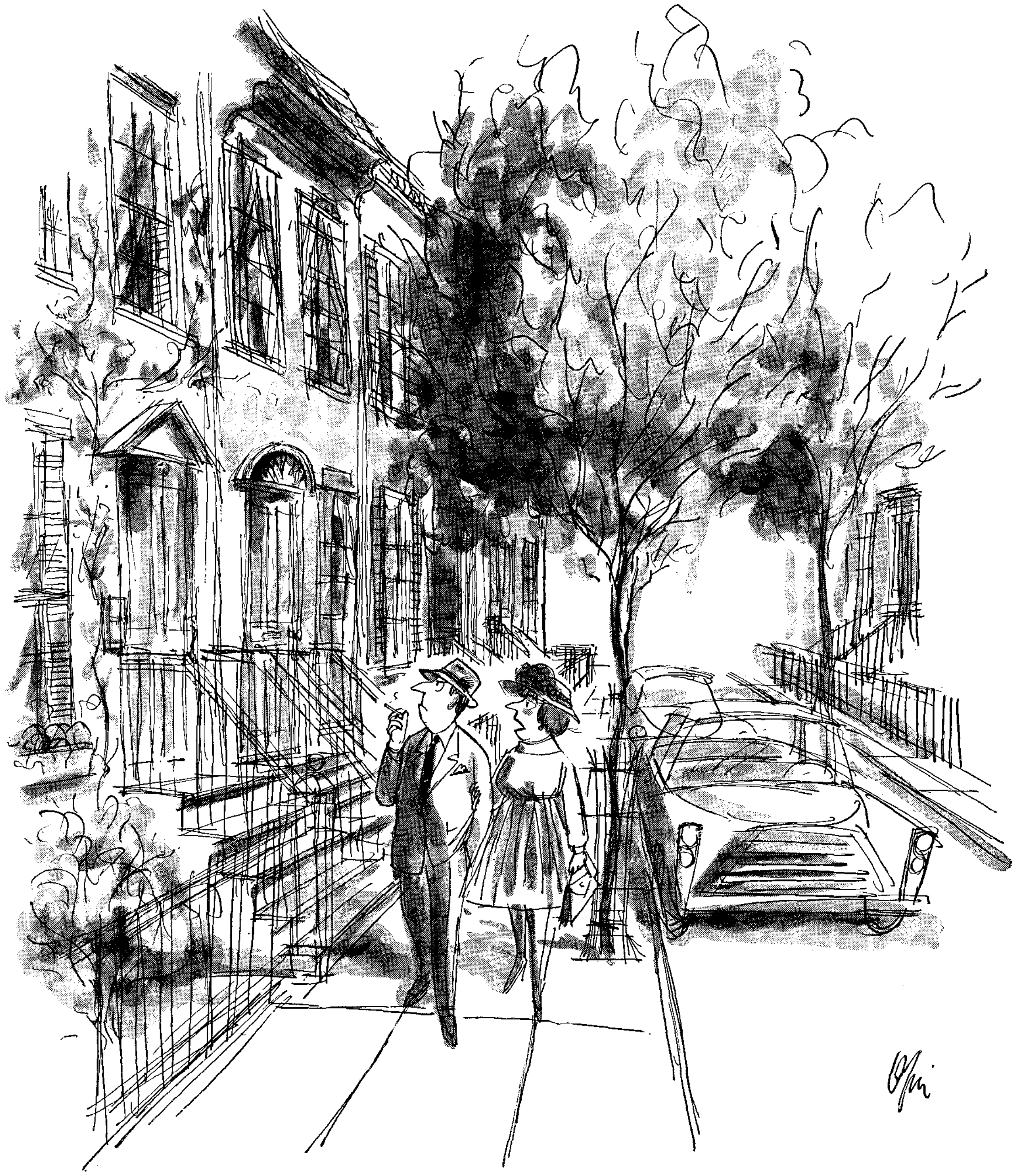
A priest writes to tell me that he would be glad to give me a list of people to see in Chile. I had mentioned in my column that I would be travelling there, making the point that not to do so in the coming months is rather like giving up a retrospective opportunity to visit Havana in January of 1959. He concludes, "If you make this trip to Chile, I would like you to meet the Chile I know, and not the Chile that you could be introduced to by the American Embassy. There is a world of difference!" The last sentence suggests that the priest meant to write, ". . . and not the Chile that you *would* be introduced to by the American Embassy." Why the difference, I wonder. Oh, I mean why the difference other than the obvious difference, that ambassadors and priests don't meet identical sets of people. Is the suggestion that ambassadors as a genre don't know what is really happening in Chile? Or that this particular ambassador doesn't know? I doubt the latter, because Ed Korry is bright and industrious, a very good friend and former colleague of my sister Priscilla, the managing editor of *National Review*. She used to work for United Press International, under Ed in both New York and Paris. Ed is a most resolute liberal, who used to tease and be teased by members of the family while weekending in Sharon, which he often did. I spoke to him over the telephone last week, while he was in Washington to discuss the Chilean crisis. I am to stay with him at the residence, he insists, but probably I should have an official address at a downtown hotel—he will arrange it all. I must decide at some point whether to charge my airline ticket to the U.S.I.A. or pay for it myself. The members of the Advisory Commission on Information are instructed by Congress and the President to travel, to survey our operations all over the world, and to report our findings. Jack Anderson, Drew Pearson's successor, reported in his column a few months ago that the U.S.I.A. had paid about thirty-five hundred dollars in airplane bills for me in the year or so since I was appointed by Nixon, even though I wrote professionally from everywhere I went. How evil that sounds, or is made to sound! I remind myself that as long as I think I am doing the right thing, I mustn't let Drew Pearson types intimidate me. If I had been Tom Dodd, I'd have organized, in response to Drew Pearson, the biggest possible testimonial dinner in my own behalf, a hundred dollars a plate, the proceeds going directly to me, as an unrestricted gift, the whole of it printed plainly on the ticket. Drew Pearson types flourish from the special difficulty of communicating certain kinds of truths—for instance, that the incremental trip across the Atlantic Ocean, say, to attend a meeting of Public Affairs Officers in Vienna, isn't *fun*. It is *work*. If you spend half your life on airplanes anyway, the extra plane ride somebody else pays for isn't a *treat*. But you can't *say* that, because you will sound either blasé and spoiled or disingenuous. And sitting all day listening to eight hours of reports on the Voice of America, cultural-exchange programs, magazine-distribution problems, library-attendance records isn't *fun*. It may be and often is *interesting*, like seminars on the Common Market. But it isn't *fun*; it is *duty*, and, in the case of the Commission, unpaid duty. But already Anderson has won a victory, because here I am dwelling on the point.

Gene Tunney has called me twice, and I had better drop him a note, since on trying to return his call I find he is out of the office. The last time he called, he was wondering what, exactly, was the meaning of the legend on Yeats' tombstone: "Cast a cold eye/On life, on death./Horseman, pass by!" I didn't have the least idea, but that very evening I was on my boat with Hugh Kenner and asked him. He said, with that precision I find utterly endearing, that by coincidence I had asked the question of one of the half-dozen people in the world (T. S. Eliot called Hugh the finest critic of his generation) who happen to know. I'd have been a little apprehensive if Gene's call had come in a month ago, because (of course) *National Review* supported George Murphy against his son, John, and Gene has been a very old friend and supporter of *N. R.*

I write a letter commending a young man who used to sail with us for a position in a major hospital, a young man of striking intelligence and affability, who went on to graduate first in his class at medical school. How *do* admissions types, whether of universities or hospitals or yacht clubs, manage to evaluate these letters? Do they develop a kind of Braille, by which they can tell if you are being effusive because you mean to be effusive, or that you are being effusive because diplomacy requires that you be effusive? My device is to say what I have to say, and then invite the addressee to telephone me to probe for further details, intending thereby to register the seriousness of my endorsement.

I have to leave for the office. I stop by at Dr. Poster's on the way to the editorial conference, for a routine fitting of my contact lenses, with which I have been playing for eighteen months, because that long ago, coincidentally with the failing of my eyesight, my friend Renira Horne told me about the pleasures of contact lenses—you put them on in the morning, take them off at night, and in between it is as though your eyes had never deteriorated. Then Ronald Reagan encouraged me, telling me that he has to remind himself to take his off at night. Dr. Poster is the No. 5 doctor I have consulted on the matter, my experiences in between having served primarily to amuse my wife, who urges me to give the lenses up as snares and delusions, even as she knows that such taunts harden the determination—although I guess I should acknowledge the distinction between "the determination" and "my determination," there being a distinction. Dr. Poster is the chairman of the contact-lens section of his profession, and he is the most sublimely confident practitioner in the world, who, when I asked him, informed me that he disqualifies about ten per cent of those who approach him for lenses, upon discovering, among other things, a hypersensitivity, or whatever, to foreign bodies introduced onto the eye, and that of those he proceeds to deal with he fails in only about ten per cent of the cases. He is a very patient man, who expects me to show up week after week (this is my fifth or sixth visit) on the joint understanding that the experiment is a failure unless I can dispense altogether with the eyeglasses I began to need only a few years ago. I tell him today that I am greatly discouraged by the *Reader's Digest* article Aggie showed me written by experts in the business, who say that seven hours is the most you can hope to wear the lenses at one time. Dr. Poster smiles, puffs at his cigarette (he is trying to cut down because he has been the principal chain smoker in America for many years), and tells me that that is nonsense. Removing the lenses reminds me of the humiliations of my apprenticeship. It was Vienna, and I was locked in with the U.S.I.A., when my lenses began to itch uncontrollably. I endeavored to remove them unobserved while Ambassador Douglas MacArthur II was briefing the twenty of us. Soon I became aware that I was being noticed, and that it wouldn't be long before the U.S.I.A. officials concluded that I suffered from an uncontrollable facial disorder. I walked quietly out, came upon a large Marine security guard, begged his pardon, handed him a rubber plunger, and asked him to please extract the lens from my eye, which he proceeded deftly to do, having laid aside his machine gun. There were other such experiences, but I have become a fanatic, and am always telling my skeptical friends that in Japan children are automatically fitted with contact lenses, in preference to eyeglasses, or so I am told—the advantages being obvious. As an evangelist, I suffer only from my failure to have been fitted with a set that I can at this point happily put on early in the morning and remove late at night. I shall one day, under the burden of the taunts of my skeptical wife, especially cherish the sweetness of the chime, when I turn off the bedside light, "Ducky, did you remember to take out your lenses?" Dr. Poster, who does his own adjustments on the spot, makes a tiny adaptation, and sends me off happily confident that this will prove to be the marginal adaptation, which it isn't.

James Burnham comes in from Kent, Connecticut, on the eleven-o'clock Tuesday train, which is why we do not hold our editorial meeting until eleven-thirty, or soon thereafter. There are eight or nine of us seated around the table. Burnham is senior, a founding editor of the magazine, revered from the beginning by all of us, not only because of the legend (at twenty-five he was a full professor of philosophy at N.Y.U.; he stopped people dead with his "Managerial Revolution" early in the forties) but because of his quiet professionalism. He wrote one of the first serious pieces on jazz in this country, and would write tomorrow on the common roots of phrenology and astrology, and the editorial transaction would be as simple as my saying, Jim, would you handle that—say, a No. 3? A No. 3 means a short editorial, a No. 1 being the longest. Bill Rusher always speaks first, because, as publisher, he goes back to other business after making his recommendations. He is the showman who, as he ticks off his list, writes the appropriate commentary on each item with the tone of his voice, and takes special pleasure from reading aloud choice news items or speeches or releases from his most particular enemies, liberal Republicans. His timing is so good that his final sentence usually ends as he reaches the door of the conference room, which he opens with a flourish, his departure the signal for monotony to begin. Jeffrey Hart comes down from Dartmouth, where he teaches eighteenth-century English, history, and poetry; writes a syndicated



"For heaven's sake, Bob, can't we walk down the street without your forever fretting about how you could have bought this one for twenty-eight thousand in '58, and that one for thirty-five thousand in '61, and that one for goodness knows what in 1964!"

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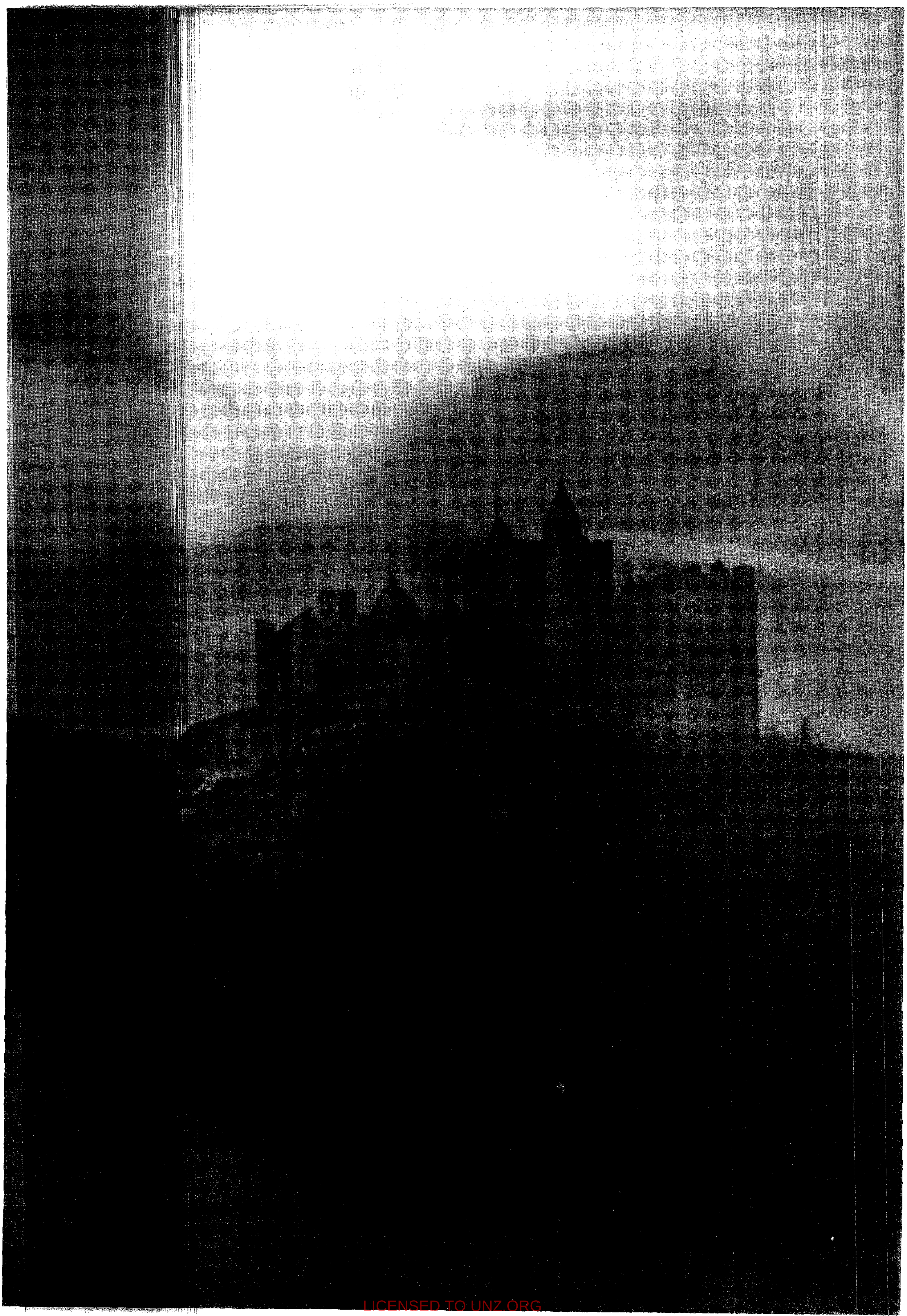

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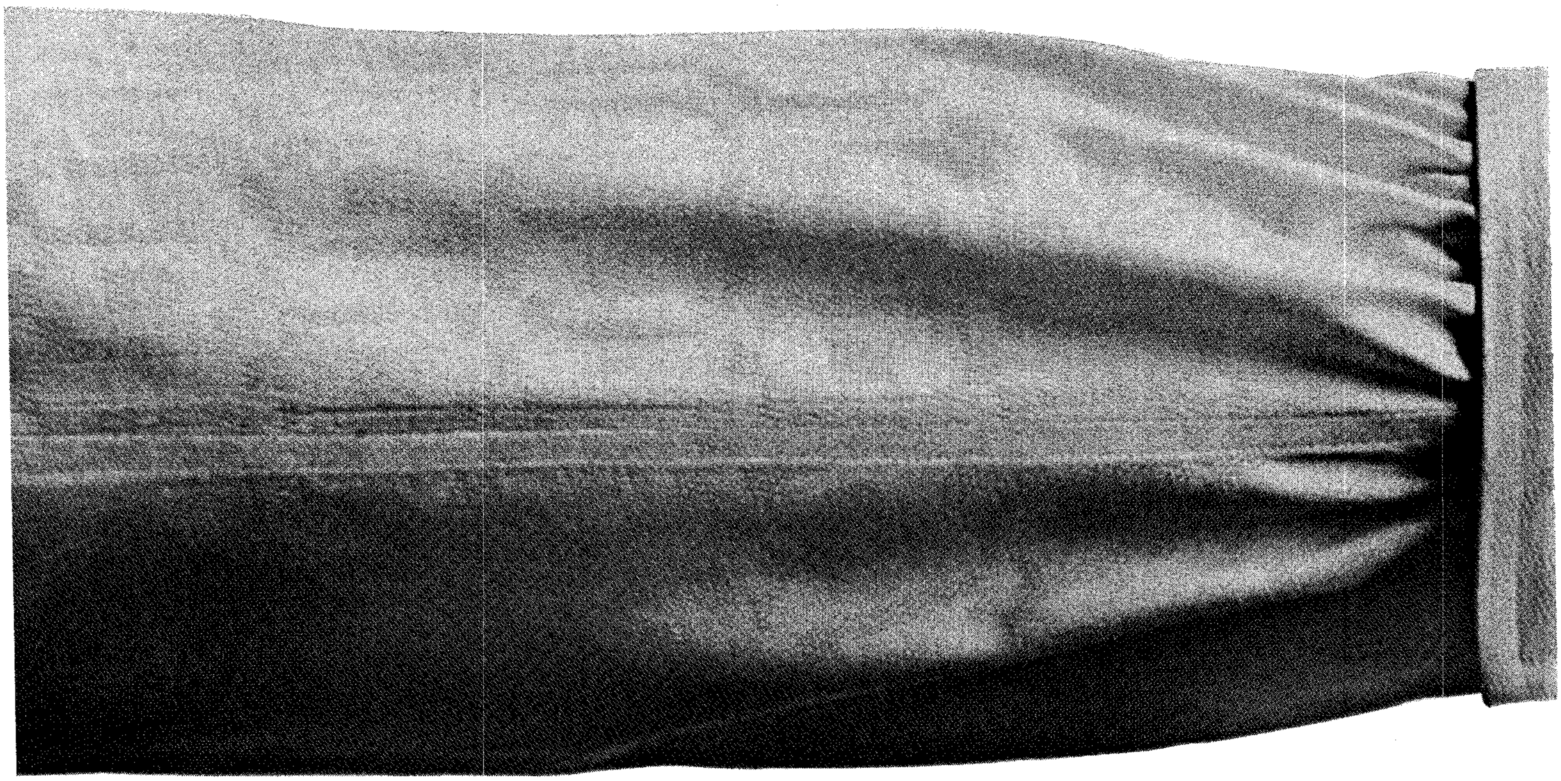

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Before we first put on the eyepatch back in 1951, we were obscure. But we were not entirely unknown. For 115 years before that we had been sending a steady procession of very superior shirts out of Waterville, Maine. They were valued for proud craftsmanship, fine fabrics, and, above all, style which was always a gentlemanly distance ahead of the crowd. But it was our first eyepatch ad (shown above) that catapulted us into fame. An immediate success. It gave us a symbol, and advertising a legend. Now after some 20 years, it seems the legend flourishes. But the symbol? Alas, who remembers what it stands for?

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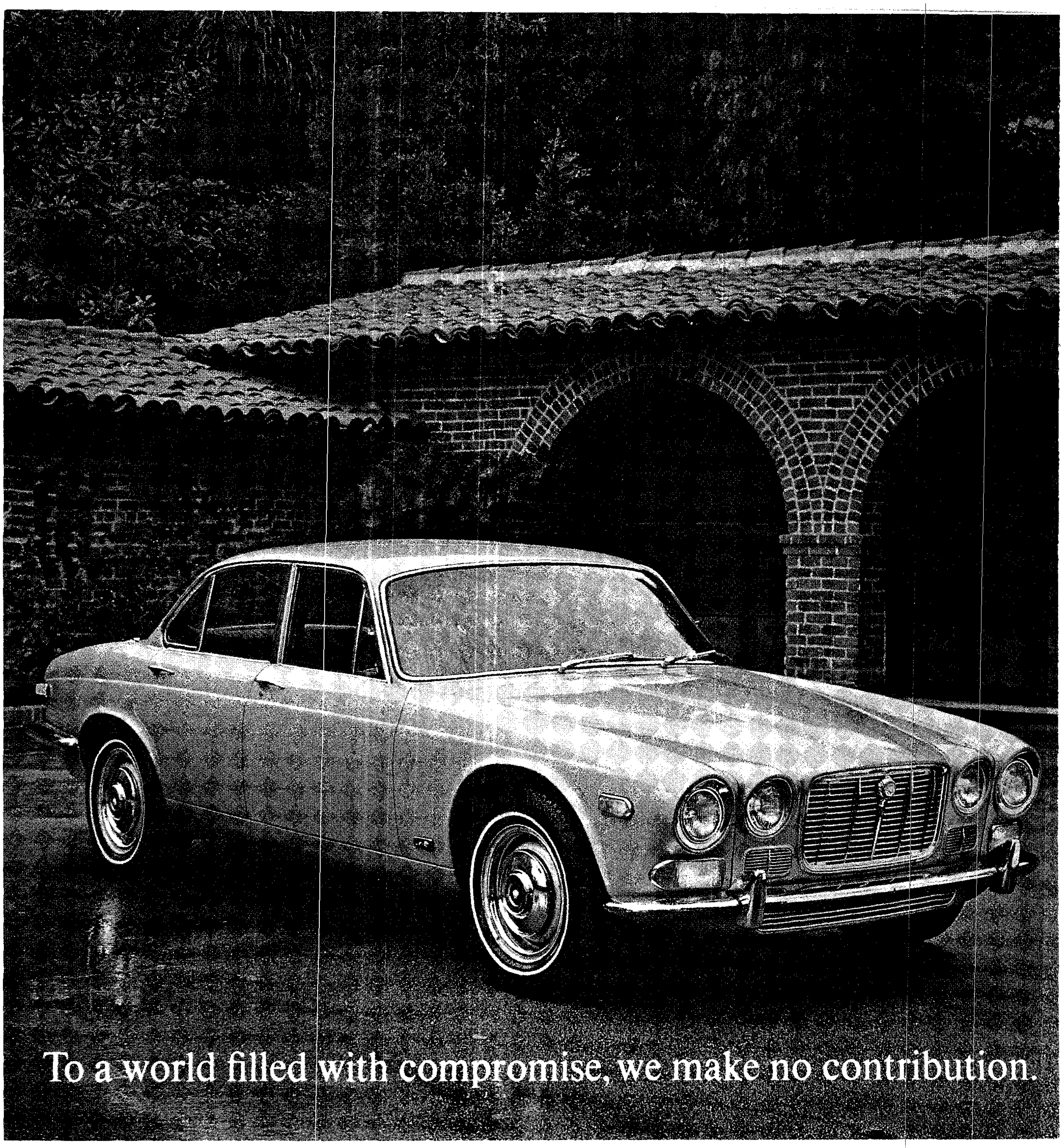

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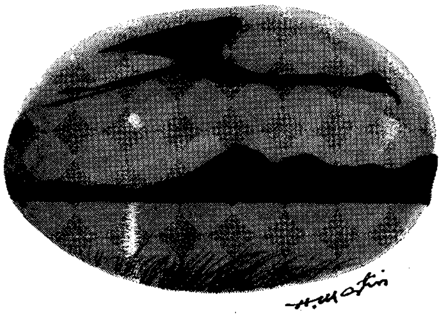
column; and produces a couple of books per year. Priscilla, who as managing editor (I summoned her years ago from her post at U.P.I. in Paris to help her younger brother) coördinates everything, reads—as will everyone around the table—from a list of items she thinks need editorial treatment, and you can see the writers run lines through the items that she has anticipated. We go around the table. The tradition that points of view should not be explicated at the conference is apparently overwhelming, so much so that recently a very young assistant editor approached my sister Priscilla after a meeting, telling her that he had been assigned, simply, "Burma." "What *is* our point of view on Burma?" he asked. I am fascinated by how the editorial conference determines the lay of the editorial emphasis. What-is-our-position-on-Burma very seldom happens, because the position on Burma seems somehow to spring naturally out of the loins of the magazine. A position arrived at in this way must be distinguished from the decision-making process of, say, the editors of the *Daily World*, whose line is easily developed by merely plopping the question into lay-away chemicals. *N. R.'s* is a quite unusual process, particularly in the light of the disparate emphases of its principal spirits. Frank Meyer, although he is never present—he lives reclusively in Woodstock, New York, as columnist and book-review editor—is the relentless libertarian and global anti-Communist. Jeffrey is the flypaper who picks up the lint of any cultural development, anywhere, and it is never so amorphous, when he sits down to write about it, that it cannot fuel his heavy-duty engines. Priscilla has her eye out for the piquancies, and for the sentimental attachments of *National Review*. ("The trouble with conservatives," Robert Strausz-Hupé once said, "is they do not retrieve their wounded.") Chris Simonds, our Woodstock Nation, alternates between Understanding and Anathematizing, and John Coyne is our California kid-watcher. He is very pleased this morning because a half hour ago he got a phone call from Spiro Agnew who told him that he, Agnew, had read "The Kumquat Statement"—Coyne's account of what happened at Berkeley and what has happened generally at the hands of the kids—and thinks it splendid, which greatly pleases John, whose first book it is, and who is smarting from reviews that contrast it unfavorably with Jim Kunen's "The Strawberry Statement," whose counterpart "Kumquat" admittedly is. John's account of the phone call is rendered as Buster Keaton would have done it—dry-face, slightly cynical, but clearly pleased—and we tingle with the thought that there is probably not another editorial office in New York City that would appreciate a congratulatory telephone call from Spiro Agnew. We come all the way around, I make the assignments, and we disperse. A few hours later, the writers begin to channel in the copy to Priscilla, who puts it in the dumbwaiter that rises one floor to my desk, where, usually not sooner than Wednesday morning, I begin to scoop it out, edit it, and then shoot it back down to Priscilla for the typists. When there are very specific questions, the writer and I communicate over the telephone. Occasionally, Aggie solves research problems. But the crush is under control: we have about five hours to process seven thousand words of copy, so I can afford to throw away what would take too long to correct.



I lunch in the conference room with Aggie, and with Tex Lezar and Dan Oliver. Tex graduated with honors from Yale and needs work pending a decision on his application for a Rhodes Scholarship. Dan split off from Louis Auchincloss's law firm in order to serve as a volunteer for Jim's campaign. A few years earlier, Dan had arrived at my own mayoral-campaign headquarters, fresh from law school, volunteering his time at the lick-envelope level. He went to school with Jim Burnham's son at Milton, then to Harvard, then to Fordham Law School, but the ideological juices ran, and he prevailed on Louis Auchincloss to give him the summer off to work for James Buckley. "For how long is Dan's leave of absence?" a friend asked Managing Partner Auchincloss in August. "Until Jim loses," the novelist replied. Now Dan, Jim having not lost, decides to ponder, for a few months, an extra-legal career, and the four of us discuss a big book I have promised, along with Aggie, to do for Viking Press; to wit, a debater's handbook, the guts of which will be highly researched briefs on either side of fifty controversial public issues. Our problem right this minute is that the paradigmatic chapter, on which we have been working for months, is so long that we figure the book would come to three-quarters of a million words. I need to know *right now* whether that length is simply outsize, and put in a call to Viking President Tom Guinzburg, who was a roommate at Yale during sophomore year, and who brought out my book "The Unmaking of a Mayor." He is out of town. Reach him, I plead. He is located at a restaurant in Washington, and he comes to the telephone, asking whether I am tracking him down in order to offer him an ambassadorship. We exchange the back-and-forth, and I ask him whether Viking can hope to merchandise something of the size we are thinking about. He replies that he will need technical consultation to answer that question, and finally confesses to me that he is sitting in the anteroom of a small Hungarian restaurant, that the phone call has already paralyzed conversation throughout the restaurant, and would I *please* wait until tomorrow, when he returns to his office? That means that we cannot make other than contingent plans for the handbook—so another delay, so what? Publishers do not seem to care, particularly.

I go back to my desk for the phone messages. Putnam's wants me to get Jim to record his daily impressions of how-to-be-a-senator. I call him. He is interested but doubts if he can bring himself to dictate into a machine every night. It is left that he will try but will feel no obligation to Putnam's if it doesn't work out. Jim tells me, as we chat, that he has just finished conferring with Senator Javits, his upcoming senior colleague, who last week announced that he would protest Jim's proposed inclusion in the Senate's Republican caucus. After all, Javits was quoted as saying, he had devoted "a lifetime" to making the Republican Party more "progressive;" what now was he expected to do, the voters having sent a reactionary to the Senate—"fold"? I had written in my column, "There is one obvious solution. Since Senator Javits has devoted a lifetime to making the Republican Party of New York State what it now is not, what else can be expected of him? Two lifetimes? But it is the lot of man to have only one lifetime each, and not even a super-progressive political party can bequeath us two lifetimes. So that by the logic of Senator Javits' statement, it is altogether appropriate, indeed it is mandatory, that he should—resign." I then underscored the irony. "It occurs to me that by so doing, [Senator Javits]

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could revive that great dream of which he spoke so very eloquently all during the summer and fall—namely the re-election of Senator Charles Goodell. This way, Governor Rockefeller could, gamely, reappoint Senator Goodell to continue Senator Javits' lifetime attempt to liberalize the Republican Party. That way, if you follow me, Senator Javits succeeds in passing along the torch to someone whose views he approves of so roundly." Jim, having just met with Javits, tells me, "You know what he said? He said, 'You know, your brother thinks I should resign.' " I didn't ask Jim, after the laughter was done, how he explained it all to the senior senator from New York. Poor Jim.

After lunch, I meet with a Social Democrat, a bachelor in his late fifties, of impeccable breeding and purpose, who trains his eyes, always, on the German thing. He wants me to know how dangerous he believes Brandt's *Ostpolitik* has become, and who are the principal figures in New York who are expressing their fears privately to the State Department and to the White House. Then a meeting with a former Hungarian (who no longer speaks Hungarian)—a French scholar, who is the most prolific book-writer since Georges Simenon. He is a formidable academic, who is disaffected with the Conservative Book Club and Arlington House. He has heard the rumor that I "own" the companies and wonders, do I intend to effect any reforms, best defined as instructing them to publish more of his books? I explain that I am merely a minority stockholder and chairman of the board of a broadcasting company that bought the common stock of the two publishing companies last spring, but that, even supposing I were bent on doing so, I would find it as unlikely that I could affect Arlington's policies concerning my friend's books as that I could affect them concerning books that I had already taken the initiative to promote. I came back from Russia in May overcome with enthusiasm for a book, "Message from Moscow," that had been published six months earlier by Alfred Knopf but had got practically no notice at all. It happens to be the best book on contemporary Russia published, maybe, ever, and I called the president of the Conservative Book Club urging him to consider it for selection by the C.B.C. He assigned it to readers, who reported against it, on the ground that the (anonymous, for reasons of security) author's own prejudices, here and there revealed in the book, were in favor of Socialism, and such heterodoxy a small minority of C.B.C. readers would not tolerate—even as presumably they would not have tolerated twenty-five years ago the distribution of "Animal Farm," in the light of Orwell's persistent inclinations to Socialism. I know, I know, said my friend the president, but it is a *business* matter, because if the *smallest* minority defects, that makes the publication of the book unprofitable, and we simply *cannot* survive if we publish selections that would result in significant resignations from the club. I understood, and my Hungarian friend confesses ruefully that he, too, understands. His other purpose has to do with his newest book, just published in French. He hopes to bring out an edition in English, but the hot American publishing prospect, before saying yes, wants to know whether I would write the introduction. Yes, I say. Sight unseen?, he asks. Sight unseen, I say, tacitly relying on the assumption that my old friend has not gone cuckoo since his other books; if he has, I can withdraw my commitment on honorable grounds. But surely I want to read the edition that now exists in French? No, I tell him, because it is a strain for me to read French.

My accountant is next. A buoyant, expressive, energetic man, who would have been among those who counselled Ferdinand to have a fling with Columbus—the type I like—but today he is very dour, and I find myself wondering, as he tells me how extravagant I am, whether he actually rehearsed, in order to make himself more convincing. He urges me not to proceed with a coveted project I have in mind, a wonderfully impractical project, and I more or less agree, admiring the grace of his Calvinism even while knowing that if I so much as wink at him he will fatalistically wipe away the Maginot Line as easily as he would draw down a blind, thus chaperoning me across the immobilized positions of actuarial prudence.

It is time to dine with the senior editors—a sacred and functional weekly meeting. Usually we meet at Seventy-third, directly from the office, but tonight we go to Paone's, around the corner, (a) because Paone's is the best restaurant in New York, (b) because we are bound, after Paone's, for Fillmore East, downtown. None of us have been there. I got tickets on learning that Virgil Fox, the organist, would play Bach there tonight, accompanied by a "light" expert. Lights are big this season. One gathers that they greatly augment the likelihood that the audience will groove along with the soloist. I had heard Fox a year before at Philharmonic Hall, marvelled at his virtuosity, and appreciated his familiarity with Bach. And I had heard about the glamour of Fillmore East, as Jim Burnham had, so we looked forward, the lot of us, to the experience. A wonderful meal, and on the way out of Paone's I am greeted by a man my own age who writes to me twice a week—a reformed alcoholic, an undeniable Catholic, who a few months ago, at the urging of several of us, enrolled in a Catholic seminary particularly designed to meet the needs of former alcoholics. But, he wrote me last week, he is pulling out, no hard feelings against the Church; it is merely that he has no vocation—and there he is, as we walk out, having dinner with a lady friend, a Coca-Cola by his plate of fettuccine. I shake hands, and only after we are in the taxi reflect that I have two extra tickets, Jeffrey Hart having declined to join us. But it is too late. We arrive, and there are hippies and non-hippies trying to get in, a sellout. One young man ventures forward: Do I have an extra ticket? I give him one of the two tickets, thinking to keep the second, under the circumstances, as *cordon sanitaire*. We are astonished by the crowd, only a minority of which is Woodstock Nation. We learn that that is because the prices have been raised by twenty-five per cent. V. Fox comes on, and speaks a minute or two before each number, attempting to attract the audience to God by stressing the common wavelengths on which He and Bach operate. The performance is godawful, because Fox clearly wants to impress the kids by (a) the noise, and (b) his virtuosity. At one point during a Prelude, I am tempted to rise solemnly, commandeer a shotgun, and advise Fox, preferably in imperious German, if I could learn German in time to consummate the fantasy, that if he does not release the goddam *vox humana*, which is oohing-ahing-eeing the music where Bach clearly intended something closer to a bel canto, I shall simply have to blow his head off. During the intermission, a boy and girl who serve as ushers explain the economic situation, and advise that a week hence the owner of Fillmore East will repeat Virgil Fox at the old prices, in case I want to come back. After the intermission, Fox introduces the Passacaglia at Wagnerian length—almost but not quite to the point of causing mutiny in the audience, whose stirrings become discernible after the fourth or fifth minute. The Maestro then turns and snows them with his dexterity, which is undeniable, the problem being that it will be ten years before I can appreciate again the music he has played, so overloud, so throbby, so plucky-wucky the portamentos, so Phil Spitalny the cantandos.

We drive home. I speculate, How come it didn't hurt Fox more than it hurt us? And Jim Burnham, as usual, offers the only acceptable explanation; namely, that Fox is so much the evangelist he must have figured that it was more important to fill the house with listeners who would hear Bach for the first time than worry about those who would resolve, like me, to have heard Fox for the last time. We have a glass of champagne at Jim's before I go home to write the column due tomorrow morning.

WEDNESDAY. Dan Mahoney comes for breakfast, to discuss pressing political questions and, we both hope, less pressing problems concerning my will. I first met him in 1954, when he was a student at Columbia Law School, before whose forum he had asked me to speak; I agreed, but the meeting was cancelled, because that was the day my father had a stroke in South Carolina. Somehow we stayed in touch over the years, and I came to know his closest friend, Kieran O'Doherty, who is the sword militant of New York's Conservative Party, and Dan's wife, who is Kieran's sister. Dan is most easily described as, among the politicians of this world, a bird of paradise. Three weeks ago, at Mr. Nixon's retreat in the Bahamas, we were together. There are two islands, side by side, both owned by Mr. Nixon's friend Bob Abplanalp. One is reserved for the President. On the other is a small resort hotel. I arrived at the President's island as Dan and Kieran were concluding their meeting with him, and when I rejoined Dan at the hotel after dinner I found him surrounded by his wife, my wife, Kieran, and one or two others, planter's punch in hand, looking heavenward with a pleased expression on his face, all the more affecting inasmuch as it turned out that he was sound asleep—managing, however, not to spill a drop from his glass, which was propped up in totally assured equilibrium. He quickly came to in response to my greeting. It was now five days after Jim's vic-

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tory, a couple of hours after he had discussed the consequences of it with the President of the United States, and he said to me, "You know, Bill, on the whole, I would say that this has been an above-average week." Eight years ago, he had founded the Conservative Party of New York, with Kieran, acting on a suggestion made by *National Review*, which would never have had the organizational machismo to pull it off. From the beginning, it had been their operation, and right now they were feeling pleased. I asked Dan whether the press had accosted him as he came back by helicopter (Marine One) to the hotel where we sat, and he said yes, they had indeed—A.P., U.P.I., and the New York *Times*. What had he divulged to them about the meeting? "I merely told them," he drew on his unlit cigar and aimed his planter's punch approximately toward his lips, "that the President informed me that he considers J. Daniel Mahoney the country's most distinguished American." Next morning, he didn't remember this, and was relieved—and surprised—that it did not appear in the newspaper accounts of the Conservative invasion of the Bahamas.

Dan wants to discuss one or two points involving personal relations in the Conservative-Republican picture, and one or two others involving the eccentricities of the Securities and Exchange Commission. Then we go downtown together, Jerry driving, with Rowley happily at his side, and we pick up Jim Burnham en route. I ask Jim to read the column I have written analyzing the Coast Guard scandal off Martha's Vineyard, because he will be writing the editorial on the subject for *N. R.* My own column homes in on Admiral Bender, who a day or so ago spoke some nonsense in behalf of the Coast Guard. Discussing it with Jim, I wonder whether, if the transgressing Administration had been Democratic, I and others would have dropped the matter, as indeed it was dropped in a few days. There is, of course, an explanation for that. If you are prepared to believe that the in-guys are presumptively on your side, then you bemoan their delinquencies as you would aberrations, rather than as delinquencies that issue out of their flawed understanding of reality. Thus, a Democratic Administration that signs a conciliatory agreement affecting Laos is presumed to be weak-minded, critically short of anti-Communist corpuscles, while a Republican Administration that signs a peace with North Korea is assumed to have got the best deal one

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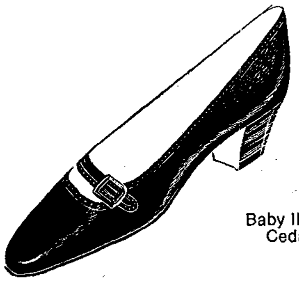

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can hope to get. *National Review* is increasingly criticized for our softness toward the Nixon Administration, which is sharply contrasted with the unrelenting criticism we levelled against the Eisenhower Administration. The explanation is that with the defeat of Goldwater in 1964 Nixon was the only feasible alternative to a liberal Democrat, and it is the job of conservatives to back what they can reasonably hope to get, even as they continue to burnish the paradigm for us all to keep constantly in mind. The thing about Ike, we explain, is that he took the Republican Party away from Taft, who was strong and knowledgeable and would surely have won the Presidency if he had been nominated. And that he had the power to have done things differently. We could not have said as much, after the Goldwater experience, about a right-wing alternative to Richard Nixon, however enthusiastic we are about Ronald Reagan.

We grind through editorial day, the copy riding up on the dumbwaiter, and down again. Three rings on my buzzer, answered by Priscilla who rings once, the signal that means that she is at her desk, that the tray is floating down, and that she will distribute the copy to the typists, or to the writers if corrections or amplifications are suggested. On Wednesdays, we lunch on sandwiches, briefly, and twenty minutes later are back at work, and the afternoon goes by. Somehow, we always manage just to make it in time to take the final line count and select the paragraphs and editorials that will run; and then, at five almost exactly, we have drinks. I say almost at five because somebody thought to hide the key to the liquor closet in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and nobody can remember whether the decision was to stick it in the Booze page of the E.B., or the Drink page. We are joined by whatever friends of *N. R.* happen to be in town. The sessions are sometimes routine and uneventful, but sometimes take off, not unusually when catalyzed by Jim McFadden, who is the assistant publisher, in charge of practically everything non-editorial, who is often on, and rouses us from our post-deadline daze with the special vigor of his bonhomie. Tonight, I cannot join them, because I must speak at Princeton, so I go off with Rowley. Jerry pulls out, and I raise the glass partition, because I will be answering correspondence for the first hour or so of the drive.

There is a two-sentence note from Pat Moynihan, the news being that he has declined Mr. Nixon's invitation to become his Ambassador to the United Nations, electing instead, for complicated reasons, to return to Harvard. I wrote last week about his proposed appointment. The column was killed in the Washington *Star*, because a few hours before the release date Moynihan had announced that he wouldn't take the job. But other papers ran it anyway, and Moynihan evidently saw it. I had enjoyed writing the column, knowing Moynihan, however slightly. I remember insinuating myself down the aisle at the Manhattan Center a few days before the election in 1968. It was a great Humphrey-Muskie rally, memorable if only because that was when Ken Galbraith, the ultimate attraction, was stopped dead, as he began to speak, by a young couple who bounded onstage, shed their clothes, and danced about him—or, rather, the male did, a pig's head in hand, the spectators having just in time detained the girl, draping her in a raincoat. The fuzz reached the man a few seconds later, but poor Ken, although he plowed a straight furrow through his hortatory address to the effect that the earth would open up and swallow us all if Nixon was elected, was not able to engage the distracted audience. But that episode was much later—a dozen speeches featuring the illuminati of the Americans for Democratic Action later. I had arrived as Moynihan was speaking. The audience spotted me slithering toward the press section, and began to boo. Moynihan paused to reprimand the crowd. "Remember," he said mock-solemnly, "the Church has always made way for late vocations." A few weeks later, Moynihan's acceptance of a critical position on President-elect Nixon's staff was announced, and a few months after that he telephoned me to say that he wanted personally to explain to *National Review's* editors the reasons why we should think carefully before rejecting the family-assistance plan that the President would soon be springing on Congress. He arrived, with two or three aides, for dinner at Seventy-third, and he spoke evangelistically about a plan he assured us would simultaneously realize humanitarian visions and satisfy conservative dissatisfactions. Before he left, Tony Dolan and his friend Peter McCann came in. Tony is the right-wing folk singer, a senior at Yale. He had just then taped an exchange on

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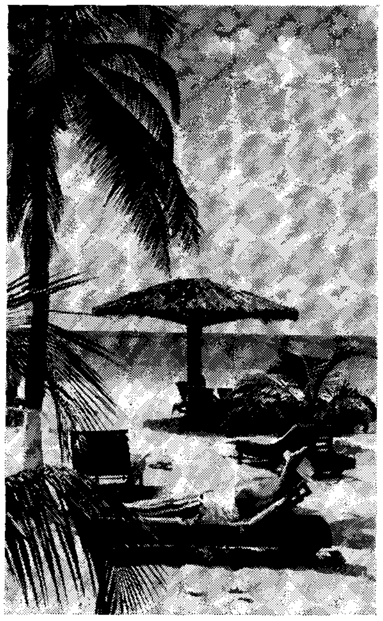

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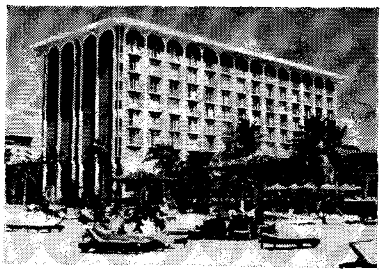

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television with S.D.S.-er Jim Kunen, author of "The Strawberry Statement." The two young musicians played for us, Peter McCann sang "Danny Boy" in his special bel canto, and Daniel Patrick Moynihan and his staff left to return to Washington on their military jet, happy with music and wine, if not absolutely reassured about the editors' response to the forthcoming proposal, even though we did promise to take meticulous account of the points he made.

It seemed obvious, with the defeat of the plan, that Moynihan had either to return to teaching or to take a quite different job for Nixon. I felt sorry for Nixon, losing Moynihan as a presence at the White House. Blithe spirits are rare. Where will he go? To the U.N.?

> Not [I wrote] that Mr. Moynihan isn't "qualified" to serve as Ambassador to the UN. He is "qualified" to serve as anything. I remember the old Truth or Consequences game they used to play over the radio, which towards the end was coming up with consequences so extravagant as to satisfy Rabelaisian appetites for the absurd. On one occasion the loser, a mild-mannered middle-aged man, was quickly stripped and dressed in white tie and tails, taken under escort to the stage of Town Hall, a violin stuck in his hand, and catapulted on stage to receive a tumultuous welcome from an overflow house of music lovers who had been tantalized for months in the press about the forthcoming visit of a heretofore reclusive musical genius from the Thuringian Forest. The poor man lifted his bow to his violin, wooden side to the strings, and the joke was exposed. A practical joke in the grand tradition. If the contestant had been Daniel Patrick Moynihan, I am altogether convinced that even if he had not previously played a single note on the violin, he'd have taken bow to instrument and delivered a perfect concert.

Was Nixon intending a practical joke?

> Moynihan has the lowest threshold of crap-tolerance in the civilized world, and the spectacle of Ambassador Moynihan being made to sit in the General Assembly of the United Nations listening to the world's greatest concentration of drivel in four languages is the spectacle of a man who, in the Orwellian situation, is sent to be tortured by just exactly those means that researchers have discovered most acutely pain him. On the other hand, could it be that Mr. Nixon has decided to bust up the joint? Because if so, he has selected just the right man: absolutely no one is better qualified. Moynihan might very well, after the first sentence about colonialism from, say, the Czechoslovakian ambassador, stand up and in a very few minutes make Khrushchev's shoe-pounding episode look like a milestone of decorum. Maybe those are his instructions? They would not need to be very explicit, unless possibly they were that Moynihan, having been appointed, should set a new precedent by never even appearing at the UN, even as Queen Victoria, after Albert's death, managed to govern for so many years without being seen by anyone except her Prime Minister. But that would be a theatrical waste. Probably the best ambassador we could send to the UN, for so long as we adopt a passive role towards it, would be a deaf-mute. Second best, intending a quite contrary attitude, is Daniel Patrick Moynihan. Let us all pray that between now and his investiture he is not given any crash courses in diplomacy. That would ruin his perfect pitch.

Patrick writes me, simply, "Alas, it is not to be. But you certainly made it sound attractive."

The Musical Heritage Society has sent me thirty long-playing records, most of them the cantatas of Bach, with a note expressing thanks for my devotion to music—a euphemism for writing a column advising music-lovers of the Beethoven-bargain the Society was offering. I acknowledge the gift most gratefully, and guilt-free, since I cannot believe that any words of mine commending the work of Beethoven would constitute payola.

I most strongly urge a dispirited Massachusetts Republican *against* founding a Conservative Party, never mind his complaint that the gentleman who ran against Teddy Kennedy—Josiah Spaulding—was more liberal than Kennedy. And never mind, I reminisce, that Si Spaulding is an old friend. I met him at Yale, as an undergraduate, and he and Jim, freshmen at the Law School, organized a fresh-cider delivery service, one dollar per gallon, and would personally deliver the stuff to your room, carrying a gallon on each finger, eight per person, Horatios Alger IV. Jim was Si's best man, and the maid of honor was Jackie Bouvier . . . irrelevant. I stress to my correspondent that the situation in New York State is unique, that the fact that Massachusetts Republicans came so close to knocking Si out in the primary suggests that the Republican Party remains a viable vehicle for Republican conservatives. I must write a column on the subject. David Keene, the bright young lawyer and national chairman of Young Americans for Freedom who resigned a few weeks ago in order to go to work for Agnew, has already called to urge that I pour cold water on those who, intoxicated by Jim's extraordinary victory, are dreaming about Conservative Parties in their own states.

We are nearing Princeton. My habit is to read my portfolio, containing the correspondence that led to my speech, as late as possible. The advantages are negative and positive. It means that you are *not* reminded, say at the beginning of a week during which you must speak four or five times, of the awful gantlet you will need to run before reaching Stamford for the weekend. And it means that you will remember more easily what are the special circumstances of the immediate engagement—in Princeton's case, that the principal character is a young man, obviously of great entrepreneurial resourcefulness, who is not affiliated with student government or with the formal lecture series, who has his own organization (Undergraduates for a Stable America, this one is called), and who actually went out and raised the money to pay the fee, and that isn't easy. The great majority of the colleges that invite you have no trouble with the money. It is there, taken from the student fees that are exacted at the beginning of every year. It is at places like Harvard, Yale, and Princeton that lecturers run into difficulty, because these colleges are not accustomed to paying their speakers the commercial rate, and speakers tend to indulge them, in part out of tradition, in part out of a curiosity to have a look at what used to be the redoubts of social and intellectual patricians. (They aren't that any longer, we all know, but they are getting as long a run as possible from their reputation.) I have spoken, I reflect, six times at Princeton: once to the Whig-Clio Society, for a perfunctory fee; four times to the Graduate College, for no fee at all; and once, for a slightly better than perfunctory fee, at a great brawl, a panel at which Arthur Schlesinger and Richard Rovere also spoke, Eric Goldman presiding—an unhappy memory, because we did not get anywhere.

I have with me a black folder, and in it I have seven speeches, three of which are current and last about forty-five minutes each. Of these three, I composed one three years ago, the second two years ago, the third this spring. Nowadays when I am asked for the topic of my lecture, my agent always says the same thing: "Reflections on the Current Disorder." I can run any one of my three speeches under that title; and anyway, nobody ever cares what title you give your speech. I have been having trouble with my No. 3 speech, the most current, and am unhappy about it. It must be that it is overanalytical, and contains too many quotations from people like Jefferson and Hamilton—"and other racists," as one student will complain, tomorrow, at Bridgeport. I do not like to give extemporaneous speeches, or even to speak only from notes, because I discovered years ago that my performances are too erratic. I travelled to a debate at Madison, Wisconsin, with Norman Cousins

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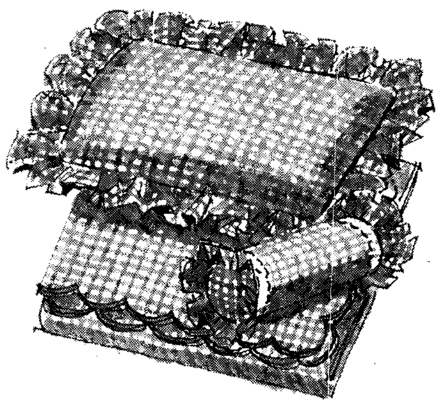

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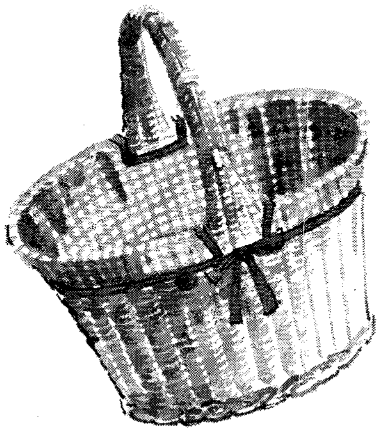

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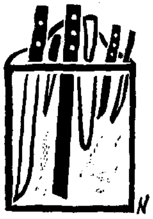
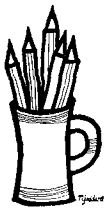
a decade ago (we would take opposite sides on the proposed suspension of nuclear testing), and he told me that he began his lecture career from a full text, travelled through notes only, down to one three-by-five card, and now uses nothing at all. During approximately the same period, I have travelled in exactly the opposite direction, and that is notwithstanding a natural glibness. I remember a few years ago, at the University of Washington, a questioner who, having heard my answer to some question or other, rose again, this time to protest that I had anticipated his question and read my answer from a prepared text: requiring me to lift all the papers from the lectern and deposit them ceremoniously at the chairman's table, to prove that I was not cheating during my exam. On the other hand, I am incapable of memorizing. One of the speeches in my black binder I have delivered maybe fifty times, and I could not recite from memory two consecutive sentences from it. I do not know why my memory is so bad, or for that matter why I read so slowly. Isabel Paterson was able to tell me why, even as she knew how to crack *all* the riddles of the universe, in the well-tempered and irascible prose that made her for so many years the principal attraction of the *Herald Tribune* book review. She wrote me that my two difficulties had the same cause; namely, that I had been taught too late how to read, the right age being three, or four at the latest, whereas I was illiterate until six or seven. Who knows, she may be right. I scribble a note or two, attempting an introduction that will take into account the situation as I can deduce it from the correspondence of young Harding Jones, the conservative entrepreneur who, at age nineteen (how *do* they do it?), appears to be managing an extraordinary share of the major events at Princeton University. We approach the appointed building, and I draw a deep breath, fumble finally with my clipboard, inserting everything there I might conceivably need. The next five hours (it averages five hours at colleges) will be exacting, but whenever I veer toward self-pity I think of the extreme on one side: the matador, say, who does not know confidently that he will survive his performance (although the odds are with him). But then, because I also loathe the opposite of self-pity, I think of musicians. How wonderful to make one's living by playing music. Granted the drudgery of scales and arpeggios, when Rosalyn Tureck goes to Carnegie Hall she is first greeted not by the promoters, or the trustees, or the president of Carnegie Hall, Inc., or by apprentice pianists, but by the audience. A bow, and she sits down, fusses with the bench, dabs the handkerchief on her palm, brings her hands down slowly, and then begins—what, to be sure, she may have played before ten times, fifty times, but does one get *tired* of hearing the music one plays, as a lecturer gets tired of hearing again a speech he has delivered so often? Inconceivable.



There are maybe two hundred people crowding the room. I am given sherry and introduced to them. They approach me, and the astonishing Mr. Jones knows almost all of them by name, managing even to whisper to me, in some cases, the salient point about the boy or the girl or the professor he is about to introduce me to. Harding *does not like it* when I tarry too long with one person, which, of course, I would not do if by so doing it looked as if I were holding up the line, but since the line at college functions of this sort is spontaneous and amorphous (one part natural courtesy; one the unwillingness of the student to appear as though his desire to meet you, at best a velleity, justified the indignity of standing in line, which you do only to buy a ticket for the Grateful Dead, and even then only because you promised to take your girl), it easily decomposes if you should happen to pause overlong to talk to someone. I listen hard, and though there isn't much cross-talk that is investigatory in nature, there is an awful lot of the kind of thing that needs parrying. Not many "Mr. Buckley, why do you oppose the family-assistance plan?"s but quite a few "Mr. Buckley, *how* can you defend Agnew?"s. There is absolutely no net impression that distinguishes Princeton. The girls are pretty and ugly, the boys shy and extrovert, the faculty distant and warm. There is no Incident; there very seldom is. The Incident-Makers either stay away, most of them, or decide, on these occasions, simply to observe, and to play the game. Mostly, the Incident-Makers prefer anonymous, institutional confrontations, and I think that that is an uncelebrated datum. Last June, I sat preparing to deliver the Commencement address at the University of California at Riverside while the black student president went on and on and on, in his address, preceding my own, about wars, Fascism, and imperialism. And then, while I was being introduced by the chancellor, two students approached and presented me with a live pig, whose leash I declined to grip, so that the pig dribbled off the stage after a squeak or two and was approached by a policeman and led off to a slaughterhouse, I hope. Cheers and applause came from a hundred or so students, out of about five thousand in the crowd. After the ceremonies were all over, the student-body president approached me, with a wonderful combination of diffidence and bumptiousness, to say that he disapproved of the pig bit but that I was not to mistake this for approval of *anything* I had said—presumably not even the passage in my speech in which I deplored race prejudice. Two weeks ago, in St. Paul, a young assistant to the rabbi at whose synagogue I had just finished speaking was asked in the crush in the hall as we were dispersing, did he want to meet me, to which he whispered hell no, even as the gentleman on my left, unaware of the reply, propelled me toward him so that, perforce, we shook hands. "Congratulations," he said grimly. "You certainly succeeded in snowing the audience." "How?" I asked. "Well, for instance, by saying that we aren't spending a greater percentage of our gross national product on the military than we were under Truman, when in fact the important thing is that in absolute terms we are spending maybe three times as much." I answered with the measured, sleep-inducing matter-of-factness that is useful in defusing tense situations, as if I had not heard the words he uttered to the rabbi, but the exchange was lost in the general bustle. As we drove away, my host, a doctor, one of the types whose view nothing escapes, lightly probed me, and, of course, I told him the truth, that I had heard it all. He apologized for the social dislocation, and explained that the young man's father was a legislator in the New York Assembly, who last April reversed himself and cast the deciding vote to relax the abortion law, in punishment for which he had failed of reëlection, and the son was for that reason overwrought, particularly against conservative Catholics, but that he, the doctor, speaking for the rabbi and all the sponsors of the event, was nevertheless appalled by the boy's rudeness. I dismissed it as utterly inconsequential, totally understandable, infinitely excusable, etc., etc., even though the sting punctured, and one of these days I will perhaps know enough about myself, though I do not spend much time in conscious introspection—this journal being a spectacular exception—to know whether such hurts are an offense pure and simple against my vanity or whether, as I would prefer to think, they offend me as ruptures of the membrane of social affections (Garry Wills' term) that makes it possible for people to live together, people by definition being people who disagree on questions trivial and substantial.



There is none of that at the reception at Princeton, and finally I am led into a very large dining room, the tables splendidly appointed for the hundred insiders involved in the evening's enterprise, and I am seated, Harding on my left, a confederate of his on my right, and to *his* right the president of Princeton University, Mr. Goheen, whose hand I shook at the reception, wondering even then what had got *him* there, putting down his appearance as another tribute to Harding's manipulative genius. But *dinner*? (I cannot imagine a college president going out for dinner except as a matter of duty.) I look over the other diners, and deduce that the portlier members, sprinkled among the boys and girls, are Influential Alumni. During the whole of dinner, I am engaged in conversation left and right, and do not exchange a word with President Goheen, which begins to strike me as a little unnatural, but it isn't easy to do something about it—that is, to lean over the student situated between us—and anyway, I also begin to wonder whether the president would not just as soon have it that way. Harding, as the meat is being served, asks would I mind saying just a *few* words to the dinner guests before we go on to the auditorium, to which, of course, the only answer you can make, unless you are Evelyn Waugh or Edmund Wilson, is "Well, O.K.," and a sharp host will deduce, from the length of time you spend slurring the word "well," just how disconcertedly you accept the call to extra duty. Then you get down to thinking. One of my disabilities is that I cannot think at all without a pen in my hand and a sheet of paper in front of me—any pen, any paper. Or if I am being questioned, or grilled—then I can think. Willmoore Kendall, the finest teacher I knew at Yale, the most difficult human being I have ever known, at Yale or elsewhere, found himself during one summer in the course of his eccentric career ferrying building materials from Washington, D.C., where he was temporarily working for a think tank, to New Haven, where he was building a house on prop-

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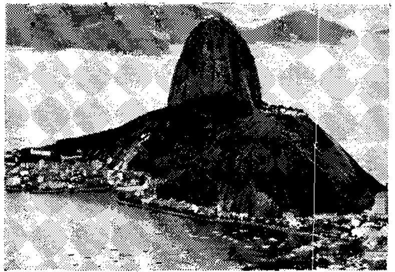

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erty he owned adjacent to the property of his old friend Cleanth Brooks, with whom he was on speaking terms in odd months of the year, or in even years—I forget; Willmoore's calendar was inscrutable, the only givens being that he must not be on speaking terms with more than three people at any one time. I asked him one night—he often paused at Stamford—how was it worth his time himself to drive two or three times a week in his Jeep station wagon over so long a distance merely to save the freight, which, after all, was not that expensive; and he replied that whatever he was engaged in, even driving a Jeep station wagon, he was also *thinking*, and that he found it just as easy to *think* while turning the wheel of an automobile and applying pressure to the pedals as while sitting in his study. And, indeed, when he was ready to write, he would do so in the fabled manner of those who simply transcribe what their thought has worked up for them, down to the dotted "i"s. John C. Calhoun, we are told, used to like to plow his farm because after doing so he could sit down and write out, as quickly as he could move his pen, the speech or essay that his thoughts had constructed for him.

The formal dinner breaks up; a few minutes of questions, during which I try to grope my way toward Mr. Goheen, whom I feel at this point I am coming close to seriously neglecting, but a graduate student wants to know about something *National Review* said and shouldn't have said in the current issue, or else something *National Review* didn't say but should have said. I ask Harding if he can fetch me up a brandy, which, miraculously, he does, so that when we march off to the abattoir I am in a moderate state of equilibrium.

I have decided to give my No. 3 speech, though it is a little bit difficult, and as I am being introduced I wonder how I might communicate this to the audience, so that it will not be too disappointed, after the initial roll, at being made to listen to something other than the Ride of the Valkyries—and so, after the pleasantries, I find myself saying that what I will proceed to say is historical and analytical, but that it will repay the close attention of the audience, whether right- or left-minded, because the speech is "exquisitely wrought." The reaction is sharply interesting, because it brings howls of both appreciative and derisive laughter, followed—or am I imagining it?—by a quite preternatural silence which is not broken during the ensuing forty-five minutes. "I have been following your career closely for the past several years," I will hear from a stranger a few days later, "and believe that I have never seen an article that was as unfair to you as the enclosed, which should make it some sort of collector's item. It is from the December 4th *Trentonian*, one of the two daily newspapers that service (?) Trenton, N.J." How unfair is it, I wonder after reading it.

Princeton—The small band of campus conservatives at Princeton University assembled at Dillon Gym Wednesday night to see and hear the man they call "The Godfather." For the conservatives, the event took on the quality of a ritualistic reaffirmation of the faith. Many arrived with dates for the big event, dressed to the nines as if for the junior prom, walking ostentatiously down the long center aisle to the section of seats at the front of the gym closest to the great man and marked off with orange-and-black crepe paper ribbons and signs saying "Reserved."

It takes guts to be a conservative at Princeton University. If you are one you've got to flaunt it, to show machismo like a member of a street gang walking through alien turf. But the conservatives who came to experience William F. Buckley Jr. were outnumbered perhaps 10 to one by the liberals and radicals who came for other reasons—perhaps to be shocked or outraged or entertained. Buckley was not shocking or outrageous. The sneering enfant terrible of the right who wrote "God and Man at Yale" is no more. Buckley cannot yet manage a real smile (the closest he gets to one is a convulsive baring of his upper teeth) but nonetheless he has mellowed.

Nor is Buckley, to a generation reared on a diet of television images, very entertaining. William F. Buckley isn't a politician, although he has run for office; he isn't a political philosopher, although he writes political philosophy; he isn't really a journalist, although he has spent his whole adult life editing a journal. He is essentially an artist of language practising his art for its own sake. His speeches are not really speeches but tours de force of wordmanship, labored over with a gem-cutter's skill and patience and then fastidiously laid before a dazzled audience.

The theme of Buckley's exercise Wednesday night was essentially simple: each man's freedom extends only so far as it can extend without impinging on another man's; hence no rights can be absolute; hence there are occasions when, for the sake of freedom, government must repress certain actions that tend to destroy freedom.

The audience seized on the word "repression," the campus trigger-word that, by a simple mention, starts the liberal saliva dripping in the best Pavlovian manner.

Buckley was talking about the rule of law. What most of his listeners thought he was talking about was law-'n-order. The difference between the concepts is the difference between Aristotle and his fellow-countryman who presently is in possession of the vice-presidency. The blame for the audience's confusion lay with Buckley. He is an anachronism. In an era when television images are comfortingly soft-edged, his language is disturbingly precise, hard and crystalline. Television demands that you sit back and let your mind be massaged; Buckley demands that you lean forward and listen and think.

He makes no concessions to weaknesses of his hearers. He read through his speech at a rapid, steady pace despite all distractions—dogs wandering in front of the podium, applause, hisses, cheers. [Wrong. The crowd was silent.] In the middle of his conclusion the microphone went dead but Buckley went implacably on [What was the alternative?] although the last two minutes of the speech were inaudible to anyone more than thirty feet away. The young people in Dillon Gym, when they realized the speech was over, seemed momentarily bewildered. They knew Buckley had done something dazzling and unusual, but they seemed not sure how they were to react to it. Finally most of them faked it by simultaneously clapping loudly and looking thoughtful.

The *Daily Princetonian's* story, by contrast, referred to my "gloomy and complex examination of historical attitudes towards repression," and said of the address that it was "received with respect and restraint."

The question period is lively, but when it is over, I have the feeling that it is over to almost everyone's relief, and I speed away to a small reception at Eric Goldman's house. There is animated conversation for almost an hour, after which I leave, get into the car, and fuss again with correspondence. Pat is asleep when I get to Seventy-third, the television on; I turn it off quietly, which always wakes her up and causes her to demand to know why I thought she was asleep, when in fact she was listening intently. But before the tirade is half done she is back asleep, consummating an exercise that begins when she turns *on* the television, which she does when she is ready to go to sleep.

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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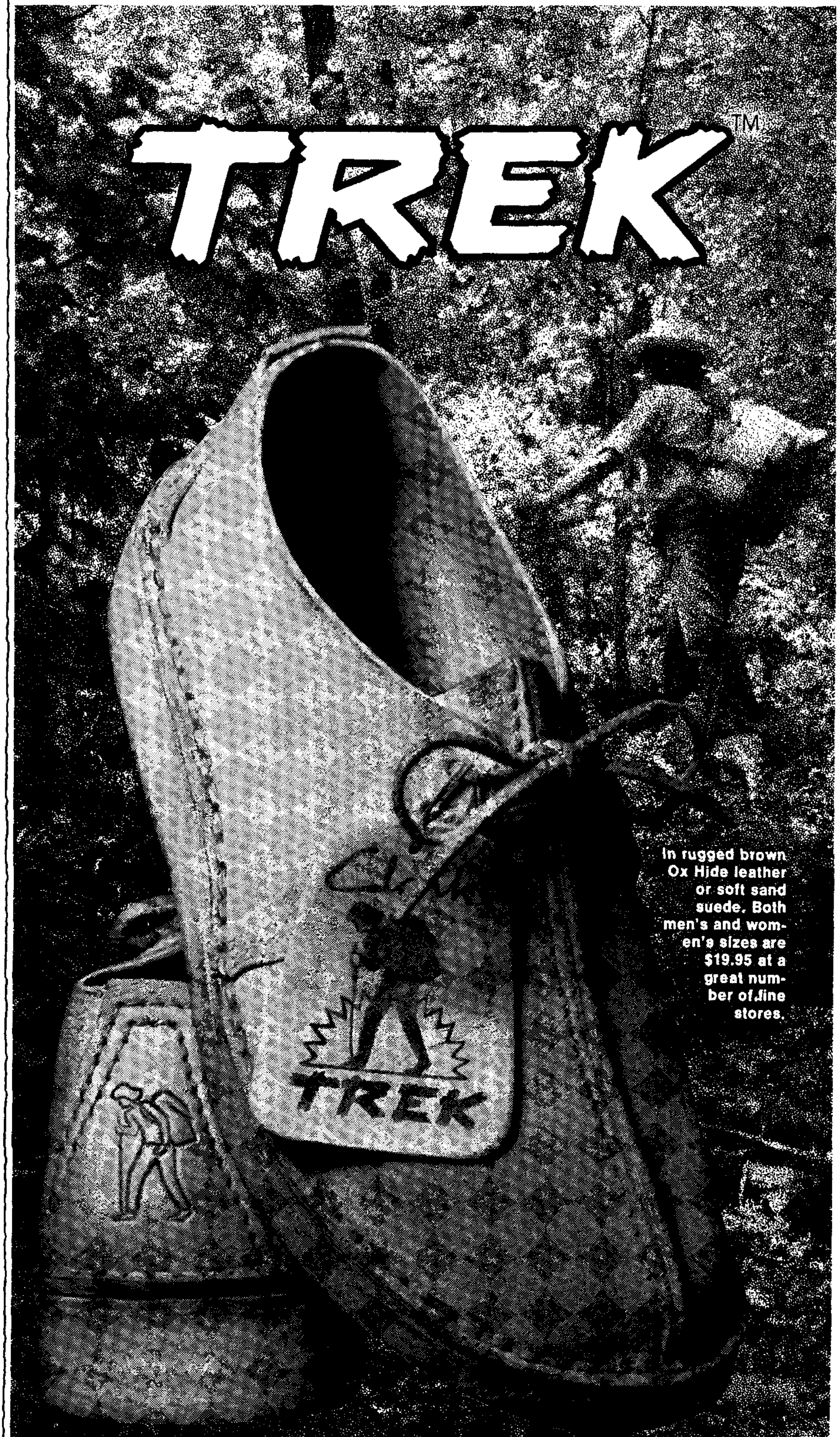

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Wyatt's Headaches

IN Frank Perry's "Doc," Wyatt Earp looks rather like Baudelaire. Doc Holliday, dying consumptive dentist, has been sent West for his health, not come for adventure; a jaded, wary man, he is possessed only sometimes by daring, and then as a sad means of extending his life in other people's recollection by striking their star-smitten fancy. Kate Elder, the frontier-woman heroine, is a grubby beauty with the style of a freebooter but the cramped demands of a scold. The film, written by Pete Hamill, arrives with a serious anti-romanticism that seems, all the same, fuddled by the looming photographic style, with closeup following closeup like a drunk insistently veering over a victim in a bar. I think the intent of the picture is also sabotaged by its portly air of giving clues to colossal issues. There is no doubt that the lid is being taken off something, and something very large. You can hear a terrific rattle. Off what, though? Off the habit of mythologizing Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday and Kate Elder? It would be profligate of anyone to spend much spirit on exposing the nonreality of a legend that didn't look literal in the first place. These people are very much the people you would expect them to be in any normally characterized story about them. There would be no great point in debunking the Three Bears, and saying that Mother Bear was really an unmarried bear in need of a bath. Is the film trying to undercut conventional respect for the frontier spirit? Maybe. Pete Hamill's well-laid-out script takes the motives for pioneering to be often puny. But the lead weight on the film is that it seems to be trying to explain to itself huge and ungraspable things about the propulsion of American history and the essence of Americanism. Like the people in Forster who hope to find the real India, "Doc" has a fist that closes on air.

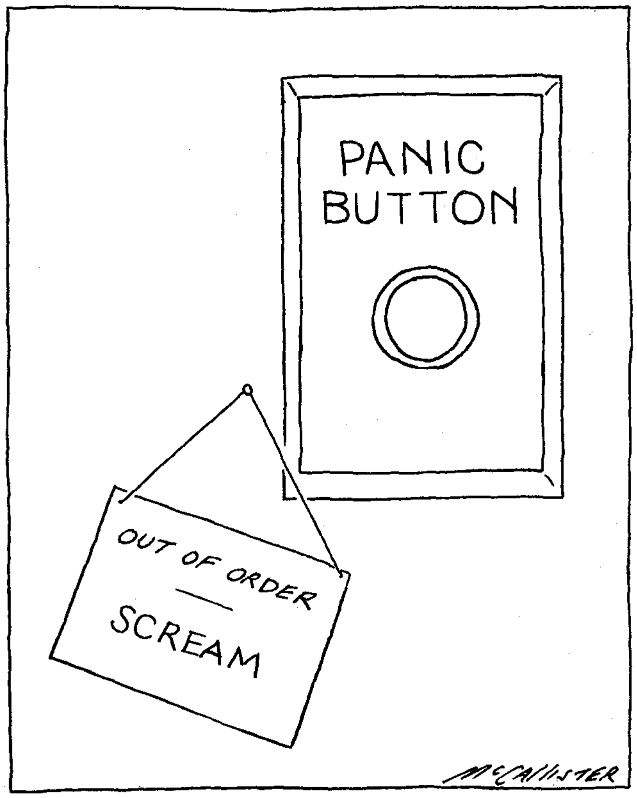
There are many moments in the picture when the urges driving Wyatt and Doc become emblematic of the urges said to drive American politicians. The film could have been made only here, where there is simultaneously such warmth proffered to idols and such obloquy poured on idolatry. (Brecht's exchange: "Unhappy the land that breeds no hero," "Unhappy the land that needs a hero." This is the land that addresses both lines to itself at the same time.) The population of Tombstone, where the picture is mostly set, has just leaped from five hundred to eight thousand in eighteen months. The silver mines are booming. Wyatt, incited by a wish for what he names "respect," is rooting for himself as sheriff, because his present post of deputy United States marshal gives him jurisdiction over a vast territory but not over the people of Tombstone. He makes a play for the law-and-order vote in a big electoral debate with the rival candidate. He wants to see another Tombstone, goes the foresighted harangue, where gun-crazed kids don't have the privilege of shooting down family men in the streets. But in private Earp is all for the right to a gun. A local newspaperman called Mr. Clum (Dan Greenberg), a sober, subtle man in glasses who is the film's ballast as well as its interlocutor, remarks mildly to him that shooting doesn't solve much; Wyatt (Harris Yulin), interestingly cast so that he seems a jumpy aesthete, says, "You'd be surprised the things you can solve with a gun."

Doc (Stacy Keach), dousing his fatal cough in whiskey, by the tumbler, is also running for something. As he sees it, everyone is running for something. "What do you think Doc's after?" says Wyatt to Clum. "*Size*," says Clum, edging into a difficult line that just gets by because of the actor playing him: Dan Greenberg has repose, and looks as if he were really thinking behind the glasses. "Some—er—wild and permanent gesture of *size*." We are being told about politicians, *idem in alio*. How splendid when things are about what they are concretely about, what a loss of art's composure when they aren't. The dialogue is so tinged with double meanings and historical anticipation that its thoughts about the frontier spirit almost become remarks about Kennedy's New Frontier.

And then, by gum, after the final shoot-up at OK Corral, Wyatt looks at his brother Morgan's corpse and says, in an accent that is joltingly an imitation of the Kennedy voice, "I tell you that my brother did not die in vain. We are going to build a better town. We are going to build a better Tombstone." The lines even have the Biblical rhythms of the Kennedys' speeches. What analogy is being made? Something about hope of repair? The intellectual vulgarity is staggering. What's less, no Earp brother was killed at OK Corral, which seems of at least some importance if you are going to demythologize.

"You know, there was a time when your trouble was my trouble and my trouble was your trouble," says Wyatt to Doc, who has gone far beyond him in sophistication and in knowledge about grief. The Book of Ruth, preserve us, in a passage about male friendship. I wish Mod Westerns would rid themselves of the worry that men friends are necessarily homosexual and given to hypochondria. I remember a TV Western that showed a cowboy riding along the ridge of a range in silhouette against the dying sun, leaving his best friend behind: the voice-over track said, "Earp's headaches were getting worse."

The Kennedy analogy and all the references to political motives and to the makeup of political people are well meant enough. "Doc" is beamed to us from a crow's nest of a soul, spying out the future. The fact that the film tries to make parallels between the past and the present seems coarse, all the same. "Doc" is an attempt to give a sense of maj-



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esty prematurely, like many other pieces of work done here. Partly because of its crass ambitiousness, some of it comes out as indecent and unintelligent. The Kennedy reference is moving (What future? How fated?) but very ill-won. The beauty of Faye Dunaway, who plays Kate Elder, is a sort of ravishment, but it is also ravishing in the other sense—a piece of mental rape by cheat casting. She does her best in a scene when she shows her gold tooth-fillings to Doc Holliday as if she were a horse obliging a vet, but she doesn't seem within a mile of the blowsy woman of the lines and of historical fact; she belongs to Camelot and to a system of stylish hope which the film holds out by hindsight but which could never have existed in Tombstone, where the problems must really have had very little to do with the problems in the Kennedy compound at Hyannis Port.

PETER FONDA'S "The Hired Hand"—the first film he has directed—is a tender-spirited Western about a young husband on a long leash from a wife whom he left years back. His intimates now are men, particularly one called Harris. The hero, whose name is Collings, is played by Peter Fonda. His chum is played by Warren Oates. The film transmits a wonderful feeling of the American continent when it is ample and benign in the heat. Like Doc Holliday in "Doc," Collings is onto the fact that the West is really no new place—that Dodge City is finished, that Tombstone and its like have a while to burn out, and that the next place to go can only be California. He evidently feels himself no hero—more like a freak, in fact, because he is not as trigger-happy as a good many around him, and because he is troubled by a marriage that he half wants and half doesn't. The wife (Verna Bloom), ten years older than he is and touchingly accustomed to sleeping with the hired hands by now, after seven years of loneliness, gives him a guarded welcome hiding joy, and dares believe nothing between them. She is even more guarded with his friend, whom she defines as a rival dangerous to her, because he asks less.

She has called herself the Widow Collings in her man's absence. Bashfully, the two friends arrive together at the Widow's homestead. All three of them carry things off, to some extent, sorting out the unique proprieties that make life possible for them. And the men then duck out, separately, bound by a code that seems almost medieval. Collings has first been left on his own by a tactful instinct on his friend's part,

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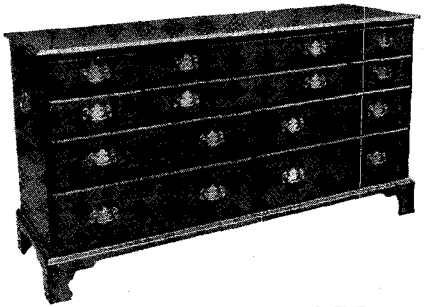

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but his wife is hedging her bets, and so is he; they can't quite entrust themselves to one another, and the sweetness of their lives together already contains some pang of loss and self-entrenchment. Westerns being what they are, mixing "King Lear" with Vincent Price horror pictures and sometimes even managing it, Collings is able to leave his catechizing wife honorably because he has just received the present of his best friend's right forefinger wrapped up in a piece of linen, sent by an instantly recognizable enemy. The priorities are clear to him, and he skips, kicking his wife's questions away as if they were the fringe on a hearthrug. After a shoot-up, he dies in his friend's arms. The wife sits shelling peas, running the farm, going through rituals with the child whose father she always told the town was dead, as a means of keeping her courage up.

Perhaps this is one of the first of what will be a lot of overdue films about not sex but gender. Gender is doled out here almost too much, but the first ones of a line usually do too much. The wife is suspicious of male companionship and ashamed of pleasure, and the husband is Sicilianly jealous about her rock-bottom ways of keeping a household and herself together for seven years on her own. Maybe this new sort of Western, with its perfectly serious and modest sense of its own significance, and its fresh-minted obviousness, will soon abound in enough of "The Hired Hand's" ordinary eloquence to match the genre of the generation-gap play, where the parents seem to peg out the boundaries of all that was and the children all that might have been. This kind of drama has been a mocked form, but it can be taken simply and poetically, and so can these new Westerns, as long as they don't try too hard to contain all of American history and wish. "The Hired Hand" is gentle-natured and decorous. Its looks are right—unlike "Doc," which is sentimental-sleazy, and which ogles us in a gaslight that looks more like color-grading by a director and the labs than like believable gaslight. Alan Sharp's script is interesting, partly because it can use a made-up folk poetry that is more acceptable in American than in English, American speech being such a mixture of all languages and periods that no dialect—not even a stagy one—can be securely held not to be a real vernacular. The fact gives the language very little precision and too much room for the upholstered, but it makes it an instrument with a wonderful range for writing.

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AROUND CITY HALL

SUNDANCE

JOHN LINDSAY's announcement last Wednesday morning that he and his wife, Mary, had transferred their political allegiance from the Republican to the Democratic Party came, of course, after rather more than fair warning, and yet, with the sure sense of theatre and the aura of excitement that he brings to any scene and that make him a more dangerous opponent, under any political auspices, than his paper credits may indicate, he managed to make it seem a highly dramatic occasion. The ballroom on the second floor of the Gracie Mansion annex, where he announced his new affiliation, was jammed to its pale-blue walls with television, radio, and press representatives, many of whom had been awakened shortly after seven that morning by telephone calls from members of Lindsay's staff spreading the word that the Mayor was finally ready to answer at least one of the questions ("Do you plan to switch?" and "Will you then run for President?") that he had been rejecting or turning aside with small jokes for at least a year. Among those who had found this game especially tiresome were local television-news editors, who in recent months had had their men lug in all available cameras for each City Hall press conference, on the chance that this would be the day. The kind of thing they had usually got for their pains was the Mayor's bland insistence that he wasn't giving any thought at all to his political future and that if some of his staff, as rumored, were working on a statement announcing his alliance with the Democrats, it was none of his doing, and he couldn't help it "if some guy wants to canoodle around with a yellow pad and a pencil." It was typical of such meetings that the most noteworthy aspect of his last press conference before the big announcement was the fact that "to canoodle" means not "to doodle," as he obviously believed, but "to indulge in caresses and fondling endearments."

The count of the television cameras ranged at the back of the ballroom on Wednesday morning came to seventeen, one of them representing the Spanish government, and the parquet floor was cluttered with hundreds of feet of cable, over which members of the non-electronic press frequently stumbled, uttering ritual curses at the presumption of the enemy medium. One TV cameraman had draped a seersucker jacket on the frame of a Winslow Homer seascape at the far end of the room, and extra film and other paraphernalia for the thirty or forty still cameras were piled high around a Lowestoft centerpiece in the dining room across the hall. One camera was in the hands of a girl photographer from a Long Island paper wearing a polka-dot hot-pants outfit so short that each time she stood on a chair and held the camera high to test the angles the eyes of a large share of the crowd executed a quick, dramatic shift, temporarily abandoning the doorway at the back of the room through which the Mayor was scheduled to appear. In less distracting moments, as the several hundred invited guests stood mopping their brows in the heat of the giant television lights, the question was passed around the room as to whether this was the largest press conference in the city's history—larger, for example, than any show put on by Senator Robert Kennedy. Absolutely, came back the swift, informal judgment. ("So far as I'm concerned, this is the most important thing that ever happened in New York," said Lindsay's Environmental Protection Administrator, Jerome Kretchmer, who is a notoriously ebullient sort.) At the sound of the name "Kennedy"—a reminder that accounts of somewhat similar occasions are already on the library shelves—the note-taking in the room picked up speed. It accelerated further when someone pointed out, at the edge of the crowd, the intent figure of Theodore White, author of the "Making of the President" series. "That makes it official," said Kretchmer, rubbing his hands together. It was just before noon that the Mayor pushed his way quickly into the room and, his face unsmiling and his voice rather low and oddly uninflected, started reading his statement, which began, "This morning at Gracie Mansion, Mrs. Lindsay and I enrolled in the Democratic Party," and ended, "Whether this means I will run for President, I do not know. But it does mean that I'm firmly committed to take an active part in 1972 to bring about new national leadership. I believe

"Have you been taking the powdered newts regularly?"

this country can find its way again.”

At seven the evening before, Lindsay, returning to town with his wife after nearly two weeks in the West, had been met at Kennedy Airport by his press secretary, Thomas Morgan. On the drive to Gracie Mansion, Morgan says, the Mayor gave him his first news that the decision to change parties had finally been reached. (“What were his *exact* words, Tom?” documentary-minded reporters asked after the press conference. Betraying the permanent annals, Morgan couldn’t remember exactly.) The first week of the Mayor’s time away from the city had been spent in Colorado, where he made several scheduled speeches, including one, at Colorado College, at Colorado Springs, in which he criticized the economic policies of the Nixon Administration. Moving about the state, he had encountered a few familiar gibes (“Would You Buy a Used Fun City from This Man?”) as well as record crowds and strong encouragement from local Democrats, including the Democratic State Chairman, to seek the Presidency. It was in the days that followed, he told the crowd in the ballroom during a question-and-answer period after his formal announcement, that he had made the decision to break with the Republican Party. After a five-day horseback trip in the Rockies, he and Mrs. Lindsay had spent two days in Sundance, Utah, near Provo, where they own an acre of land. In this “time in the mountains,” he said, they had had “more than a week to talk to each other,” and had made their choice.

“Mr. Mayor, you went up on the mountain, and you came down . . .” Gabe Pressman, the N. B. C. reporter, began his next question, and Lindsay burst out laughing—the first break in his solemn, almost melancholy mood of the morning. “I knew I shouldn’t have said that, right away,” he told Pressman, grinning broadly. “There was no flash of lightning, no thunderclaps,” added the Mayor, whose fondness for self-mockery is one of the qualities, somewhat rare in politicians, that cause many New Yorkers—so his critics complain—to forgive him more of his deviousness, arrogance, and assorted ineptitudes than they have any business to. A moment later, when someone referred solemnly to “the conversation with your wife on the mountain,” he inserted a quick amendment: “*And* my horse.”

ONLY one person, according to his staff, knew of the Mayor’s decision before his return to the city. From

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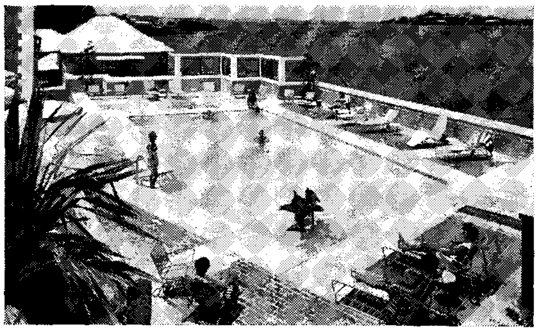

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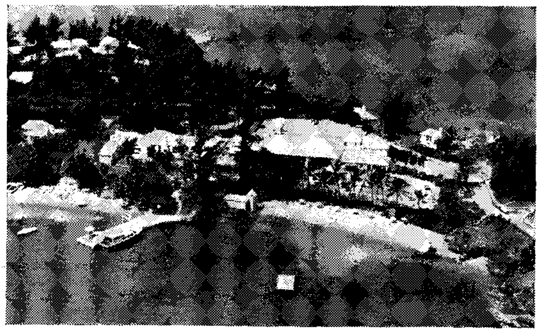

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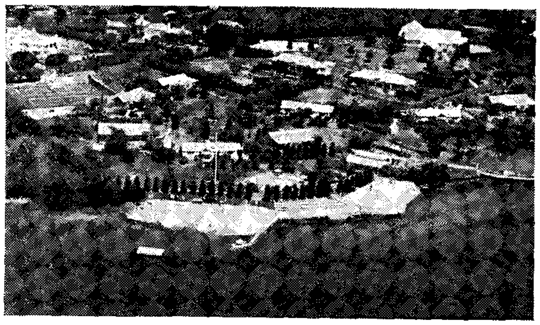

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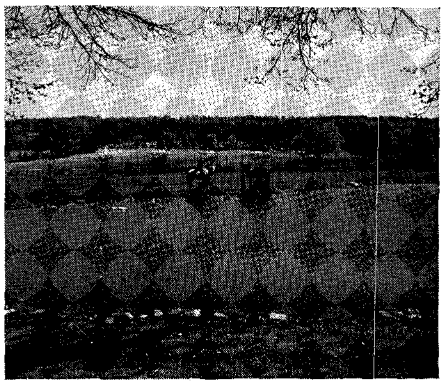
a Sundance stable, two days before the announcement at Gracie Mansion, he had made a call to Richard Aurelio, one of the city's two deputy mayors, who had been Lindsay's manager in the 1969 mayoral campaign. Over a terrible connection, he had given Aurelio the word, specifying secrecy, and had said he wanted to announce it the morning after he got back to the city. Some thirty-five hours later, at Gracie Mansion, the Mayor, Aurelio, and others of his staff were at work putting together his formal statement. No doubt some of the yellow-pad canoodling—authorized or unauthorized—came in handy at this point. During the evening, Lindsay met with his long-time ally, Alex Rose, vice-chairman of the Liberal Party, and made a number of courtesy phone calls to former supporters in the Republican Party. At eight-thirty the next morning, about an hour before two representatives of the Board of Elections, summoned to the living room of Gracie Mansion, formally registered both Lindsays as Democrats, he called John J. Burns, the Democratic State Chairman. At the Mayor's request, no political leaders were on hand for the announcement ceremony.

"Now that you're a Democrat, who are you going to support for Surrogate?" a reporter twice called out to Lindsay during the press conference, referring to the Party's current divisive primary fight over the post of Manhattan Surrogate. Intent on such matters as what he had called the Nixon Administration's subversion of the Bill of Rights, the Mayor didn't answer. To many New Yorkers, nevertheless, the most interesting aspect of the big switch will be its impact on local politics—particularly on the city's Democratic leaders, whose nominees Lindsay has beaten four times for Congress and twice for mayor, and who might be expected to resent the invasion of their ranks by a veteran adversary with high-powered ideas about his political future. City Comptroller Abraham Beame, the Democrat whom Lindsay defeated for the mayoralty in 1965 (thus depriving him—perhaps only temporarily—of the chance to be the city's first genuinely Jewish mayor), is among those who take an unfriendly view of having to make room in their party for the alien and pushy Lindsay crowd. Asked last March whether he thought Lindsay would make a good Democratic Presidential candidate, Beame said crossly that "leadership must be earned" and that he could hardly know what kind of leader Lindsay would be, "because he's never been



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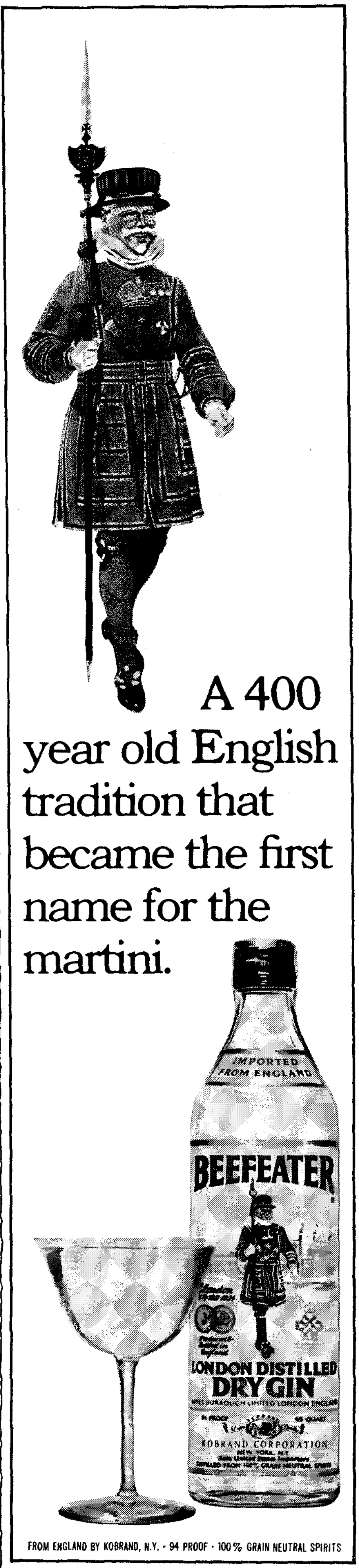
a Democrat." The Mayor, he implied, would have to start at the bottom, running errands for some district chairman, as all the other boys had. Few other influential Democrats in town, however, seem to feel that they are in a position to stand on such ceremony. Party discipline hasn't been the same since early in the 1969 campaign for mayor, when a number of the city's most prominent Democrats rejected their party's candidate, Mario Procaccino, to support Lindsay; in the election that followed, the Democrats lost two of the three top posts in the city's government—not only the mayoralty, which they had initially lost to Lindsay four years earlier, but also the presidency of the City Council, which went to Lindsay's running mate, Sanford Garelik, with Beame the only victorious Democratic nominee. Last fall's state elections hardly helped to raise Party spirits. One commentator suggested the next day that it was the first time within memory that the term "shambles," the old word for "slaughterhouse," could properly be used to describe the disarray of a political group. The entire Democratic slate went down to defeat with the exception of Arthur Levitt, the five-term state comptroller. (Dwight Eisenhower, who is said to have once remarked that when he was growing up, in Abilene, Kansas, labelling a man a Democrat was about the same as calling him the town drunk, would no doubt have been taken aback at the news that in New York today the only Democrat holding statewide office and the only Democratic nominee holding citywide office are the state and city comptrollers—that is, the men who have charge of the money.)

But although it has lost several big ones in recent years, the local Democratic organization that Lindsay has now joined forces with is hardly in danger of going out of business. Its current strength includes thirty of the thirty-seven city councilmen, eighty-one of the city's ninety-four state legislators, and seventeen of its nineteen United States representatives (though, of course, neither United States senator), and its local Party registration outnumbers that of the Republicans three and a half to one. The Mayor's feat in winning two successive citywide victories in the teeth of such statistics was bound to gain him the grudging respect of the opposition. (It is true, as his disparagers often point out, that Lindsay won the second time with less than forty-three per cent of the total vote. These same critics rarely add that this figure was approximately Richard Nixon's plurality in 1968, and in politics as in football, in the words of Vince Lombardi, a man the President much admired, "winning isn't everything—it's the only thing.") In roundup interviews in recent weeks dealing with the prospect of his coming over to their side, the responses of most Democratic leaders in the area ranged from cautious neutrality to unabashed enthusiasm. Frank Rossetti, the Manhattan leader, who is technically the linear descendant of Boss Croker and other legendary Tammany despots, said mildly that, speaking for himself, he would welcome it. "He's been a thorn in our sides, licked us a few times," Rossetti said. "I think he could be of some help." The Brooklyn county leader, Meade Esposito, after mentioning the doldrums in which the various Democratic Presidential campaigns seem to be mired, remarked, "Any man is welcome if he can help us. God knows the Party is in a hell of a lousy state as it is." The long-standing Party rule that any mention of Lindsay's more glamorous attributes should be made in a tone of derision, preferably with some reference to a one-way ticket to Hollywood, had apparently been suspended. Esposito predicted that in spite of the "wounds" of the past, Lindsay, "with his charm," would no doubt find it easy to talk his way into the Party's good graces, and Rossetti declared solemnly, "He does have charisma." Though the attitude of Matthew Troy, the Queens county leader, was moderately welcoming, his support for the Democratic Presidential nomination had already been promised to someone else. The Mayor's resolve to announce his Sundance decision as quickly as possible had one political result that Troy may never believe was unintentional. The dramatic endorsement of Senator George McGovern by Troy, who until recently had been regarded as a militant conservative and hawk, was scheduled for eleven Wednesday morning, at virtually the same hour that the Gracie Mansion extravaganza went on, and consequently was covered only by reporters for what one witness described as "three throwaway sheets and the *Police Gazette*, if it's still publishing." The day after both announcements, Troy was in the City Hall pressroom loudly expounding on Lindsay's double-dealing ways when the Mayor suddenly paid the reporters an unexpected visit, and, naturally, got their full attention. "That's two days in a row you've upstaged me," Troy told Lindsay, but Democratic Chairman Burns had just described the Mayor as "the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most powerful Democrat in the state," and Troy's tone was jovial.

NOT everyone is convinced, of course, that running New York City and chaffering with its county leaders is the ideal preparation for the responsibilities of the Presidency (although Lindsay boosters naturally argue that it is more to the point than a career as, say, a Main Street mahatma followed by a term or two in the leisurely and relatively insulated atmosphere of the United States Senate). For the necessary preliminaries to a term in the White House, however—a fight for the nomination, followed by the ordeal of a Presidential campaign—City Hall's atmosphere of unremitting crisis, which requires its chief executive to be almost continuously in motion and often jostled by crowds of strangers as he struggles to cope with successive threats of civic disaster without losing his poise or getting anybody's name wrong, is invaluable training. If Lindsay does move into formal contention for the political grand prize, he won't need a warmup; indeed, he will hardly have to break stride. In many respects, he has never left off campaigning here since June, 1969, when he lost the Republican mayoralty primary to State Senator John J. Marchi—an event that threatened to end Lindsay's political career and jolted him into realizing that during his first term he had badly neglected his political footwork among local blue-collar workers and middle-class voters outside Manhattan, which was the only borough he carried in the primary. Although Muncie, Indiana, isn't Forest Hills, Queens, some of the same debating points that helped him narrowly carry the Borough of Queens that November, and that he has been reprising in selected neighborhoods in other boroughs ever since, could well come in handy on many Middle American street corners. If Lindsay had any doubt that a campaign against the White House incumbent might include some familiar elements, he had only to listen to a recent television address by Kevin Phillips, who is reportedly still a favorite White House political theorist, although his widely advertised Republican majority was not noticeably emergent in last fall's national elections. Phillips spent his allotted TV time attacking do-gooder American liberals, who, he said, mostly travel around in limousines. "Manhattan, of course, is the capital of limousine liberalism," he declared, sounding for all the world like Mario Procaccino delivering his attacks on the Mayor and his supporters as "limousine liberals" and members of a "Manhattan arrangement" in the 1969 campaign. Lindsay may also have a sense of *déjà entendu* about the current judgment, popular in some circles, that it is hopeless for him even to consider entering the national race—that he's too liberal, too late, and too big-city Eastern, and lacks a real political base. Such sweeping proscriptions are not likely to carry much weight with a man who, when he began his last winning campaign, was on the underside of seven-to-one odds and was not only without a party but, as an Episcopalian in an area where three-quarters of the voters are either Jewish or Catholic, without a natural religious constituency. He also suffered from an ethnic heritage with which only a tiny percentage of the voters could identify—this in a city so touchy about such matters that a young militant in the policemen's union recently asked a reporter not to describe him as a Young Turk "because that would be an ethnic reference."

Although Lindsay's new auspices will undoubtedly make everything much easier for him in this Democratic town, the subdued manner in which he announced his change of allegiance gave some idea of the real reluctance with which he was cutting his ties with the party he has always belonged to, and, in a sense, breaking faith with leaders like Herbert Brownell, who helped launch him in his political career thirteen years ago. This rather old-fashioned scruple, or perhaps qualm (there was no single town drunk on Park Avenue in the Eighties where Lindsay grew up, but there weren't many Democrats, either), surprised those observers who regard him as a supreme political opportunist as well as those who remember that after taking a quick look at the city's registration figures at the beginning of his first campaign, he sensibly pursued a policy of pretending that he was hardly a Republican at all—a habit that the *Times*, as early as 1960, described as "minimizing his political affiliation almost to a vanishing point." Others recalled Lindsay's response at last winter's ceremonial first-day registration of eighteen- to twenty-one-year-olds under the new federal law that gave them the franchise. When a young man, going very much against the tide, put himself down as a Republican and publicly urged the Mayor to stick with that party and let it carry him to further political heights, Lindsay said angrily,

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"Go tell that to the New York Republicans. They threw me out on my ear when I ran in their last primary"—bringing up once again what has so far been the pivotal event of his political life. A recent move by State Senator John Calandra, the Bronx Republican leader, possibly helped ease any feelings of ingratitude that may have been bothering him. Denouncing Lindsay as "a political prostitute," Calandra called on his party to throw the Mayor out before he could leave quietly—to revoke his enrollment on the ground that he had shown "opposition and open hostility" to Republican principles. But there was no second to this motion from any local Republican leader, and when Lindsay was asked at the press conference "How does it feel to be a Democrat?" his answer was that he was "a little bit sad about it." On the other hand, he said, "I never felt more right about anything that I've done."

Some weeks ago, while the Mayor was still waffling—or, in another view, considering all the possibilities in responsible, statesmanlike fashion—Mary Lindsay, without any public announcement, resigned from the Women's National Republican Club. It came as no surprise to anyone who had been keeping track of her that she would make the first formal gesture severing the family's lifelong ties to the Republican Party. Months before her husband stopped dodging the question, Mrs. Lindsay, a quietly forthright woman, had called his seconding of Spiro Agnew's nomination for the Vice-Presidency "a terrible mistake." (For some time thereafter, Lindsay's dodge on Agnew was "Ask my wife about that.") Last summer, while the Mayor's staff was still preparing an official statement for him on the rampage of the hardhats against students parading against the Cambodian invasion, Mary Lindsay was denouncing the hardhats to a reporter. ("These people seem to think they're representing the President. I hope to God they're wrong.") Without clearing it with anyone, she made a special trip to Albany to testify before the Legislature against the Republican-sponsored repeal of the state's liberalized abortion law. Asked at a late-July press conference about his wife's resignation from the Republican group (surely it must have some significance), the Mayor answered only, "Mrs. Lindsay speaks for herself, and it's time you guys learned that, as I've had to"—thus reaching simultaneously for the Women's-Lib and the resigned-husbands' votes.

Now that Lindsay, too, has spoken for himself, the reactions, enthusiastic

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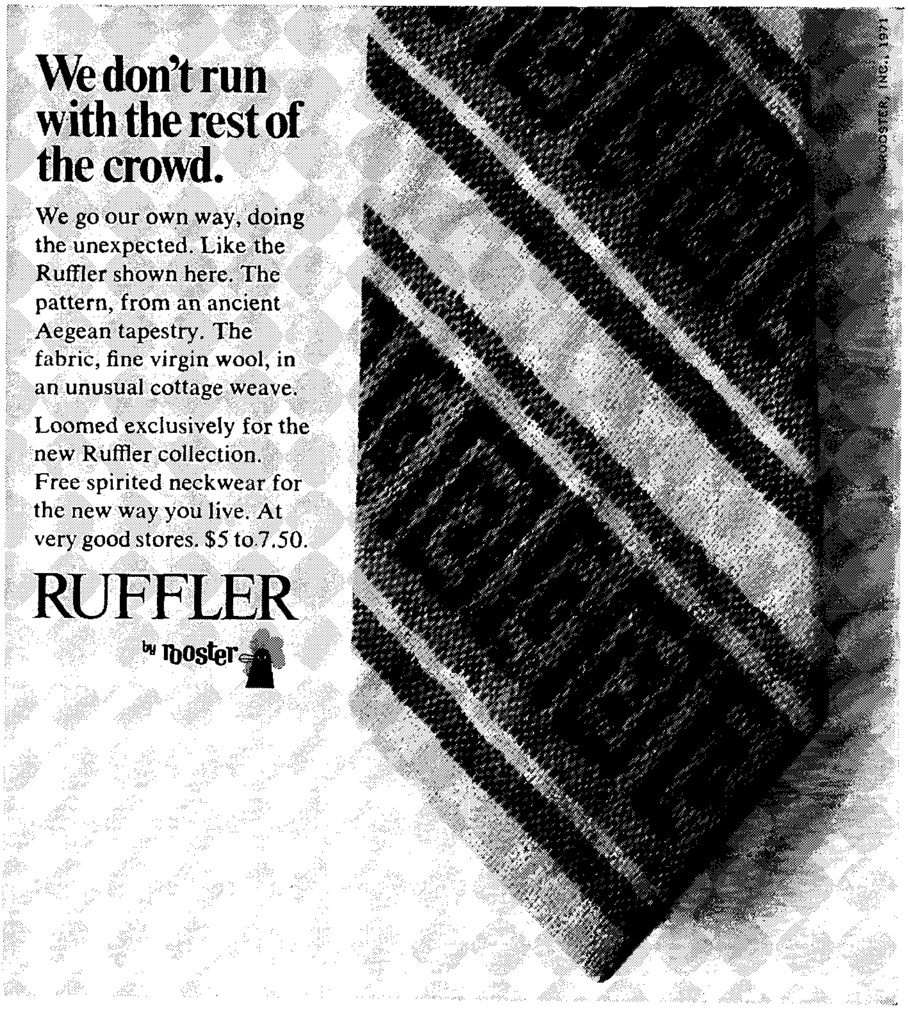
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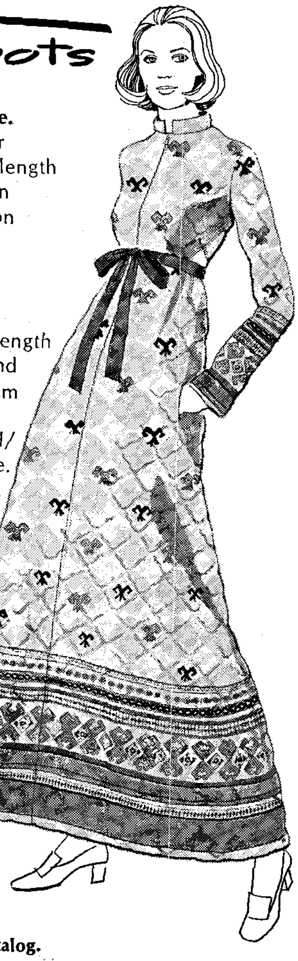

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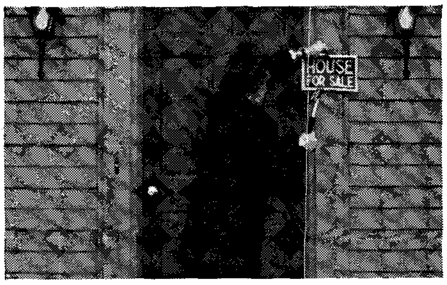

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and otherwise, are pouring into City Hall. Governor Rockefeller, Senator Javits, and State Attorney General Lefkowitz—all, of course, Republicans—issued a statement regretting the Mayor's desertion of their party though "understanding his political ambitions." (A politician's pejorative use of the phrase "political ambitions" invariably refers to some *other* politician's itch for higher office.) Senator McGovern managed to welcome Lindsay into the Party and in the same sentence mention his part in the Agnew nomination. Mario Procaccino deplored the "takeover" of his party by "the radical left." The *News* wished "the Democratic fuzz-brain fraction-faction joy of its new member." The *Times*, while expressing cautious approval of the Mayor's move, quoted with some favor Senator Henry Jackson's remark "I don't believe a man who joins the church one Sunday should expect to be chairman of the board of deacons the following Sunday." Jackson, in fact, had merely reissued in somewhat different terms Senator McGovern's remark last spring that Lindsay's rumored intention of switching parties and then running for President reminded him of "the town harlot getting religion" and then wanting to direct the choir "on her first day in church." Both Senators, perhaps inadvertently, reinforced the notion of some Europeans that Americans regard politics as a form of religion—an impression that Lindsay's long internal struggle about converting to the other party would not belie. Meanwhile, friendly reporters were discovering that only one American politician had ever changed his party (from Whig to Republican) and gone on to win the Presidency: Abraham Lincoln. Less friendly commentators noted a parallel closer to home: in 1872, Horace Greeley, growing disenchanted with the Republican Party, to which he belonged, ran for President as a Democrat, lost, went mad, and died three and a half weeks after the election. His body lay in state in the City Hall rotunda, a hundred feet from the office where John Lindsay may be planning to make the same experiment in an election a hundred years later—having in mind, of course, a happier ending.

—ANDY LOGAN

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ANIMALS

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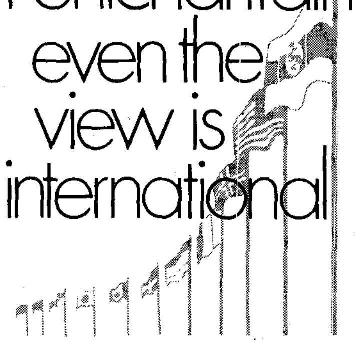

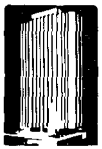

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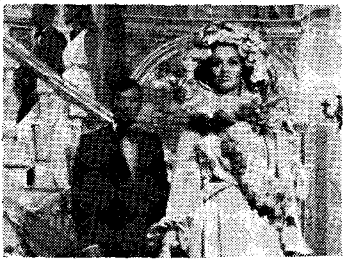

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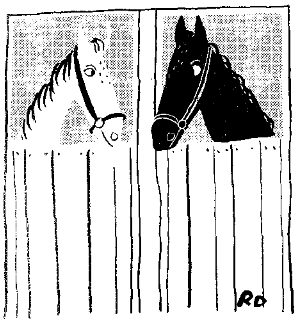
THE RACE TRACK

Up at Saratoga

IT'S Saratoga time again. Time to get up at sunrise and watch the workouts; to breakfast at a stable kitchen, if you're lucky enough to be invited, or in the clubhouse, if you aren't; to see the jumpers schooling at their training track, called Oklahoma; and then to the races. By the way, they begin at one-thirty nowadays. Years ago, post time was three o'clock, but the pace has quickened. Also, Saratoga Springs has grown and changed. It's no longer a delightful relic of more graceful days, but still it's fun.

A year ago, Fanfreluche, the best filly in Canada, galloped off with the classic Alabama Stakes. Last weekend, Lauries Dancer, a lively, slender bay daughter of Northern Dancer, and a winner of the Canadian Oaks and other fixtures across the border, repeated the performance. She was on the outside of ten runners leaving the gate, and no better than seventh going down the backstretch, but Hawley, who is Canada's top jockey, rode her with the utmost coolness and confidence. Going round the leaders as they swung into the stretch, she kept on to win by three lengths from Alma North, another daughter of Northern Dancer. Forward Gal was third, about as far back. Lauries Dancer was bred and is owned by Mrs. Arthur Stollery, of Toronto, who also owns Kennedy Road, the winner of the Queen's Plate in June.



The meeting opened, as usual, with the Flash Stakes, in which Riva Ridge led most of the way to win by a couple of lengths from Loquacious Don. Rest Your Case, the favorite, was third. I didn't see the Schuylerville Stakes, two days later, but horsemen who did say that Numbered Account won impressively, although by only a length. One owner-trainer I know, who has had a number of nice horses, declared that Numbered Account is the most outstanding two-year-old filly he's seen in years on end. (It may be remembered that after she won the Fashion Stakes this spring, the late Eddie Neloy, who developed her for Ogden Phipps, said she was the best filly he had ever handled.) The going was muddy for the Schuylerville, and at the start Bendara, who had an advantage of five pounds in the weights, jumped off in front, taking the firmest footing, on the crown of the track; Numbered Account, for reasons best known to Baeza, who rode her, kept in the deep going along the rails. Halfway up the stretch, he asked her for the big effort, and she responded, pulling out enough to win comfortably. No doubt she'll run in the Spinaway, the last week of the meeting.

One of my disappointments continues to be the Saratoga Special, which was run early last week. Not that it wasn't a good race. It was a thriller. And the right horse won. Tarboosh, Loquacious Don, and Rest Your Case came down the stretch together and passed under the wire a head and a nose apart in the order named. But there were only five runners. There used to be a glamour about the Special that few races had. Nominations to it were made months in advance; until 1959, it was a sweepstakes, the winner taking all the prize money, and many famous horses won it. The last was Native Dancer, my old favorite. Now it's just the seventh race on a Monday card. Oh, well . . . Tarboosh, who is owned by Calumet Farm, is a sturdy dark-bay colt by Bagdad out of Mon Ange. Calumet won the Special once before—in 1940, with Whirlaway.

Speaking of doubles, the Cragwood Stable won the Whitney Stakes with Protanto and the Bernard Baruch Handicap with Red Reality.

RECENTLY, I had another pleasant afternoon at Philadelphia's Liberty Bell Park, which is becoming one of my favorite tracks. There is a lot about the place, especially the atmosphere in the clubhouse section, that reminds you of Hollywood Park. The meeting ends this weekend, and as its climax the Eagle Downs Racing Association, which sponsors it, is putting on the Hobson Handicap, for three-year-olds and upward, at a mile and a quarter. The management is guaranteeing a purse of $100,000. It will be the first of that size ever offered in Pennsylvania. John J. Finley, Jr., president of the Association, hopes to make it a gala affair. Then the trotters move in for a long stay. But the runners will return November 15th. I'll be back, too. The day I was there, I saw the first running of the Signature Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, in which Fred Hooper's Susan's Girl, a big, good-looking bay by Quadrangle, came from far back in the last quarter to win by five lengths. Last Saturday, the feature was the Kindergarten Stakes, which Freetex won by a nose from Toomuchholme, a first-time starter who must be quite a runner to carry a name like that and step six furlongs in 1:12⅕.

SORRY, I didn't get to Monmouth Park this year. From all accounts, the $100,000 Invitational Handicap was a stunner. West Coast Scout, 20–1 in the betting, coming from tenth in the last two furlongs of the mile and an eighth, won it by nearly two lengths from Northfields, with Alma North third. Among the also-rans were Pass Catcher, winner of the Belmont; Jim French, who has placed in so many hundred-thousand-dollar events I've lost count; and Kennedy Road. Now they're off and running at Atlantic City. And Delaware Park opens this weekend for the second half of its split meeting. Keeps one hopping.

FOR THE RECORD: The revived Arlington-Washington Futurity was run at Chicago's Arlington Park last Saturday, and again in two sections. Hold Your Peace won the first one from Heisanative, Pokachief (some names, eh, kid?), and seven others. In the second, Governor Max beat Chevron Flight, with Danahoney third. First money for the winner of each division was $45,000. Not bad.

BUYERS of yearlings had enough loose change left after their ten-million-dollar bidding spree at Keeneland to spend $6,841,100 at the Saratoga Sales. Mrs. Marion duPont Scott paid the top price of the four-day session—$235,000, for a colt by Buckpasser.

THE Travers Stakes is the feature at the Spa this weekend. Colonel Martingale has no selections.

—AUDAX MINOR

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(5) MOVIE: "Viva Zapata" (1952), Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, Anthony Quinn, Joseph Wiseman. Splendid, all the way, from a fine cast, headed by a magnificent Brando, to Kazan direction and Steinbeck's script. Aces Johnny Mercer, Kingman Brewster, James Ahern, Jack Klugman.

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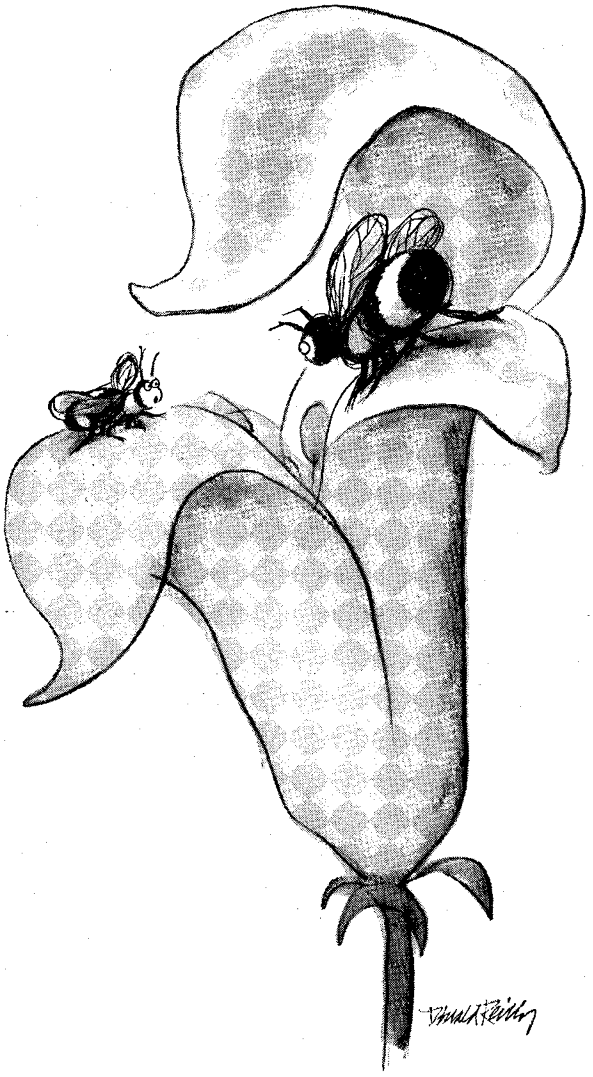
ANNALS OF MEDICINE

THE SIMPSONS AND THE HEPATITIDES

Dr. Stephen C. Schoenbaum arrived in West Branch (pop. 2,025), the seat of Ogemaw County, in northeastern Michigan, in a rented Ford sedan at about four o'clock on the afternoon of May 19, 1968. It was a Sunday afternoon, and raining. His first stop was at the Tri-Terrace Motel, on the outskirts of town. That part of Michigan is resort country, and the motel was built around a trout pond. He booked a room and left his luggage and asked the manager where he could get something to eat. He was directed to the Model Restaurant, near the traffic light on Houghton Avenue (or Route 76), the main street of town. He drove to the restaurant and had his supper, and then walked around the corner to the office of the District Health Department. Dr. Schoenbaum was an Epidemic Intelligence Service officer. He was twenty-six years old, he had just completed a year of intensive epidemiological training at the government's Center for Disease Control, in Atlanta, and this was his first field assignment. He had come up to West Branch (by plane that morning from Atlanta to Saginaw) in response to a request for help from the Michigan Department of Public Health in its investigation of an outbreak of infectious hepatitis that in just two weeks had grown from two to thirty-two cases.

HEPATITIS is an inflammation of the liver. (Its name defines its nature: "hepat" derives from the Greek for "liver," and "itis" is a Greek suffix meaning "inflammation.") Many different agents, including drugs and chemicals, have the power to inflame the liver. Infectious hepatitis is one of two closely related inflammatory diseases of the liver that are confidently assumed to be of viral origin. The other is called serum hepatitis. These two varieties of hepatitis are by far the most common forms of the disease, and they constitute a public-health problem of ever-increasing concern throughout the Western world. In the year ending this past July, some eight thousand cases of serum hepatitis and some sixty thousand cases of infectious hepatitis were reported in the United States. This would seem to present a total of sixty-eight thousand cases of viral hepatitis in one year, but public-health authorities read the record differently. It is their conviction that (for reasons of indifference or carelessness or misdiagnosis) only a fraction of all cases of viral hepatitis that occur in this country are actually reported—probably only one in ten. They therefore read the record not as sixty-eight thousand cases but as upward of six hundred and eighty thousand.

Until the middle nineteen-forties, when their differences were demonstrated by an international round of experiments involving human volunteers, infectious hepatitis and serum hepatitis were everywhere regarded as a single disease. It is not hard to understand why. They come on with equal abruptness, they produce identical signs and symptoms (chills, fever, lassitude, headache, loss of appetite, nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain, diarrhea, jaundice, prostration), and their onslaughts on the liver are pathologically indistinguishable. They are also equally unresponsive to any specific treatment, and although full recovery (within two or three months) is the reassuring rule, both of them can permanently debilitate, and sometimes even kill. They are not, however, identical. They spring from different viruses, and they are differently disseminated. Infectious hepatitis is usually transmitted by direct person-to-person contact or by food or water contaminated with the excreta of an earlier victim. Serum hepatitis is less conventionally, and less easily, spread. The virus of serum hepatitis lodges not in the gastro-intestinal system but in the bloodstream, and it can be conveyed only by an inoculation of infected blood. In addition to (and perhaps because of) these different modes of transmission, the two viruses establish themselves and multiply at different rates of speed. Infectious hepatitis generally manifests its presence about thirty days after exposure. In serum hepatitis, the incubation period ranges from three weeks to three or four months. An attack of hepatitis, like an attack of any viral disease (poliomyelitis, smallpox, measles), produces in the surviving victim an immunity to future infection. But the immunities conferred by infectious hepatitis and serum hepatitis are separate and distinct. An attack of infectious hepatitis protects against a second attack of infectious hepatitis but not against an attack of serum hepatitis, and serum hepatitis also protects only against itself. It is this fact—the fruit of a hundred painful human experiments—that makes it certain that infectious hepatitis and serum hepatitis are, at bottom, different diseases.



"Now, let's have it again, Pop. Which are the pistils and which are the stamens?"

Avoiding the viral hepatitides is very largely a matter of chance. Medical science has not yet succeeded (as it has with smallpox and poliomyelitis and measles and so many other viral diseases) in developing a protective vaccine. It is far from certain that a vaccine ever will be developed. There is a formidable reason for this. The development process begins with the laboratory cultivation of the relevant pathogen, and, to the best of current knowledge, the viruses of human hepatitis are parasites so specialized that they can grow and proliferate only in a living human cell. A reliable passive protection against infectious hepatitis (but not against serum hepatitis) is offered by gamma globulin. Gamma, or immune, globulin is a blood protein extracted from the pooled blood of at least ten thousand donors, and because many of these donors will have had infectious hepatitis it will contain infectious-hepatitis antibodies. The force of an attack of infectious hepatitis can be bridled and held to a subclinical, or unapparent, infection by an injection of gamma globulin given soon after probable exposure. The effectiveness of gamma globulin, however, is limited to this prophylactic role, for antibodies thus acquired are quickly (in four or five weeks) metabolized and dismembered. Why serum hepatitis does not also lend itself to gamma-globulin prophylaxis is uncertain. One suggested reason is that serum hepatitis is insufficiently common for its antibodies to be effectively present in the pooled blood.

Infectious hepatitis has a natural history as long as that of any of the many epidemic diseases. There is no reason to doubt that its origins go back at least five thousand years, to the first coming together of men in city or community life. It is thought to have been glimpsed as an entity as early as the Hippocratic era, and it has certainly long been known (under such names as "field jaundice" and "camp jaundice") as a major military scourge. It has been recorded (by army surgeons) as a serious source of misery in every war since the Napoleonic Wars. Serum hepatitis has no such lineage, and its history is anything but natural. It is one of a growing number of upstart diseases that have been brought into being by a triumphant medical technology. Although it probably originally appeared when man first learned to puncture his skin for religious or cosmetic purposes, serum hepatitis came into prominent medical view only with the development of smallpox vaccination, and it has mounted to its present eminence with the extension of that procedure to other diseases, and with the invention of the blood transfusion and the hypodermic syringe. Serum hepatitis very seldom occurs in epidemic form. Its rigid epidemiology inhibits its rapid spread. The few large outbreaks of serum hepatitis on record have chiefly stemmed either from

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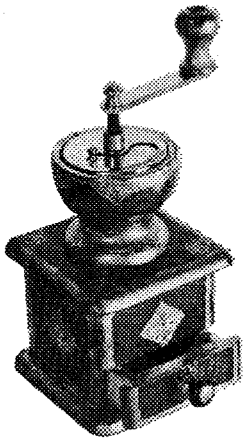

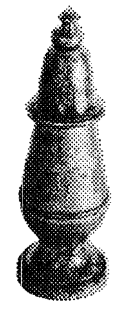

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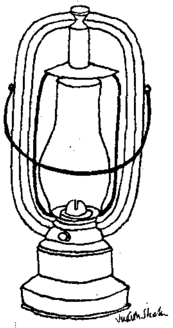


blood-bank blood contaminated by infected donors or from slipshod immunization programs, and most of these have involved military or institutional personnel. Serum hepatitis most commonly occurs in occasional cases of insidious origin (its generally long incubation period makes retrospective explication difficult), and its typical appearances are almost always the result of a disregard of elementary hygiene. In 1961, a New Jersey osteopath infected some forty patients by not bothering to sterilize a syringe he used for drug injections. More recently, in 1969, a girl was infected in a Larchmont jewelry store when she had her ears pierced with an unwashed communal punch. And the promiscuous tattoo needle has over the years produced almost as many cases of serum hepatitis as it has epidermal declarations of patriotism and filial love. But these are not typical victims. The typical victim of serum hepatitis in the United States these days is a phenomenon as grimly specialized as the disease itself. He is a young heroin (or amphetamine) user who shares a syringe with a friend. Serum hepatitis would thus seem to be, as Dr. Michael B. Gregg, chief of the Viral Diseases Branch of the Center for Disease Control, has put it, “a public-health problem compounded by a sociological problem.”

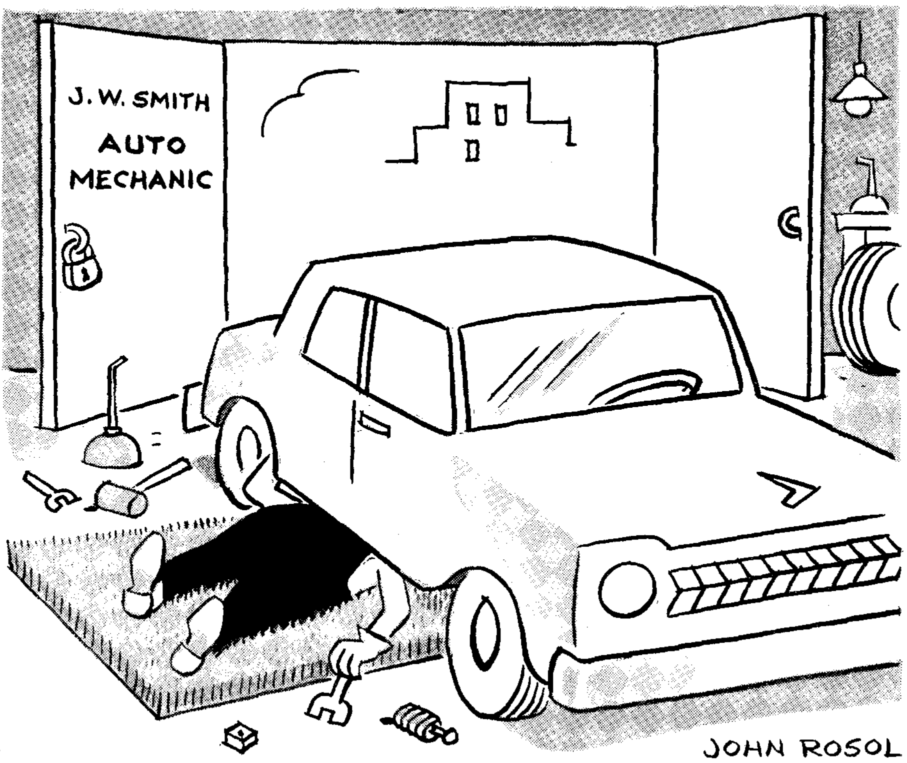
The typical victim of infectious hepatitis is a more prosaic person. He can be anyone confronted by another victim or anyone who eats a contaminated meal or takes a drink of contaminated water. In the absence of a scrupulous universal cleanliness, not much can be done to protect him. The only defensive procedure possible is to block the spread of a discovered outbreak by finding and stopping its source and immunizing potential victims. That, however, is well worth doing, and that was Dr. Schoenbaum’s job in West Branch.

DR. SCHOENBAUM was received at the West Branch office of the District Health Department by the District Health Officer. She was Dr. Ophelia Baker. Her husband, Dr. Thomas Baker, one of five physicians then practicing in West Branch, was with her. In Dr. Ophelia’s office, the Bakers gave Dr. Schoenbaum a cup of coffee and brought him up to date on the epidemic.

“It was still going,” Dr. Schoenbaum says. “Seven new case reports had come in since Saturday. They raised the total from thirty-two to thirty-nine. There had been no deaths, and none was expected, but there were a couple of patients sick enough to be hospitalized. They were in the local hospital—the Tolfree Memorial Hospital. A gamma-globulin program had been started five days before, on May 14th, and the contacts of all the known cases were being inoculated. The epidemic was definitely an epidemic. Dr. Ophelia got out her records. In the preceding twelve months, only seven cases of hepatitis had been reported in the whole of Ogemaw County. There was as yet no epidemic curve—no chronological pattern. The data needed to draw it—the dates when the victims first became sick—were lacking. Dr. Ophelia had been too busy with the gamma-globulin program. It was quite a program. It eventually ran almost two weeks, and they ended up immunizing something over seven thousand people. The information on the reported cases was the standard minimum—name, address, age. The cases were of both sexes, they seemed to live all over the county, and they ranged in age from five to thirty-nine. There was one moderately interesting fact. A majority of the cases were teenagers, and most of them were boys. I didn’t know what that signified, and I didn’t try to guess. I simply copied off the names and addresses. All of them would have to be seen and interviewed. The results of the interviews would set the course of the investigation. I hoped they would, anyway. I knew there weren’t any shortcuts. I could only hope that the truth would emerge from the evidence.

“I met with Dr. Ophelia again the next morning—a Monday. The rain was over, and it was a fine spring day. We met by prearrangement at the hospital, and she introduced me at rounds to the other West Branch physicians. They gave me a very warm welcome. They were overworked and tired, and apparently under some pressure from the community. The point appeared to be that since Ogemaw County was a summer-resort area, a continuing epidemic could be bad for business. Also, I guess, a lot of the working population was laid up sick. We left the hospital, and I suggested to Dr. Ophelia that maybe I ought to have a look at the schools. There were two of them, and she took me around and I met the principals. One of the schools was the public school—a consolidated, all-grades school with an enrollment of around two thousand. The other was a small Roman Catholic school. Both schools were within a block or two of the Houghton Avenue business district, and both were served by the same school buses. We then went on to Dr. Ophelia's office. It was almost ten o'clock and time for her to get back to the gamma-globulin program. The district sanitarian was waiting for us at the office. He's a very nice fellow named James Hasty. Mr. Hasty knows everybody in West Branch and almost everybody in Ogemaw County, and Dr. Ophelia had arranged for him to guide me around on my interviews and generally smooth my way.

"We took right off in my car. The family I wanted to see first was a West Branch family I'll call Simpson. It was the largest family on the list, and it had the largest number of cases. I thought that might make for an instructive start. There were eight in the family—the parents, four boys (including twelve-year-old twins), and two girls. The children ranged in age from five to fifteen. Five of the children and Mrs. Simpson were sick. Only Mr. Simpson and one of the twins had escaped the epidemic. The Simpsons lived on the edge of town. Mrs. Simpson was in bed, too sick to see me, but Mr. Simpson happened to be at home. He and the five sick children told me what they could. There was municipal water in West Branch, but the Simpsons pumped their water from a private well. They bought milk from one or another of the Houghton Avenue stores, usually the A. & P. They did their marketing at the same stores. They occasionally bought something at the West Branch Bakery, and they occasionally had a meal or a snack at one of the restaurants or one of the Dairy Queen drive-ins. There were two Dairy Queens in Ogemaw County—one in West Branch and one in Rose City, about twelve miles away. None of the family had recently attended any large gathering at which food or drinks were served. Hepatitis was the only recent illness in the family. The children all were pupils at the public school. I took a sample of water for laboratory analysis, and then got down to the individual cases. What I wanted now were the onset dates of illness—when the first symptoms appeared. This was the essence of the interview. The onset date minus thirty days would give me the approximate date of exposure. We take thirty days as the average incubation period in infectious hepatitis. Mr. Simpson went upstairs and talked to his wife and came back with a calendar, and he and the children worked out the dates. The onset dates for the two girls were



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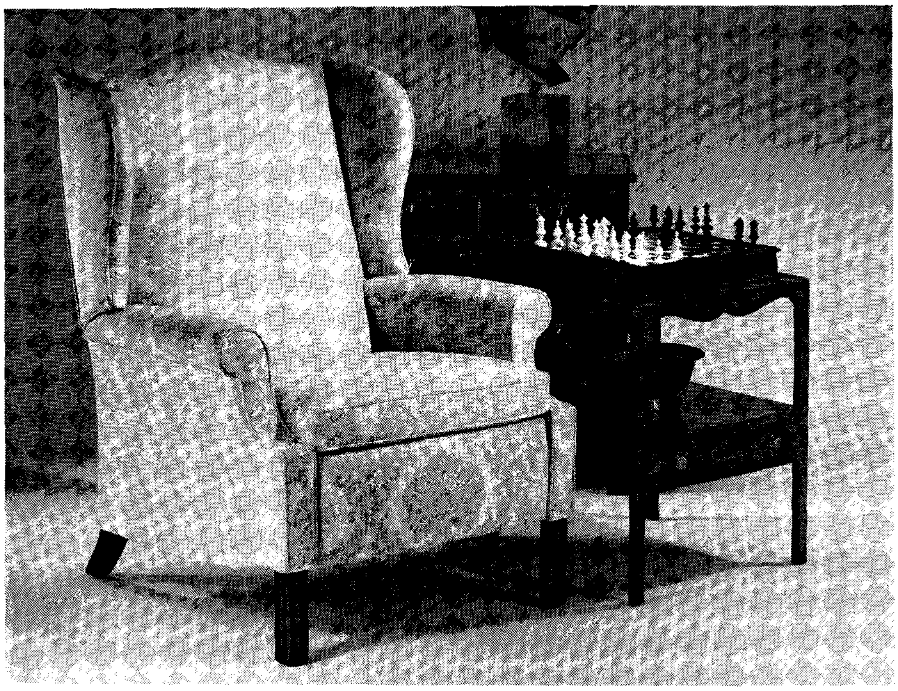

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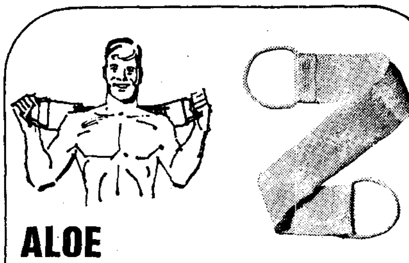

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May 3rd and May 4th. The boys—all three of them—took sick on May 5th. Mrs. Simpson's first symptoms appeared four days later, on May 9th. Well, that was a start. Those six dates made a kind of pattern. If the Simpsons were in any way typical, the epidemic had its beginning in early April.

"They seemed to be entirely typical. Mr. Hasty and I made three more calls that day, and I interviewed four more patients. One was a boy of eleven whose history almost exactly paralleled that of the three Simpson boys. His illness, like theirs, had begun on May 5th. He, too, attended the public school. He occasionally had a meal with his parents at one or another of the Houghton Avenue restaurants, he sometimes had a snack at one of the Dairy Queens, and his parents traded at the A. & P. and most of the other food stores, including the West Branch Bakery. His history differed from that of the Simpsons in only one respect. The family water was municipal water. Two of the three other patients were a woman of thirty-nine and her eight-year-old daughter. She had become sick on May 11th and her daughter on May 10th. The daughter attended the Catholic school. Otherwise, their histories were substantially the same as the rest. The last patient I interviewed that afternoon was a man—a bachelor of thirty. He was a salesman. His illness had begun on May 13th. That suggested that his exposure had occurred on April 13th, but his records suggested an earlier date. They showed that he had been out of town between April 11th and April 13th, and from April 15th to April 20th. April 14th, the only day in that period when he had been in West Branch, was a Sunday, and he had spent it at home. His general history, with one exception, was much like that of the others. It included municipal water, the A. & P. and other markets, the restaurants, and the two Dairy Queens. The exception was the West Branch Bakery. He said he never set foot in the bakery. He and the owner had quarrelled. I thought about that on the way back to the office. I had practically decided that water and milk could be eliminated as likely vehicles of infection here. And now I thought maybe we could drop the bakery, too. I mentioned this to Mr. Hasty. He agreed about the water and the milk. The community was about equally divided between municipal water and private wells, and all the milk came from sources outside the county. But about the bakery—the fact that the salesman never traded there didn't really mean very much. The bakery was more than just a store. It also supplied bread and pastries to many of the markets in town, and to most of the restaurants.

"I talked to Atlanta that night. I didn't have much to report, but they had some news for me. They were sending me some help. He was a fellow E.I.S. officer named James M. Gardner. Dr. Gardner was between assignments. He had just finished an assignment at the Michigan State Public Health Department, down in Lansing, and he wasn't due to report for his next assignment—in California—until the following Monday, so they had asked him to spend the interval up here with me. He arrived on Tuesday morning. I hadn't asked for help, but I was glad enough to have it. I got gladder as the week went on. Eight more cases were reported on Tuesday, four more came in on Wednesday, and on Thursday there were six. That brought the total number of cases in West Branch and the rest of Ogemaw County up to fifty-seven. It would have taken me two weeks to see that many people, but with Dr. Gardner to help it took only three days. By Thursday night, we had seen and interviewed all the West Branch cases and most of those in the outlying county. The results were all we had hoped for. They were even more than that. We got a good epidemic curve. It was virtually the same as our final curve. It showed that the epidemic began with a single case on April 28th, built to a peak of thirteen cases on May 12th, and then dropped to a final case on May 20th. All but five of the cases had had their onset between May 2nd and May 14th. This clustering was very instructive. It indicated the time of exposure—around the middle of the first half of April. It established what we had only assumed before—that all the cases were infected by the same source. They were too close together to be related in any other way. And it told us that the epidemic was either ending or already over. But that wasn't all. Those were merely the formal results. We learned some even more interesting things in our travels around the county. One of these was that the epidemic might be wider in scope than any of us had supposed. Several people we talked to had friends or relatives living elsewhere who had been in West Branch recently and who now were sick with hepatitis. Or so they said. We also heard, and confirmed, that there had been some hepatitis in the community about a month before the epidemic began. There were two cases in particular. One was a girl who worked at the Rose City Dairy Queen. She left work sick on April 4th. The other was a man I'll call John Rush. Rush was a baker at the West Branch Bakery, and he took sick on April 6th.

"We sat down with Dr. Ophelia on Thursday night and had a conference. The question was what to do next. There was an embarrassment of promising possibilities. Talk to Rush? Talk to the girl? Look into those outside cases? And we still had a few more county cases to see. We decided to let the county cases wait. They couldn't tell us much that we didn't already know. Rush and the girl were a different matter. They were very interesting news. Either one of them could be the index case—the source case of the epidemic. They both were sick at the right time, and they both had jobs that had to do with food. The girl's job was especially provocative. She made us think of a recent classic case—an epidemic in Morris County, New Jersey, in 1965, which was traced to contaminated strawberry sauce in an ice-cream drive-in. But, of course, that wasn't enough. Our histories showed that everybody seemed to patronize the Dairy Queens, but they also showed that everybody seemed to patronize the bakery, too. We needed something stronger than suspicion. We needed something that would narrow the field a bit. That brought us around to the outside cases. A visitor to West Branch would probably have fewer contacts than a resident. There was one presumably outside case within reasonable reach. She was a schoolteacher I'll call Miss Brown, and she lived in the village of Au Gres, on Saginaw Bay, about thirty miles southeast of West Branch. We decided she was worth an immediate visit. Our information was that she had been in West Branch recently. It could be very helpful to find out when and where.

"The three of us drove down to Au Gres the next morning. That was Friday, May 24th. Dr. Ophelia was able to come along because the gamma-globulin program was just about over. She was determined to be in on Miss Brown. She had the same feeling that Dr. Gardner and I had that this could give us a lead. You may wonder why we didn't just pick up the telephone and give Miss Brown a call. The reason is this. The epidemiological experience has been that telephone interviews are

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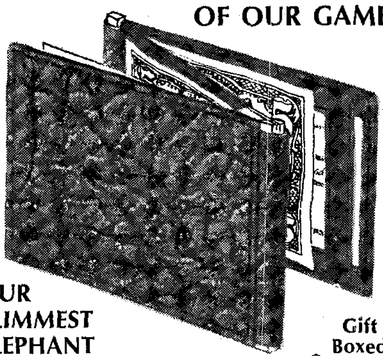

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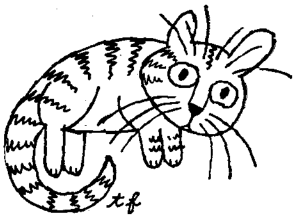
seldom satisfactory. A telephone conversation is too abrupt, too remote. People make more of an effort when they're talking face-to-face. So we paid Miss Brown a visit. She was sick, but not too sick to see us. There was no doubt about its being hepatitis. She was still icteric—still jaundiced. Dr. Ophelia handled the introductions. Her presence was invaluable. She helped Miss Brown to relax and think back and remember. Miss Brown's memory was excellent. As a matter of fact, it was exhilarating. The chronology of her illness placed her squarely in the epidemic. Her onset date was May 5th. It was true that she had been in West Branch recently. She had stopped there twice in the past three months—on March 20th and again on April 5th. But only very briefly. On the first occasion, she had a cup of coffee in one of the restaurants. That was all—just a cup of coffee. She was sure of the date because her mother had died the day before and she was on her way across the state to Petoskey for the funeral. Petoskey was her home town. She drove back to Au Gres on March 23rd, but this time she didn't stop at West Branch. She was also sure about her second West Branch visit. April 5th was a Friday and the beginning of spring vacation, and she was driving to Petoskey again, to spend the holiday with her father. It was late afternoon, and she was hungry. She stopped in West Branch and went into the bakery there and got something to eat on the way. She bought some pastry—a piece of coffeecake and three cupcakes with yellow Easter-bunny icing. That was definitely on her way to Petoskey. It couldn't have been on her return. She returned on April 14th, and April 14th was a Sunday—Easter Sunday. We thanked Miss Brown and marched out to the car and headed back to West Branch. We sang all the way."



MISS BROWN's emphatic testimony marked the end of the floundering phase of the West Branch study. It also marked the end of Dr. Gardner's participation in the investigation. He left on Saturday for his new assignment in California. Dr. Schoenbaum was alone again, but again for only a day. He spent that day on a final round of interviews. Four more cases had been reported. That brought the epidemic total up to sixty-one. By Sunday night, however, he had histories on them all. His new reinforcement arrived on Monday. He was an E.I.S. officer, named E. Eugene Page, Jr., on loan from the Shelby County Public Health Department, in Memphis. Dr. Schoenbaum and Dr. Page spent Monday afternoon and evening at the Tri-Terrace Motel reviewing the collected case histories. They spent Monday night at the West Branch Bakery.

"We got there around midnight," Dr. Schoenbaum says. "That's when their baking day begins. They bake six nights a week—Sunday through Friday. I had already talked to the owner and made the necessary arrangements, and he was there to meet us and show us around. I had explained the nature of hepatitis and told him what we knew about the epidemic. I told him that it unquestionably stemmed from a common source, and that we had some evidence that the source might be his baked goods. One of his people, as he knew, had been sick with hepatitis back in April, and he could be what we called the source case. Our evidence wasn't proof, but it was enough to require an investigation of the bakery. We wanted to see how the baking was done. We wanted to see if bakery goods could be a source of infection. The owner was extremely coöperative, though he could very easily have been hostile and difficult. In return, I assured him that we wouldn't publicize our visit. We would keep it a secret until the end of the investigation. There was no chance that anybody would see us arrive. West Branch is asleep by midnight.

"He let us in the back door. The back room was the baking room. There were two bakers—the head baker and Rush. The owner was also a baker by trade, but he didn't do much baking anymore. Only when they were shorthanded. He worked days in the shop up front, and after introducing us he left and went home. Dr. Page and I stood around and watched the bakers work. They were mixing dough. There was a bread dough and a pastry dough. They mixed them separately, but they mixed them both by hand. They did everything by hand—mixing, kneading, shaping. Even when they used a mechanical mixer, they scooped the dough out by hand. Rush was older than the head baker, and he was nice and friendly. He seemed to know his job. We watched the two of them, and it was interesting for a while, and then it began to get boring. It also began to seem like a waste of time. Rush

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and the bakery were our one big hope. The Dairy Queen girl had just about dropped out of sight. The case histories made her very unlikely. When we checked them over carefully, it turned out that her Dairy Queen wasn't as popular as we had thought. It was the other Dairy Queen that most of the people went to. She might have been the source of a case or two, but she couldn't be the epidemic index case. That was Rush. Or so we thought until we watched the baking. He had every opportunity to contaminate the dough, but the dough was only the beginning. It then went into the oven and baked for half an hour or more at a temperature of at least three hundred and fifty degrees. Thirty minutes at anything much over a hundred and thirty degrees will kill the virus of infectious hepatitis.

"But we stayed and watched. They made some doughnuts—fried cakes, they called them—and cooked them in boiling oil. Our hopes got dimmer and dimmer. They offered us some of the fried cakes, and Dr. Page ate a couple. I declined. I don't know why, exactly. There wasn't any risk. Rush was fully recovered, and the head baker had never even been sick. I said I wasn't hungry. I really wasn't—I couldn't have eaten anything anywhere just then. The time dragged on. Around three-thirty, they finished baking and emptied the ovens and stacked the bread and rolls for sale in the shop up front or for delivery to the store and restaurant customers. The next step was icing and glazing the pastry. Some of the frostings were already cooked and ready to use, and some they made without cooking. They started in by glazing the fried cakes. The glaze was in a five-inch pan about five feet long. What they did was take a double handful of cakes and dip them in the glaze and turn them over and around and then lift them out and line them up on a rack. That was glazing. That was the entire process. But it was a revelation to us. Dr. Page and I were wide awake in a minute. The process was much the same with the other kinds of pastry. I remember at one point Rush was up to his elbows in glaze. He piled a load of fried cakes on the rack, and then turned and walked across to another counter and started icing cupcakes. He didn't bother with a pastry tube. He used his hands—the same bare hands he had used on the fried cakes. He scooped up a handful of icing and squeezed it out through his fingers. He was an expert. He did a beautiful job. It was horrifying. Dr. Page and I could hardly keep from shouting. They

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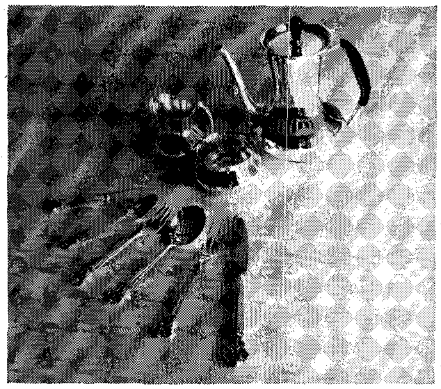

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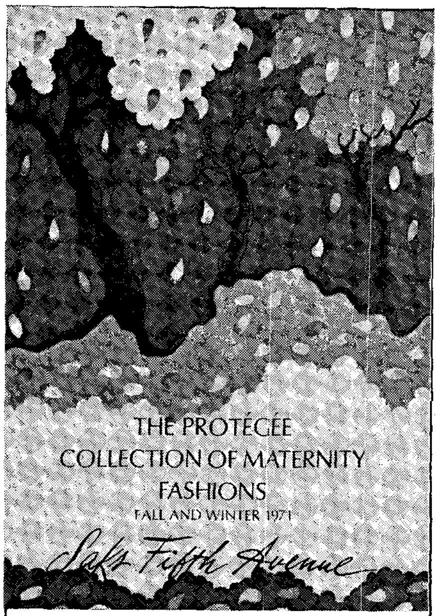
called the West Branch Bakery a home bakery. What they should have called it was a hand bakery.

"Rush was almost certainly the index case. We watched and asked questions, and by five o'clock, when we finally called it a night, we had everything we needed but proof. Rush had had every opportunity to contaminate the pastry, and also had had the capacity. Baking was the only protective process. Anything that was contaminated after that would stay contaminated forever. Watching Rush work, we began to wonder when the contamination might have occurred. Did it happen on a succession of nights? Or on a single night? We found that a single contamination could even account for people being exposed over a period of several days. The head baker told us that unused glazes and icings were carried over from one night to the next. He said they often used leftover glaze to start a new batch. We also learned that the bakery regularly sold day-old pastry as well as day-old bread. And not only that. Some of the pastry was frozen and sold a few days later. The hepatitis virus can be killed by freezing, but not by that kind of freezing. A few days isn't long enough. It takes a year or more. All those points were persuasive. We began to incline toward the idea that the contaminated pastry was contaminated in the course of a single night. It actually seemed more probable than a series of accidents. The night that seemed most probable was the early morning of Friday, April 5th. It was supported by the clustering of onset dates, and by Rush's own experience. April 6th was the day he consulted a doctor—the apparent date of onset. But he had obviously been infectious at work that Thursday night and Friday morning.

"There was only one way to pin it down. We would have to interview the cases again. If we were right about Rush and the bakery, the proof would be forthcoming. We would find that all the victims had consumed some iced or glazed pastry from the West Branch Bakery between Friday, April 5th, and the end of the following week. The period could be a bit open-ended, but it had to begin on April 5th. That was the day—the only day—that Miss Brown had visited the bakery. Dr. Page and I didn't do much work on Tuesday. We slept until early afternoon. At some point, I had a call from Atlanta. They were sending up a distinguished foreign visitor to observe our methods. His name was Zdeněk Ježek, and he was a senior World Health Organization medical officer, stationed at



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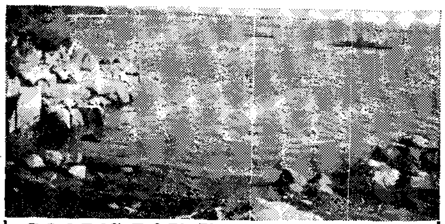

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Ulan Bator, in Outer Mongolia. He arrived that evening. I remember his greeting. 'I am Ježek of Czechoslovakia,' he said. So he was a Czech. That was a little disappointing. We had been expecting a Mongolian. We briefed him on the epidemic, and when we came to the age and sex distribution of the cases he shook his head. There was something wrong. Teen-age boys didn't eat pastry. Not in Czechoslovakia. Bakery customers were women and young children. He couldn't believe that things were different in Michigan. He thought it over, and then announced that he would get the facts by conducting an investigation of his own. All we had to do was arrange for him to sit somewhere out of sight in the bakery and record exactly who came in. I thought that might be interesting, and I said I would make the arrangements, but maybe he ought to wait a day or two and get his bearings first. I suggested that he sit in with Dr. Page and me on our new round of interviews.

"We began on Wednesday morning, and we began with the out-of-county cases. They would be the quickest way to determine if we were moving in the right direction or completely wrong. This time, we worked by telephone. We had to. There were thirteen substantiated cases, including Miss Brown, and all of them were out of easy reach. Two were even out of state—a man in Indianapolis and another in Wethersfield, Connecticut. The first case we called was a man in Mount Pleasant, about fifty miles to the south. He confirmed that he had hepatitis. The onset date was May 3rd. Yes, he had been in West Branch, and in early April—April 5th through April 7th. He and his wife had driven up to attend a wedding. We knew about the wedding, and none of the principals or the other guests was on our epidemic list. He and his wife had eaten all their meals with the other wedding guests. He stopped and thought a minute. Except on the day they arrived. That was April 5th, and he dropped in at the West Branch Bakery and bought four iced cupcakes. Which he ate. He wasn't a teen-ager—he was twenty-two—but he ate them all. I don't know what Dr. Ježek made of that. But I do know that Dr. Page and I began to feel very good.

"The other out-of-county cases told the same fascinating story. It was fantastic. There were two married sisters from Detroit, with four children, who spent three days in April—April 8th through April 10th—in a cottage in the woods about ten miles out of town. On the morning of April 9th, one of

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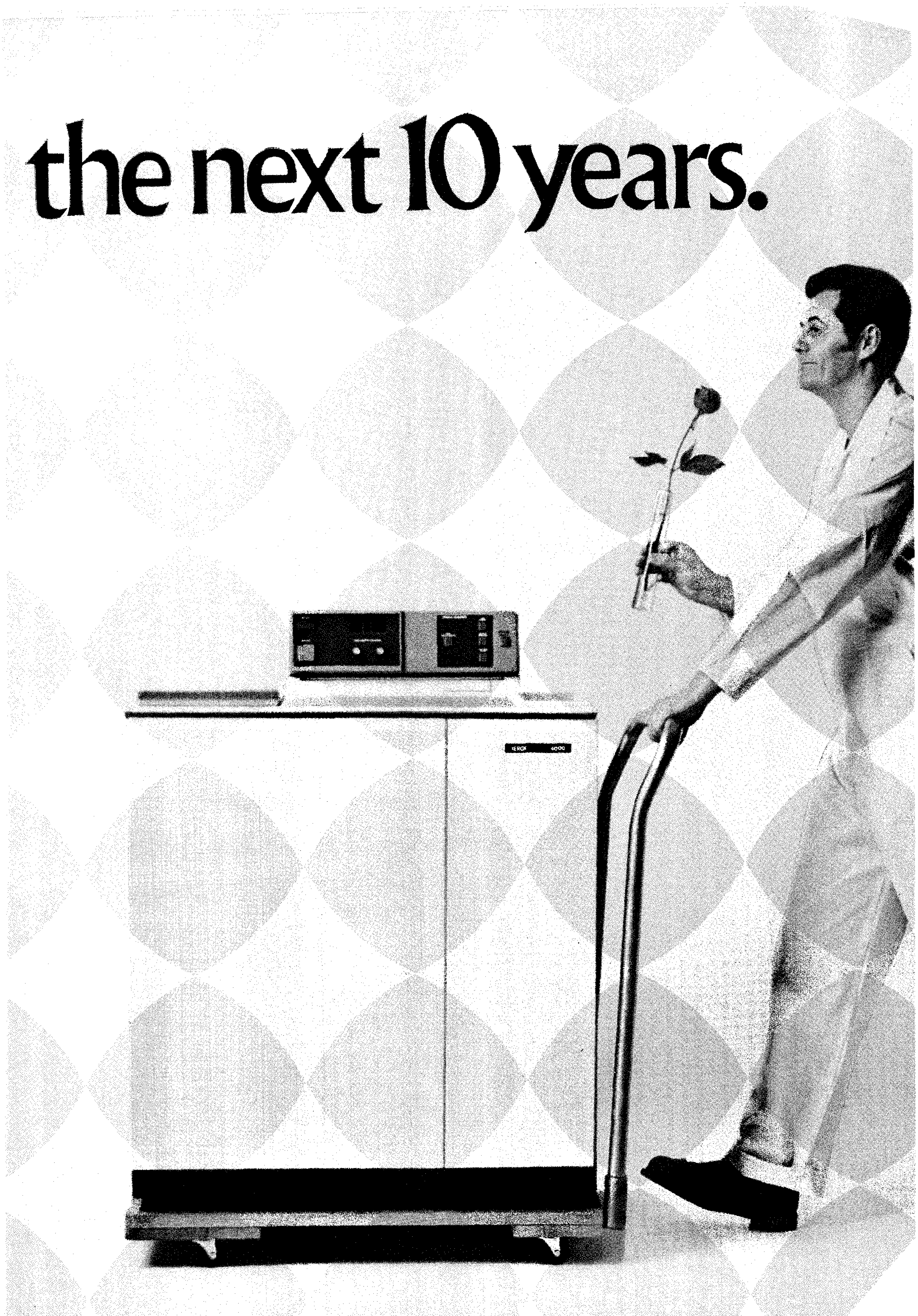
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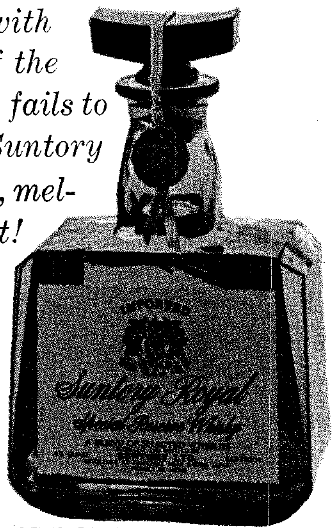

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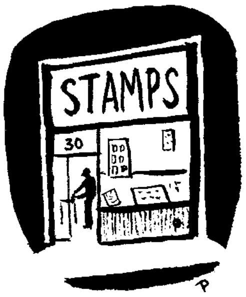
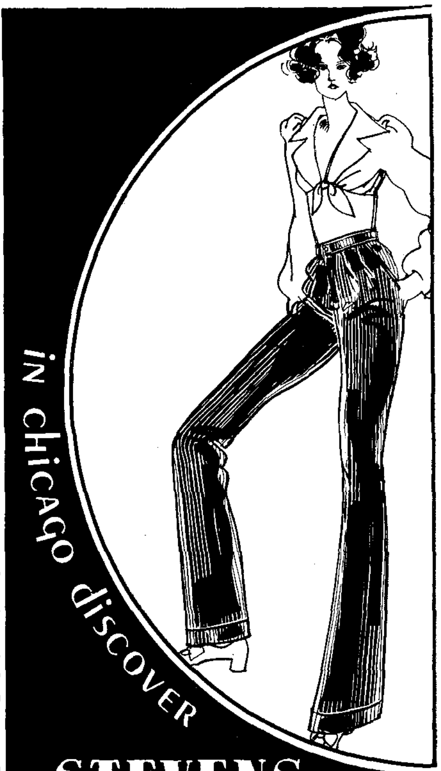
the women drove in to West Branch alone to mail some letters, and brought back half a dozen fried cakes from the West Branch Bakery for lunch. Three of the cakes were glazed and three were plain. The two women and one of the children ate the glazed cakes, and they were all three sick with hepatitis. Two became sick on May 7th, and the other on May 11th. The three other children were well. I talked to the man in Connecticut. I ran him down in a hospital. Yes, he had hepatitis. Yes, he had been in West Branch. It was his home town, and he had been there to visit his mother. He arrived on April 4th and left on April 6th. On April 5th or April 6th, he wasn't sure which, he had dropped into the West Branch Bakery to see the owner. They were old friends. The owner gave him a couple of glazed doughnuts, and he ate them while they talked. The man in Indianapolis was like the group from Detroit. He spent three days—April 7th through April 9th—at a cottage up at Clear Lake, and on Monday, April 8th, he came in to town to get his shoes repaired. While he was waiting, he walked into the West Branch Bakery and bought a piece of iced Danish pastry. A thirteen-year-old boy from Roscommon County was in town on April 5th—and so on. Every one of the out-of-county cases confirmed the place, the date, and the vehicle.

"We still had the community cases to question. There was no real doubt in our minds about the answers we would get, but we had to make the effort. We had to be thorough and sure. Most of what is known about viral hepatitis has come from epidemiological studies, and every careful study can be a contribution. There was also Dr. Ježek and his bakery survey. I introduced him to the bakery owner, and they worked out the details—the logistics. Dr. Ježek is a small man, and they found a little corner where he could sit unnoticed behind a showcase and have a view between the shelves of all the comings and goings. He spent a full day there—from seven in the morning until the bakery closed at six o'clock that night. His findings were useful. They combined with the information that Dr. Page and I were getting to explain the big teen-ager clientele. He found that adults—mostly women—were in and out of the store all day. Very few young children—children under ten—ever came into the bakery, and then only in the late afternoon. The teen-agers showed up in a body at noon and again after three o'clock. The reason, as our interviews showed, was very simple. The teen-agers were, of course, high-school kids, and the high-school kids were allowed to leave the school grounds for lunch. The younger kids—the grade-school children and all the children at the parochial school—all had lunch at school. Dr. Ježek's tabulations showed that the bakery was a favorite teen-ager place for lunch. Almost half the customers he counted in his survey—ninety-six out of a total of two hundred and fourteen—were teen-agers. Moreover—and this again confirmed our information—they all bought pastry: glazed fried cakes, iced cupcakes, chocolate éclairs, frosted twists, iced brownies. That and a Coke or something seemed to be the popular lunch. The only difference between Ježek's findings and our epidemic data was that his teen-agers were about evenly divided between girls and boys. I have no idea what that means—if it means anything. Maybe the girls were dieting back in April. But it seemed to satisfy Ježek.



"The second series of community interviews took about a week. We finished the job on Monday, June 3rd. We tidied up and said our goodbyes on Tuesday, and on Wednesday we left for home. The total number of cases in the epidemic turned out to be seventy-six—sixty-three in West Branch and Ogemaw County, and thirteen in Detroit, Indianapolis, Wethersfield, and elsewhere. We managed to interview all but one of the local cases. The only one we missed was a man who was away on a trip of some kind. We ended up on Monday night, and the place where we ended was exactly where I had started on that Monday morning just two weeks before—with the Simpson family. With Mrs. Simpson, actually. She was now fully recovered and able to see us. It was very strange. I mean, if I had known the right questions to ask, I might almost have solved the whole problem on that first visit. This is what Mrs. Simpson told me: On the morning of Saturday, April 6th, she went marketing, and on the way home she stopped at the bakery and bought some pastry—an assortment of glazed fried cakes and iced cupcakes. She was sure of the date because she remembered hurrying home to watch the news on television. Martin Luther King had been assassinated on Thursday, and there had been riots on Friday, and she wanted to see if the



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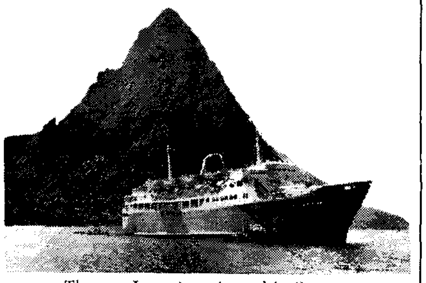

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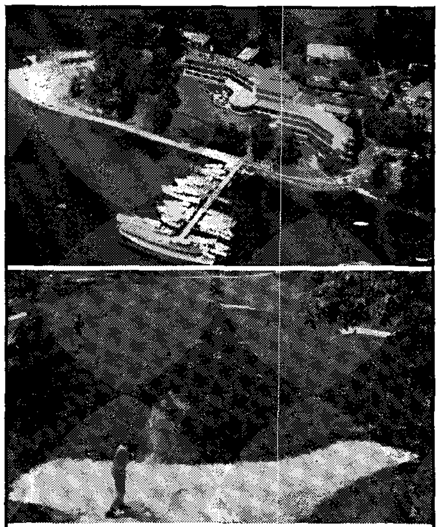

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trouble was still going on. Mr. Simpson was working, but the two daughters were at home. Mrs. Simpson and the girls sat down at the television, and they each ate a cupcake while they watched the program. After a while, the two oldest boys came in, and they helped themselves to some pastry. Then the twins arrived. There was only one piece of pastry left—a fried cake. They saw it and made a grab, and the one I'll call Jerry lost out. He didn't get any pastry. And he was also the twin who didn't get hepatitis."

—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

NIGHT RAIN ON ROSES

I hear rain begin. It is rain
Has brought me out of sleep. I hear
From a dream stiff ashes of paper
Uncrinkling on brick. It is rain

Stopping upon heavy roses
Holding me from tomorrow;
It is the rain's moments I borrow
For this listening. Yet it loses

Me to the sun, and I am back
Among yesterday's warm shadows
Under the pergola. There glows
Along my grateful skin a week

Of opening blooms. I have brought
Into my garden everyone
I love, even those an ocean
Separates, to share the taut

Perfection of the unscented bud
And the waxen feel of the leaf.
I wish them all roses—though if
It were in my gift, surely I'd

Keep back the sound of rain on them
By night. Trying not to disturb
The settled house, I let a blob
Of collecting water fall on a stem

Under the window I ease. Scents
Rise and enter from the wet flowers
I cannot see. Were I to close
Them out, there would be left the sense

Of them in an empty dark to keep
Me vigilant. If I were not here
They would breathe in this room. I
  suffer
The rain sometime to offer me sleep.

—TED WALKER

•

Malden voters may have a chance to vote this November on enlarging the city's School Committee from five to seven members, each one of whom would be the mayor.—*Boston Herald Traveler.*

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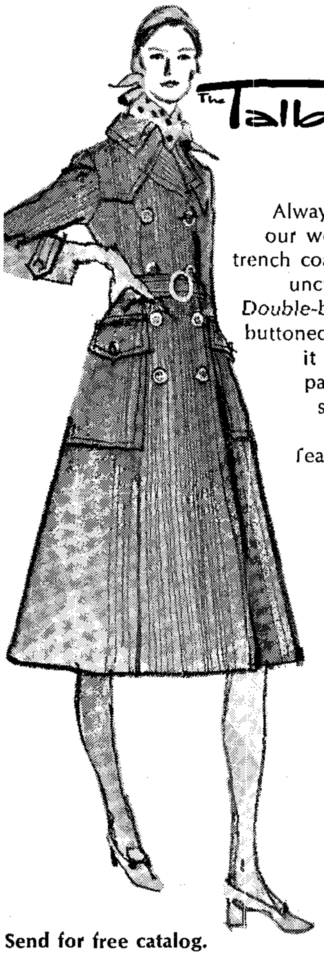

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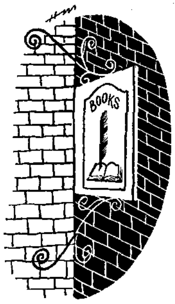
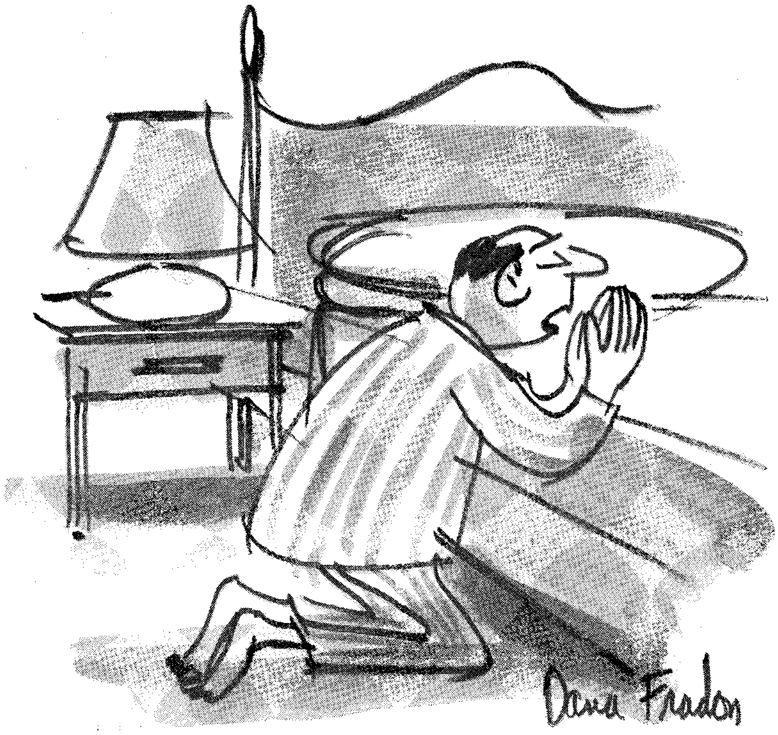


IN this country, we have made a tradition of mocking tradition, which is to say that we have been uneasy about it and have come to terms with it disingenuously, if at all. They order this matter better in France, and, indeed, everywhere in Europe. Over there, to be curious about one's antecedents is not necessarily a form of self-aggrandizement; the family tree can be frolicked in, squirrel-fashion, or even dozed in and hung from, possum-fashion, without one's appearing to have embraced the exquisite folly of ancestor worship. Genealogy is held to be an interesting branch of knowledge and not simply a snobbish one. Moreover, to the extent that it opens innumerable doors upon the past, genealogy invites one to roam at will through a landscape that, as it grows every day more familiar and bizarre, gives bolder and bolder hints of who it is one has it in him to become; uncannily, one begins to take energy and direction from what had seemed at first but a great necropolis, stretching from horizon to horizon. Astonishing how pungent it is and how well pleased one is to breathe it, the dust of one's dead! European writers have always known how to savor this cannibal fragrance. One thinks of Yeats, who from earliest youth doted upon his ancestors and gathered courage and inspiration from them. Figuratively as well as literally, they were the making of him, and he never tired of celebrating in verse the manliness of what he called the "old fathers" and their notable estrangement from the marketplace. Country parsons, scholars, hunting and fishing masters of obscure demesnes in the green fastness of Ireland, they mattered not so much as a pinch in the scales of history, but their scion saw them as heroic: gentry wedded to the land and yet totally unlike the blunted peasant, locked in exhausting intercourse with it, or the meagre, moneymaking men in towns, ravishers of it at second and third hand. If to our eye Yeats is a far braver figure than his forebears, this may be because he looked back over his shoulder toward all those mingled Pollexfens, Middletons, and Butlers, and, striving to equal them, exceeded them. It was no mere literary conceit when, at the age of forty-eight, he apologized to their ghosts for having failed to beget more than books; it happened that he was ready to become an ancestor before he was ready to become a father, and in good time (for one of the things the past teaches is that there is nearly always time enough to do whatever we *really* want to do) he became both.

American writers have tended to reflect our national skepticism of pedigrees. Even an Adams, speaking of his distinguished lineage, manages to strike a note of sourness, and it is by an irony equally sour that the childless Washington is hailed as the father of his country. As for the rest of us, we may hesitate to ferret out family archives only in part because we fear to be thought to be putting on airs; we also fear, and with reason, that what we uncover in the course of our researches will prove to be of a spiritual and intellectual poverty so dire that we will hasten to tie up and put away the brittle pages, to let fall the heavy lid of the trunkful of sought-for souvenirs. For what have our writers of poetry and fiction wigwagged to us over the heads of their contemporaries but that the American past has been often an intolerable burden to totter under, not because there was so much of it but because there was so little, and that little so harsh, so thin, so mean, so unnourishing? No use looking back, they seem to say, except in revulsion. The family is what cannot feed you and yet will not let you go; to escape it is to make good. The authentic American voice has always been that of Frost's Yankee farmer saying, "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in." And there have been few to protest, along with the farmer's wife, "I should have called it something you somehow haven't to deserve." Only a hired man would come home to die; a proper man would die in a ditch, alone.

But now, as late in our history as 1971, something extraordinary has happened—a book has been written, perhaps the first of its kind, in which all our received ideas about tradition and the past and the family are quietly, charmingly, and with an unchallengeable self-confidence turned upside down and inside out and made to look very strange and yet very appealing in their new postures and skins. This pioneering book is by the novelist William Maxwell, and it is his first work of nonfiction. With perfect accuracy and with a no less perfect equanimity, he calls it "Ancestors" (Knopf). It is worth pausing to note that in Bowker's latest edition of *Books in Print* there is but one work that bears this title, and it is, as one might surmise, not by an American but by an Englishman. As if unaware that he is taking terrible chances with the expectations of readers brought up on the parched and lonely contrarieties of Dickinson, Jewett, Masters, Lewis, Anderson, and the like, Mr. Maxwell rummages about



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among two or three centuries of parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, and great-great-grandparents, and inds himself at peace with them and with his admiration for them. He writes about them at once truly and tenderly, though there is often little enough that is tender about *them;* the Maxwells were of Scottish Presbyterian descent, and even when they are sanguine such folk are dour. Having been born nto this world to assist God by demonstrating His wisdom in choosing them, they owed it to Him to work and pray and beget and live as long as possible and then die, on their deathbeds perhaps still fiercely disputing the merits of infant baptism; earth was no laughing matter, and neither was Eternity.

The accuracy of the title of "Ancestors" is not diminished if one points out that the author could almost as easily have called his book "Me Among Mine." For, with the much admired mischievous sleight of hand of his novels (in which it is nothing for him to saw people neatly in two and cause potted lilies to leap from a furled silk handkerchief), Mr. Maxwell has contrived to outwit the difficulty that most autobiographers face when they pretend to have been thrust against their will onto the stage at the very moment that they are making a leg at the audience. Not for him a tiresome display of false modesty; what is he writing his book for except to render himself visible? And knowable? He assumes his place in the spotlight as a matter of course, and with the audacious suavity of an expert magician continuously directs our attention elsewhere. Elsewhere is not, we may be sure, where the important action is to be looked for, and if we are diligent and alert what we are told about past Maxwells won't be a patch on what we deduce about the present one. How easy he makes his feats of autobiographical prestidigitation seem! Observe how, amused and unself-conscious, he begins one chapter at stage center: "I have always liked my name. This may be because of the people I was surrounded with as a child. When they used my name, or my brother's, or for that matter one another's, it was almost always with affection, which somehow rubbed off on the name itself." Or, seeming to march briskly offstage in order to leave it available to his father: "I'm sure they didn't ride in a sleeping car—it would have cost too much. And that they brought something to stay their hunger: thick meat sandwiches. Pickles. Pie. And cake. And that my father had a great deal to say, for he was the

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youngest and it was the first time in his life that he had enjoyed his father's undivided attention all through a day and a night." Or, finally, as if from the wings, himself nearly obliterated: "Robert Maxwell and Mary Edie had fifteen children, of whom my great-grandfather, also named Robert, was the eleventh. They were all born between 1794 and 1818, which means that for twenty-five years there was always a baby in the house." How does the magician persuade us to follow with pleasure the complex interweavings of those long-loosened lives? What is the trick by which he holds us fast? Ah, yes! ". . . there was always a baby in the house." The magician is not as far offstage as we had supposed.

The author's most successful feat of deception is this: that at a certain, scarcely detectable point in his narrative the ancestors of "Ancestors" are made to slip away and we are left in the presence of a little boy who, all nakedly and touchingly, is about to lose his beloved mother by death, who is to suffer the ignominy of adolescence in a desolate household, and who is to spend years learning that the contest of love and suspicion between father and son can never be won by either and is not to be ended even after death. "It is not true that the dead desert the living. They go away for a very short time, and then they come back and stay as long as they are needed. But sooner or later a time comes when they are in the way; their presence is, for one reason or another, an embarrassment; there is no place for them in the lives of those they once meant everything to. Then they go away for good." That passage concerns the author's mother; the last glimpse we are given of the father before he dies, at eighty, implies that the author is not—at least, not yet—ready to make the passage concern the father as well:

> When I was in my forties, and married, and living in Westchester County, my father and my stepmother came for a visit. It was October, and cool enough for a fire in the fireplace. Before dinner I made a round of drinks, and my father and I sat on either side of the fire, talking, with our glasses on the floor beside us, and suddenly a suspicion crossed my mind, for the first time. I don't know why it took me so long to ask this question or why it never occurred to my father to tell me without my having to ask. I picked up the poker and rearranged the logs and then, leaning back, said, "Am I like your father?" and he said, rather crossly, "Of course."

We are all more or less uneasily descendants, and we are all imminently ancestral. In the enemy country between those states stands the family tree. Mr. Maxwell has made the star-

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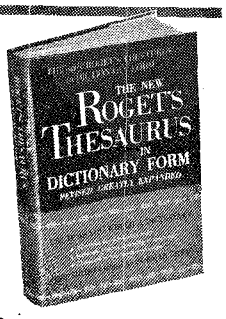

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ADDIE PRAY, by Joe David Brown (Simon & Schuster). "I've heard tell that little memories are the fondling kind." That is little Addie Pray speaking. Little Addie, a rancid eleven-year-old from Alabama, is in the confidence game with affable Long Boy Pray, who may be her father and may be only another kissin' cousin. They travel about the South, always by car, not always the same car. People who like lots and lots of syrup on their whimsey will be grateful to Mr. Brown for his writing. A Literary Guild selection.

A SCENT OF LILIES, by Claire Gallois, translated from the French by Elizabeth Walter (Stein & Day). The news conveyed by this short novel is that a violent death in a family—here, the death in a traffic accident of the second (and prettiest) daughter of an upper-class French family—can expose the true nature of the surviving members. This is not, of course, an arresting piece of news, and Mlle. Gallois has been unable to relieve its bedrock banality by either a lively invention of revelatory detail or any ingratiation of style.

GENERAL

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, by John Holland Smith (Scribners). The Emperor Constantine is one of the most important figures in history, and, precisely because of his importance, he has been among the least understood. The bare facts of his career—how, with never a battle lost and his enemies all outwitted or defeated, he made himself the sole ruler of the Roman world and then transformed both the ancient empire and the new Christian religion—have led, not surprisingly, to mythmaking. Mr. Smith's scholarly, astute effort to get close to the reality of the man and his time is utterly absorbing. One realizes, for example, that to many pagans and Christians of the third and fourth centuries religion was not so much religion in the way we understand it as it was a competitive form of magic. Constantine himself seems to have used the Cross for its wonder-working powers before he knew much about Christianity. Mr. Smith

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describes Constantine's methods of diplomacy and administration as well as his changing character; with age and the realization of his ambitions, he became crueller, showier, ever more self-confident, and steadily more effectual. Constantine's destruction of antiquity—of classical paganism, of the Roman aristocracy and its institutions—appears to have reflected his egoism more than a perception that a new order was needed. His impulse was to dominate rather than innovate. No matter; Mr. Smith's account shows a man who, though not wholly admirable, remains absolutely astonishing.

Einstein: The Life and Times, by Ronald W. Clark (World). The most influential scientific thinker of modern times was, we learn from this thorough, detached biography, very different from the rest of mankind, not merely in intellectual power but in his lifelong fidelity to a kind of monomania: In his adolescence, Einstein decided to find out the laws of the physical universe, and he remained dedicated to that quest until his death. Mr. Clark sketches a willful, bumptious, impecunious youth whose certitudes were not, as far as sensible folk could see, warranted by his circumstances; whose scientific reputation, gained when he was still young, spread until he became an international celebrity in middle age; but who, through all sorts of vicissitudes, ranging from unhappy marriage to exile, remained essentially the same—a man obsessed by his search for reality. Mr. Clark also explains Einstein's theories, the problems they solved, the view of the universe they created, and their effect on the everyday world in which Einstein himself was an occasional absentminded visitor. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Fifteen dollars.

Rules for Radicals, by Saul D. Alinsky (Random House). This is Mr. Alinsky's "Prince," which he might have titled "Pauper." Machiavelli's primer was written, Mr. Alinsky says, for the haves, and it told them how to hold on to their power; this one is for the have-nots, and it tells them "how to take it away." For more than forty years, Mr. Alinsky has worked as an organizer of radical movements—with the black ghettos, with the Chicago "Back of the Yards" neighborhoods, with the C.I.O. in its militant days. As a pragmatist who believes that anyone engaged in the politics of change must first recognize the world as it is and must work with people as they are, he is critical of the revolutionaries now loose in the land, for he thinks that everything about them alienates the very people who have the numbers, the power, and the incentives to change this country for the better. He furnishes the serious revolutionary with a manual of techniques, ranging from such expedients as "political jiu-jitsu" (using the strength of one part of the power structure against another part) to the "proxy tactic," which he invented and which has come to haunt stockholders' meetings of big corporations. Interlarded with these practical matters are philosophical digressions on the nature of revolution and on the insane pickle our society has got itself into. A disturbing, avowedly mischievous book. Useful, too.

The Black Press, edited by Martin E. Dann (Putnam). A viable, intelligent, literate, and highly articulate Negro press was in existence in the United States as early as the eighteen-twenties, and throughout the nineteenth century it continued to be the voice of the black man's fight for a place in American society. This collection of articles is taken from more than fifty Negro newspapers dating from 1827 to 1890. Most of them are understandably polemical (there never was a time when the American black man was not outraged at the conditions imposed on him), and some of them are poignant, but—perhaps not surprisingly—there are few that are what would be called militant today. The writers treat of many things and enter into all the debates that engaged American Negroes in the last century—from the advisability of emigration to Haiti to the merits of freeholding in the West—but they seldom stray from a central theme: the search for an identity in our national life and, through that, for the reality of freedom.

•

Those who know Mitchell well say there is nothing inconsistent about his undertaking such unusual experiments. In astronaut circles, he is known as the resident intellectual, a man who combines a keen technical background with an intense curiosity about philosophy. The two disciplines do not merely coexist, Mitchell insists. "I am completely unable to separate science from art, or from humanity or theology," he says. "It's all one big kettle of fish."—*Life.*

Or, as Plato put it, "one big urn of olives."

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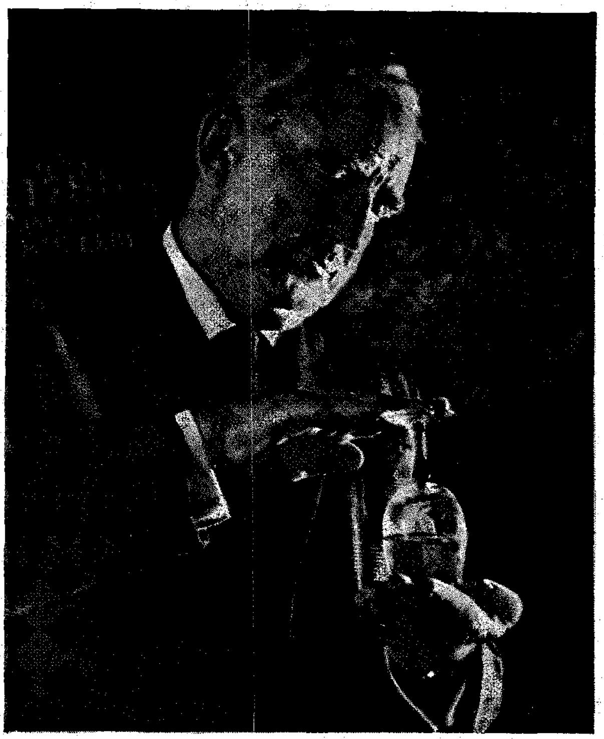

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